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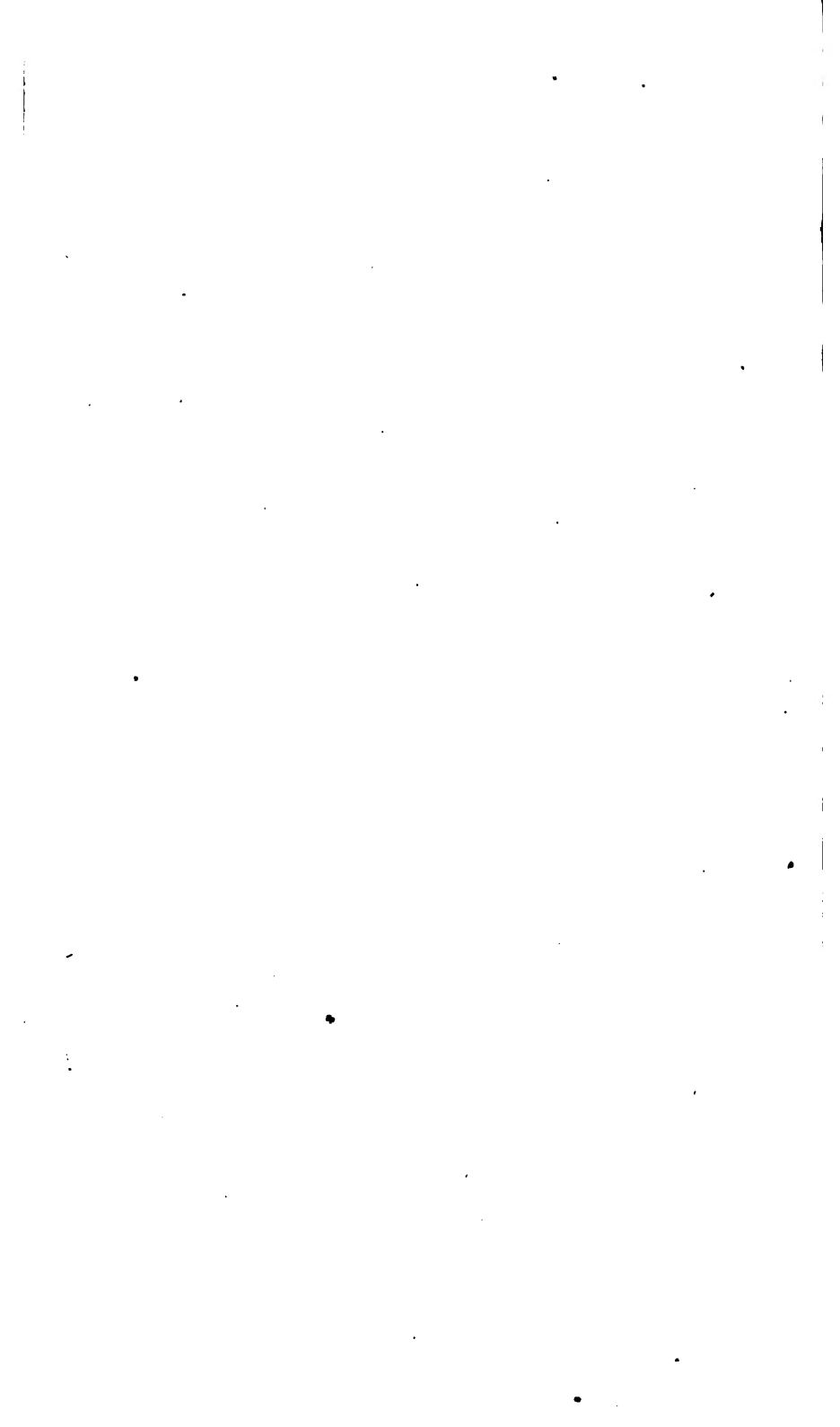


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Presentation by his friend

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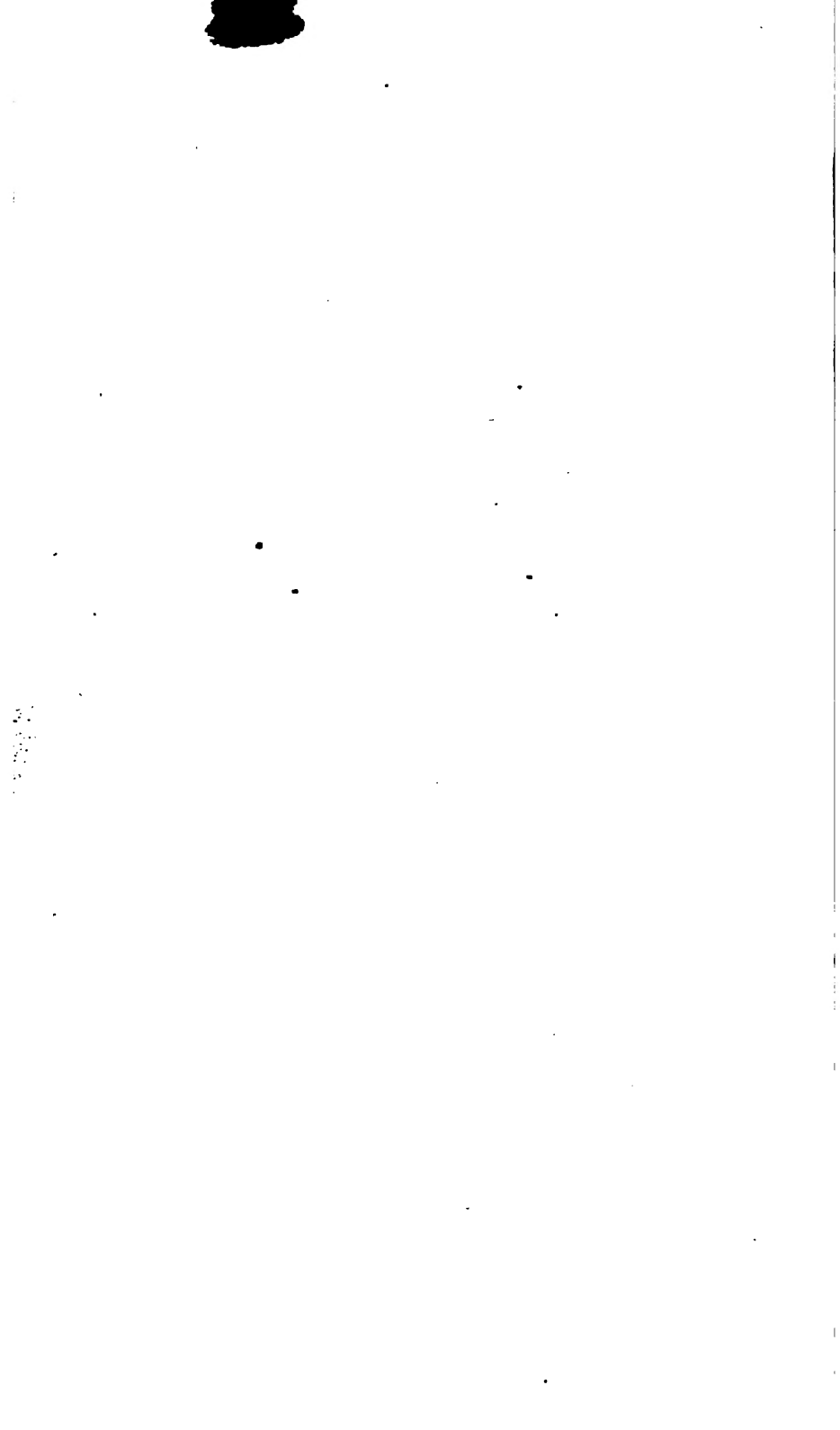
Patron 1888.

Handwritten text, likely a signature or name, consisting of several lines of cursive script. The text is dark and appears to be written on a light background.

THIRTY YEARS'
CORRESPONDENCE,

&c. &c.

VOL. I.



THIRTY YEARS'
CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN

JOHN JEBB, D.D. F.R.S.
BISHOP OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT, AND AGHADOE,

AND

ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH:
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1835.

BX 5199
T4A3

57891

"The above letter, is almost the earliest of a series, terminating only with the year of Mr. Knox's death, (1831,) which the editor has long cherished, among his choicest treasures. How much he owes to this correspondence, . . . how much to the free, familiar, yet paternal converse, of many thousand happy hours, . . . how much to the uniform example of this true-hearted christian philosopher, will not be known, until the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. But thus much he can say, with certainty, that, scarce a day elapses, in which some energetic truth, some pregnant principle, or some happy illustration, (and those illustrations were always powerful arguments,) does not present itself, for which he was primarily indebted, to the ever-salient mind of ALEXANDER KNOX."

BISHOP JEBB, *Extract from his new Edition of Burnet's Lives, Introduction, p. xxix.*

E. & L. Merriam, . . . Printers,
Brookfield, Mass.

42a

TO

THE HONORABLE

RICHARD JEBB,

SECOND JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF KING'S
BENCH IN IRELAND.



MY DEAR SIR,

UPON the opposite page, you will read the recorded judgment of my late honored friend, the Bishop of Limerick, upon the merits of Mr. Knox's portion of the following correspondence. With regard to the published specimen there alluded to, Bishop Jebb's high estimate has been amply borne out: Mr. Knox's letter upon christian preaching, first printed in the Bishop's introduction to Burnet's Lives, having not only experienced a most favorable reception in this country, but having been twice re-published in North America; the second time, in a separate form, for distribution among the episcopal clergy.

UPON the death of his friend, the Bishop received back his own part of the correspondence; and having, for the first time, carefully perused both sides of the series, as a whole, he confided the manuscripts, not

many months before his own departure hence, to my care, in the following words : . . 'These volumes are yours ; and remember the correspondence is to be given to the world.'

Immediately after our great bereavement, almost my first thoughts were directed to this injunction, and to the grateful, though trying duty, which it laid upon me. The duty, however imperfectly, is at length accomplished. And in the discharge of my sacred trust, I feel a satisfaction, which words cannot express, in the opportunity afforded me of inscribing these remains to one, whom Bishop Jebb loved as the best of brothers, and honored as his second father. The daily companionship of nearly one and twenty years, enables me to say, that the motto prefixed to the dedication of Practical Theology, was the Bishop's prevailing sentiment through life :—

*' Vivet extento Proculus ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni !'*

With regard to your brother's part of the correspondence, the name of Bishop Jebb, will sufficiently recommend to public notice, any writing known to come from his pen. It may be mentioned, however, as an interesting fact, that Mr. Knox always considered the Bishop's familiar letters, as, in point of composition, the most perfect of his writings. I well remember Mr. Knox's strong expression to myself, to this effect, so far back as the year 1810. He had just received a letter from your brother, which, in taking out of his pocket to read, had been slightly creased. The accident annoyed him for the moment, and he thought it right to explain why it discomposed him. Unfolding the injured letter, he ob-

served, 'I shall lay this carefully by ; I keep all Mr. Jebb's letters ; for I know no such letter-writer in the English language. Every letter of his is fit to pass, without correction, from the post-office into the printer's hands.'

In preparing the correspondence for publication, I find evidence of still earlier date, that, in Mr. Knox's judgment, your brother's letters were most deserving of permanent preservation.

The value of a correspondence so long and intimate, between two such minds, upon subjects the most interesting that can engage the thoughts of man, will be felt by every reflecting reader. For myself, I can only add, that, taking together the ability and attainments of the correspondents, and the perfect freedom, the entire absence of reserve, which characterize, throughout, their interchange of thought, I am unaware of the existence, in our own or in any language, of a correspondence similar in interest or importance, to that between Alexander Knox and Bishop Jebb.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your truly obliged and affectionate

Friend and Servant,

CHARLES FORSTER.

*Vicarage, Ash next Sandwich,
May 29. 1834.*



LETTER 1.

July 25. 1799.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I YESTERDAY received a letter from the Bishop of Kilmore, letting me know that he had recommended you to a vacant cure in his diocese, in Dean Blundell's parish of Swanlinbar; and the Dean called on me this day, to tell me that he was ready to acquiesce with pleasure in the Bishop's recommendation. In order to enable you to judge how far the business may be eligible for you, I will transcribe that part of the Bishop's letter.

"Dean Blundell has offered me the curacy of Swanlinbar; I have accepted of it, and recommended Mr. Jebb for it, if the appointment should meet his and your wishes. I am anxious to have a *creditable* clergyman fixed there, it being a place of fashionable resort during the summer. I conceive, too, that, for him, it will offer better accommodations than most country towns in Ireland. By accepting of it, he will obtain a footing in the diocese: it is the first establishment which has offered since you spoke to me. I own I wish it may suit him; but do not imagine that I make a point of his accepting it."

Now, my dear Mr. Jebb, all I can say is, consider the point, and make your election as speedily as you can; for Dean Blundell is impatient to have the cure filled; as it has been some time vacant, to the no small detriment of the parish. I need make no remark to you, I am sure, on the kind, candid, gentlemanlike manner in which the Bishop expresses himself. It is in unison with every thing I have seen in him. Your own views and feelings, however, must decide; and if it be in favor of the appointment, you must arrange matters for entering on it without delay. It is not the cure, strictly, of the parish, but of a chapel of ease; the salary, the usual one, 50*l*.

Write to me as soon as you can, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER I.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Ballyconnel, May 29. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE frequently accused myself of scandalous neglect, in not, long since, having given you some account of my situation here. I did, indeed, write you one letter, many months ago; but I am ignorant whether it ever reached you. Since that, I was not certain in what part of England you were; but, from some inquiries I made, I am happy to find, that your health and spirits are both better, than when I had last the pleasure of seeing you.

By your kindness, I am embarked in my profession in a manner as favorable as I could possibly have wished; and much more so than I ever had any reason to expect. In the Bishop of Kilmore, I have experienced a gentleman, and a friend. His manners are highly pleasing, and his attention to me has been such, as clearly proves, that he had a high regard for your recommendation. Added to this, when I find him a good man, and a truly pious Christian, surely I need not say, that it is delightful to me to have commenced my duties under him. Independent of any prospects, I am happy at being placed in his diocese; and I shall not attempt to thank you for the introduction you gave me to such a man, because I never could do so sufficiently.

I find myself very pleasantly situated. Immediate neighborhood I have none, except one family. That family is very pleasing, friendly, and good. Their house is always open to me; and they are most ready to co-operate in any plan for the good of the poorer classes; teaching and clothing their children, and providing them with work. At a greater distance, I have an intercourse with Mr. Woodward*, Lord Enniskillen, and the Bishop: this society, parochial duties, and my books, occupy my time very completely; and leave me no room to complain of heavy hours.

I have followed your advice, in occasionally making a particular sermon of Tillotson, or Secker, my model; following their arguments, and adopting their arrangement. I have, also, preached a kind of commentary on a Psalm, now and then;

* The Rev. Henry Woodward, youngest son of Richard Woodward, D. D. Bishop of Cloyne; and, through after-life, one of Bishop Jebb's most attached and valued friends.—Ed.

keeping in view your very useful lecture in Dawson Street, on that subject: this practice I find extremely pleasant to myself, and do not think it is displeasing to my congregation. These are, for the most part, of the lower order; very decent, regular, and attentive. I almost regret, that the arrival of water-drinkers is so near. I think I could preach more usefully to my own poor, but respectable audience: they are, in general, about 150 in number; sometimes, much more.

I have a near neighbor (at Florence Court) Wm. Cole, with whom, till lately, I have had but little intercourse. He is a most respectable young man; as a clergyman, extremely zealous and correct. I should wish, very much, to cultivate an acquaintance with him; and was happy to find him lately making advances, towards my more frequently visiting at his father's. He has made it very much his business to study the tastes, and dispositions of his parishioners; going to their houses; inviting them to the Sacrament; and preaching in a manner level to their understandings. There are few young men of rank, who take so much pains; and I am convinced that I may derive from him much useful information. It is very happy that he is settled in a place, where the rank and influence of his family give him so many opportunities of doing good.

I hope and trust, that you continue to mend in health and spirits. I should think, that the variety of situation, and the air of England, must be useful to you. It would give me true pleasure, if, in any leisure half hour, you would let me know how, and where, you are; there are, I believe, very few, who wish more sincerely for your welfare,—I am sure, none have better reason,—than I. That you may be well and happy, that it may please God to continue you long to your friends, and to society, is the wish and prayer, of your obliged

And most sincere friend and servant,

JOHN JESS.

—oo—

LETTER II.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Ballyconnel, Nov. 6. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just learnt your address in London, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I heard, lately, from my brother, that you favored him with your company for one day. I hope and trust that your health continues in, at

least, as good a state, as when he saw you. I have often wished for some more satisfactory way of learning where, and how, you were, than from inquiries, which could be seldom made, and still less frequently answered. If you could spare so much time, I believe few would be more gratified than I should, to hear, from yourself, a little of yourself: however, I should be sorry to trespass upon time, which is employed to far better purpose. Do not, therefore, think of writing, till you have a vacant hour; should any occur, I would be extremely gratified by your giving me a line.

The extreme retirement of this place gives me abundant time for reading. I wish I were able to give a good account of the method in which it is employed. However, I can say, I am not absolutely idle; and in the duties of the parish, and occasional visits to my friends, I find sufficient relaxation. I have it in contemplation to study greek with some care; chiefly with a view to make myself well acquainted with the New Testament. I propose beginning with the historians; Herodotus, Thucydides, &c. I should be very thankful for your opinion of this plan. I by no means intend to let it exclude divinity, and English literature. Two hours a day is all I would give up to it.

I have been, very lately, with the Bishop of Kilmore. The more I see him, the more reason have I to admire and esteem him. I think myself happy in the society of such a man; and am not without hopes that I receive improvement from every visit I make him. His piety is unaffected; his understanding is sound; and his opinions are most correct. If I do not improve by his example, it is my own fault. I often meet, with him, a very excellent, and very learned man, Dr. Hales.

Both — and — are very anxious for the completion of the Flapper.* According to the original plan, there were to have been 108 Nos.; 75 only have appeared. Its publication in London is deprecated, in the present unfinished state. Dr. — would engage for his full proportion: so would —. The latter would, also, rally the contributors in Dublin. Dr. — proposes signifying, by advertisement, that a letter-box will be open till the 1st of January; and publishing all the additional numbers together, on the 1st of February. Then, he says, the entire work might go, in a handsome manner, to Rivington's press. Your co-operation is earnestly requested. — has no doubt of the Dublin Flappers. I have been invited to take a share; and, though very fearful that I should be woefully deficient, would endeavor to do something, if the business were taken up.

* A literary journal, published in Dublin.—ED.

If you can spare time, an answer to this will make me very happy.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your much obliged and affectionate
humble servant,
JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER III.

To A. Knox, Esq.

December 4. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I do assure you, I know not when I received a letter, which gave me so much real gratification, as that you had the goodness to write me. I need not, I trust, say, that I am truly sorry for the cause of your former silence. Your letter, however, is to me a most acceptable proof, that your state of health is improved; I am willing to imagine, that its length proves not only your kindness to me, but, also, the absence of any oppressive complaint. To write to you, will always be a pleasure to me; but, however anxious I may be to hear from you, I beg and ~~intreat~~, that you never may attempt writing, when it does not perfectly suit your state of health and spirits. I shall certainly, as you desire it, frequently indulge myself by writing to you; and will be amply repaid by a few lines, whenever you can give them *perfectly at your ease*.

Your kind expressions concerning my brother, are such as demand my warmest thanks. I feel their value the more sensibly, because I know they are sincere, and think they are merited. In him, I have experienced, not only a brother, but an adviser, a friend, and a father; I assure you, he has more than once reminded me of Proculius,—‘Notus in fratres animi paterni.’ That he should marry, is, and has long been, a favorite wish of mine; I hope and believe that he will do so: he is a man of domestic habits, exceedingly attached to ‘homebred happiness.’ My sister would, I am sure, be happy in your favorable opinion; in a letter I some time since received from her, she expressed herself of you as she ought.

I have not very lately seen the Bishop; but shall, please God, soon take a trip to Kilmore. I will not fail, then, to look at the passage in the *British Critic*, you so kindly pointed out. I will, I fancy, take in that publication, from January next.

I agree perfectly with you in deprecating illiberal churchman-

ship. I read the notice to *Rusticus*, and think it as fair and candid, as could possibly be expected.

For your kindness in procuring me Lowth and Blackwall, I feel much indebted. They are books which I had a great inclination to read; their value will certainly experience no diminution, by their coming from you. Sacred criticism I have always looked forward to, since I thought of divinity, as a very principal and delightful branch of my future studies; and Marsh's *Michaelis*, with Lardner, &c. &c., I purposed procuring. I am, therefore, happy to find my intentions corroborated, by your opinion. I shall keep in view your caution as to *Michaelis*'s boldness. I fancy some caution will be, also, necessary, in using Lardner. Cruden's *English*, and Schmidius's *Greek Concordances*, properly used, will, perhaps, be the most effectual guards against any thing fanciful; by leading to Scripture, as its own expositor. Any criticism that is just, an accurate investigation of Scripture must confirm. Whatever is unfair, or unscriptural, will not stand the test, but must meet detection.

I discovered, lately, a most brilliant passage, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, astonishingly applicable to the present times; Book 5. Canto 2. Stanza 29. ad finem. It depicts the arrogant impugners of the natural and moral dispensations of Providence,—the unsettlors and equalizers, the democrats and deists,—in most vivid and appropriate colors. I really believe, that, if a person of considerable talents were to sit down, for the express purpose of attacking such gentry, in the style of Spenser, he could not do it in so exact and so poignant a manner, as Spenser has done. He would use more antiquated words (which you will observe are very rare in this passage); and he would be afraid to venture certain words, which seem of modern coinage, and which Spenser has almost prophetically given,—‘equalize—uncontrolled freedom—equality—innovation—lordings—commons,’ &c. &c.

I should think it a great pity, if this eloquent and admirably descriptive passage were not given to the world, with suitable remarks. The writings of Godwin, Paine, Darwin, and Co. would afford an excellent commentary. I had thoughts of sending it to the *Gentleman's Magazine* myself; but, on some conversation with —, am of opinion, it should pass from abler hands than mine. I wish you had leisure and inclination to take it up. It would take, well edited with notes, somewhat after the style of the ‘*Pursuits of Literature*.’ If you decline it, might it not, by some means, be put into the ‘*Pursuer's*’ hands, or suggested to Mr. Canning? I beg you will inform me of your opinion on the subject.

I hear a report that the Archbishop of Dublin is dead. May

there not be some prospect of our excellent friend's removal to Cashel?

Believe me your most faithful and obliged
friend and servant,
JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER IV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Dec. 31. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I consider it highly probable you have, by this time, fixed your quarters at Bristol, I write this, at random, to London; concluding, that, if you have removed, the persons with whom you lodged are acquainted with your address.

I have not lately seen the Bishop of Kilmore; but purpose, please God, as soon as I have shaken off a cold, produced by this raw weather in a very damp country, to pay him a visit. He went to town the 26th inst. to pay his respects to the new primate; but will, I am informed, speedily return. I wish he could be prevailed upon to vary the scene, by remaining a little longer.

Since I last wrote to you, I have experienced much pleasure, and derived no small advantage, from a correspondence, which has been pretty briskly carried on, between Stopford of the College, and me. Every letter that he writes, is calculated to make him who receives it a better Christian. He abounds in truly ardent zeal; his simplicity, humility, and benevolence are most edifying; he has a charitable and friendly feeling for Christians of all denominations; and it is his supreme wish, to promote piety in sentiment and practice, and the knowledge of gospel truth. I am not without sanguine hopes of his exertions, and example, having a happy influence on the minds and habits of young students (he is lecturer in divinity): if they only follow his advice, they will become exemplary clergymen. And I think it nearly impossible, that many of them should not imbibe some of his spirit, and be warmed by a portion of his zeal.

My present study is the Bible, without any commentary: the object, to acquire a general view of God's dispensations. After having gone through the Sacred volume, I purpose reading general views of Scripture; and, then, applying the information acquired from them; reading over the Bible again; reviewing

my remarks ; and looking at the queries put down ; for I do not, now, stop to investigate minute difficulties. For all this, I allow about a year. And then, with God's help, having formed some ideas for myself, I propose to enter on a plan of general study, in which divinity shall be the grand object, and all the branches shall be subordinate.

Correspondence on religious topics, I believe, would be extremely useful. Stopford says, he has found it of singular service ; and strongly recommends it to me. His letters are a great treasure. I find, in them, a powerful stimulus to exertion ; and, at the same time, a serious call to humility. They unite, in an uncommon degree, fervor, and a sense of man's weakness in himself. They have created in me some new feelings. And I heartily implore God's grace, that I may improve by them as I ought.

Whenever you can conveniently write, I would be particularly obliged to you for your advice ; whether as to study, or practice, or methods of improving my religious feelings.

I should be very thankful for a few ideas, on what *christian* preaching should be : it is a complaint with many, and I believe in some measure just, that clergymen do not sufficiently preach the peculiar doctrines of our religion. What do you conceive to be the mean, between cold morality, and wild enthusiasm, in preaching ?

Have you thought about the passage in Spenser, which I mentioned ?

I was much taken with an epitaph on Voltaire, in the Gentlemen's Magazine for December. Do you think it could possibly be translated ?

Will you have the goodness to excuse this too hasty and imperfect letter, written at the close of a very busy day, and believe me

Your most obliged and affectionate

friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

— 00 —

LETTER 2.

Shrewsbury, Jan. 29. 1801.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I THANK you much, for your last letter : I sat down to answer it, several days ago ; but I began, on a larger scale, than I was able to accomplish : I must, therefore, be content to take in

my sails; not, as is customary, because there is too much wind, . . but, because there is not enough to fill them.

What you say of Stopford* is just, in every respect: he is an uncommonly good man; and you cannot do better, than keep up a correspondence with him. The grand deficiencies² in right temper and conduct, arise, much more, from want of right feelings, than from want of knowledge: and right feelings cannot, so certainly, be either obtained, or improved, as by communication, and close intercourse, with those who possess them. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man, his friend:' Solomon said some true things; and this is not the least important of them.

You say, that, 'it is nearly impossible, that many of those, who attend Stopford's divinity lectures, should not imbibe some of his spirit, and be warmed by a portion of his zeal.' It is, indeed, impossible. True religion is happily contagious: and, I am sure, it owed its rapid progress, in the early ages of the church, infinitely more, to the divine infection, (if I may use such an expression,) that attended the spirit of the Apostles, than to the demonstrative evidence of their miracles. I believe, there never yet was a really good man, I mean, a zealous, decided christian, whose lively expression of his own feelings, did not, more or less, reach the hearts of those who heard him.

And this, in some degree, answers your question, 'What christian preaching should be?' At least, it points out an in-

* 'The Rev. Joseph Stopford, D. D. then fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, afterwards rector of Letterkenny, Ireland. The motives of delicacy which, in 1832, led to the suppression of his name, no longer exist: he died this year (1833) alike regretted and beloved.'—Bp. Jebb: note to the 2nd edition of his *Burnet's Lives*, Introduction, p. vi.

Before the close of the same year (December 9. 1833), the Bishop of Limerick was himself taken to his reward:—

'He taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die.'

The following brief notice, taken from a public journal, is so justly descriptive that it claims more permanent preservation:—

'Died, on the 9th instant, at East Hill, Wandsworth, in the 59th year of his age, after a long illness, the Right Reverend John Jebb, D.D. F.R.S., Lord Bishop of Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoe. For nearly seven years, he had suffered under the effects of a violent paralytic seizure, which compelled him to withdraw from the more active duties of his See, and to reside in this country for the benefit of medical advice. But his mind survived his body; and, while an invalid scarcely able to move about his room, even with assistance, he continued an anxious and watchful care over his diocese, and employed the hours of languor and sickness in the preparation and publication of works original, or those of other great divines, for the benefit of the church of Christ. In private life he was among the most amiable and beloved of men, with a singular faculty of attaching all of every age to him. In literature, he was among the most distinguished biblical scholars of the age; and, in personal humility and piety, he was worthy of his office as a christian bishop.'—Ed.

dispensable pre-requisite : christian preaching can arise, only, from a christian mind and heart. This is the great want in the preaching of to-day : there is no spirit in it. It is the result of a kind of intellectual pumping ; there is no gushing from the spring. Our Savior, speaking to the woman of Samaria, of the happiness which his religion would bring, into the bosoms of those who cordially embraced it, elegantly and expressively represents it, by a well of water in the breast, 'springing up into everlasting life.' Where this is in a minister, it will spring out, as well as spring up : and it will be felt to be living water, from the pleasure and refreshment which it conveys, almost even to minds hitherto unaccustomed to such communications.

What HORACE says, is quite in point :—

Non satis est PULCHRA esse poemata, DULCIA sunt :
 Et, quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.
 Ut ridentibus arripit, ita fletibus adsumt
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi ; tunc tua me infortunia laedent :

the PULCHRA, is all, that a man who does not himself feel, can attain to : the DULCIA, is the offspring of an impressed, and interested heart. But, if such effects were to be produced, by the mere feeling exhibition of human distress, what may not be looked for, from divine truths ? . . interesting to the hearer, no less than to the speaker ; and interesting, beyond all that can be conceived, to every natural sentiment of man, . . when done justice to, in the same way, that Horace here demands for the drama.

A witty poet has well said, . .

The specious sermons of a worldly man,
 Are little more than flashes in the pan :
 The mere haranguing upon what men call
 Morality, is powder without ball :
 But he, who preaches with a Christian grace,
 Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place.

But you also ask, 'what do I conceive to be the mean, between cold morality, and wild enthusiasm ?' To this, I answer, that the mean between all extremes, is christianity, as given in the New Testament. An attention to the exhibition of Christ's religion, as taught, by himself ; as exemplified, in the acts of the apostles ; and as expanded and ramified, in the epistles, particularly of Saint Paul, . . is the best, and only preservative, against coldness, against fanaticism, and against superstition. But, let me tell you, that this simple, direct view of christianity, has very seldom been taken. Most men, in all ages, have sat down to the gospel, with a set of prejudices, which, like so

many inquirers, have laid the christian religion on a bed like that of Procrustes; and, as it suited them, either mutilated it by violence, or extended it by force.

I agree, however, with Mrs. Chapone, in her ingenious essay on the subject, that coldness is a far more dangerous extreme, than over much heat. The one, may consist with real goodness: nay, may be the consequence of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment. But coldness can be resolved, only, into an absolute want of feeling. Enthusiasm is excess, but coldness is want of vitality. The enthusiast, in a moral view, is insane; which implies the possibility of recovery, and, perhaps, a partial or occasional recurrence of reason. The cold person is like the idiot, where reason never shows itself, and where convalescence is desperate.

But, let it ever be remembered, that he who has really found the mean, between the two extremes, will, and must, be reckoned enthusiastic, by those who are in the extreme of coldness. You can easily conceive, that, when any one stands on a middle point, between two others, who are, with respect to him, strictly equidistant, he must, from the inevitable laws of perspective, appear to both, not to be in the middle, but comparatively near the opposite party. He therefore,

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit,*

must make up his mind, to be censured on both sides: by the enthusiast, as cold; by those who are really cold, as an enthusiast.

This, however, is a digression. I return, to the New-Testament view of Christianity.

Now this, I repeat, (for the reasons above given,) is most surely, to be sought, in the New-Testament itself. And the representation given of christianity there, differs, in my mind, from that given, in most pulpits, in very many, and very important instances. I shall notice two instances particularly: . .

I. Christianity is represented, in most pulpits, rather as a scheme of external conduct, than as an inward principle of moral happiness, and moral rectitude.

In modern sermons, you get a great many admonitions and directions, as to *right conduct*: but, what David asked for, so earnestly, is seldom touched upon, . . ‘Create in me a *CLEAN HEART*, O God! and renew a *RIGHT SPIRIT* within me.’ Now, the New Testament dwells on this, as its main object: ‘make the tree good,’ says Christ, ‘and its fruit will, also, be good’:

.. 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, you can, in no wise, enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

These expressions evidently imply, that, in order to be christians, persons must undergo a moral change; that christianity is designed to make them something, which they are not, by nature; and, that, the alteration produced, in the mind, the affections, and the conduct, by a right, and full, acquiescence in the Gospel, is so radical, so striking, and so efficacious, as to warrant the strongest imagery, in order to do it justice, that language can furnish.

'Except a man,' says our Lord, 'be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' . 'If any man,' says St. Paul, 'be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.' . 'If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above: for ye are dead, and your life is hid, with Christ in God.' . 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.' And, to quote but one passage more, from St. Paul, . . 'They that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with the affections and desires.'

Now, what, I ask, do these expressions imply? After every fair allowance for figure, and metaphor, do they not convey a far deeper, and more mysterious view of christianity, than is, commonly, adverted to? Some divines, I know, endeavor to explain these, and similar passages, as if they referred, rather to a relative and extrinsic, than to a real and internal change; as if they meant, merely proselytism from heathenism, to christianity, and initiation into outward church privileges. But this miserable mode of interpretation, is flatly inconsistent with the whole tenor of the New Testament. It is not **HEATHENISM**, but **MORAL EVIL**, which is here pointed out, as the grand source of human misery: and the aptitude of the **GOSPEL**, to overcome and extirpate this **MORAL EVIL**, is what is dwelt upon, as its great, and leading excellence. These, therefore, and all similar passages, must be understood in a moral sense: and, when so understood, how deep in their import! To suppose that there is not a strict appositiveness, in these figurative expressions, would be to accuse the apostles, and Christ himself, of bombastic amplification: but, if they have been thus applied, because no other ones were adequate, to do justice to the subject, I say again, what a view do they give of christianity!

It may be said, that enthusiasts have abused these expressions. True: but what then? What gift of God, has not been abused? And the richest gifts, most grossly? Meanwhile, the Scriptures remain unadulterated; and, abused as they may have

been, by perverse misrepresentation, on the one side, or on the other, we have no right to go to any other standard.

With these passages of Scripture, then, and many similar ones, . . . nay, with the whole tenor of the New Testament, in my view, I hesitate not to say, that christian preaching consists, first, in representing man to be, by nature, (I mean in his present fallen state,) a weak, ignorant, sinful, and, of course, miserable being ; as such, to be liable to God's displeasure ; and to be absolutely incapable of enjoying any real happiness, either here or hereafter. The passages of Scripture which prove this, are innumerable : I shall give but a few. ' You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. The carnal mind is enmity against God. The carnal man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them ; because they are spiritually discerned. They that are in the flesh, cannot please God. Having the understanding darkened ; being alienated from the life of God.'

Nor, are we to suppose, that these texts speak, only, of the grossly wicked. St. Paul repeatedly explains such statements, to belong to all mankind, until they are brought to repentance, and are inwardly, as well as outwardly, changed by divine grace. And, in fact, our own experience confirms the truth of this. For, if we look around us, whom do we see, either truly good, or truly happy ? Some there are, unquestionably ; though, too generally, in a very low, and imperfect degree. But, how rarely do we discover, what St. Paul calls, ' the FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT, . . . love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' Yet, surely, the possession of these tempers, is just as essential to christianity now, as it was in the days of St. Paul : now, as well as then, it is an immutable truth, that, ' If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.'

To shew, then, strongly, and feelingly, the misery, not only of sinful actions, but, of that carnal, worldly, indevout, unfeeling state of mind, in which, most men are content to live ; and to point out the absolute necessity, of a change from that state, into an humble, watchful, spiritual, devout, filial frame of mind, is, in my opinion, the very foundation of all christian preaching ; as it is, in truth, the key-stone of christianity.

The very word for REPENTANCE, points out the reality, and depth of this change ; *μετανοια*, a *transformation of mind*. And our Lord's words to St. Paul ; clearly explain wherein that change, that *μετανοια* consists : ' To open their eyes ; to turn them from darkness, to light ; and from the power of Satan, unto God : ' that is, to enlighten them, with a divine and saving knowledge, of what is true, and good ; to fill their hearts, with

the love of it ; and to furnish them with the power, to perform it. The blessings consequent upon this change, immediately follow : ' That they may receive forgiveness of sins ; and an inheritance among them that are sanctified ; through faith, that is in ME.'

Christianity, then, in this view, is really what St. Paul calls it, . . . THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION. When thus pursued, I mean, when a deep sense of inward depravity and weakness excites a man, to seek divine knowledge, and divine grace, in order to the enlightening of his mind, and the renewing of his heart, . . . when this view produces conscientious watchfulness ; excites to fervent, habitual devotion ; and presents to the mind, in a new light, God's inestimable love, in the redemption of the world by HIS SON, . . . then, by degrees, sometimes more rapidly, sometimes more slowly, the true christian character begins to form itself in the mind. Then, the great things spoken of christianity, in the New Testament, begin to be understood, because they begin to be felt. The vanity of earthly things, becomes, more and more apparent : that divine faith which gives victory over the world, begins to operate : religious duties, once burthensome, become delightful : self-government, becomes natural and easy : reverential love to God, and gratitude to the Redeemer, producing humility, meekness, active, unbounded benevolence, grow into habitual principles ; private prayer is cultivated, not merely as a duty, but, as the most delightful exercise of the mind : cheerfulness reigns within, and diffuses its sweet influence, over the whole conversation, and conduct : all the innocent, natural enjoyments of life, (scarcely, perhaps, tasted before, from the natural relish of the mind being blunted by artificial pleasures,) become inexhaustible sources of comfort : and the close of life is contemplated, as the end of all pain, and the commencement of perfect, everlasting felicity.

This, then, I conceive, is a faint sketch, of that state of mind, to which, the christian preacher, should labour to bring himself and his hearers. This, I take to be, ' true religion ;' our Saviour's, ' well of water, springing up into everlasting life ;' St. Paul's, ' new creature,' and ' spiritual mind ;' and St. John's, ' fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ.'

These points, therefore, I take to be the great features of christian preaching : . . .

1. The danger and misery of an unrenewed, unregenerate state ; whether it be of the more gross, or of the more decent kind.

2. The absolute necessity of an inward change : a moral transformation of mind and spirit.

3. The important and happy effects which take place, when this change is really produced.

But, how little justice have I done the subject ! what a

meagre outline have I given you! But, if it sets you on thinking for yourself, and leads you, like the Bereans, to search the Scriptures, 'whether these things be so,' it is the utmost I can look for.

I know not any place, in which, the view of practical christianity I have been giving, is, either so clearly, or so compendiously set forth, as, in that collect of the afternoon service, 'O God, from whom all holy desires, &c.' It seems, as if that prayer were peculiarly fitted for those, who feel in themselves the marks of sincere repentance; but whose change, from the influence of the carnal mind, to that of the spiritual mind, is not yet completed. It, therefore, begins with a scriptural enumeration, of the component parts, and effects, of true repentance; and an ascription of these to the God of grace, as their only source. 'Holy desires,' answer to St. Paul's 'opening of the eyes;' 'good counsels,' or resolutions, to the 'turning from darkness, unto light;' and 'just works,' are the certain consequences, of being brought 'from the power of Satan, unto God.' St. Paul was directed, to inculcate this *μετανοια*, in order to the receiving of 'remission of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified': and, on exactly the same principle, this admirable collect directs the penitent to ask from God, 'that peace, which the world cannot give.' This is what the true penitent looks for; and it embraces, in the largest sense of the word, both the blessings, which the Apostle speaks of: 'remission of sins,' that is, well-grounded peace in the conscience; and, 'an inheritance among them that are sanctified,' that is, the blessed peace of a pure, holy, benevolent, pious, mind; living by faith, above the world; and, having its conversation (its *πολιτευμα*, *citizenship*, Phil. iii. 20.) in heaven. Both these, are contained in the nature of that 'peace of God, which passeth all understanding;' and its effects are beautifully expanded, in the words which immediately follow: 'that, both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also, that, by thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Savior.' This determinateness of heart, . . as, by a second nature, more fixed, even, than the first, . . to keep God's commandments, and the consequent freedom from all fear, external and internal, being the perfection of christianity. And see, how scriptural all this is: . . 'The *work* of righteousness, shall be peace; and the *effect* of righteousness,' (its less immediate, but not less certain, consequence,) 'quietness and assurance for ever.' Zacharias, in his hymn, states it to be, the very matter, and substance of the mercy promised to the fathers, . . 'That we,

being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.' And St. John expressly says, 'Perfect love casteth out fear; for he that feareth, is not made perfect in love.' Now, only compare this collect, with my statement above, and say, whether they do not suggest the identical same view of christianity.

Let me observe, however, that the change I speak of, must, from variety of circumstances, vary in conspicuousness. Some, have pleased God from their youth; have never lost a sense of duty: in these, of course, there cannot, in the nature of things, be that deep compunction, which penitents feel, who have been rescued from a lower depth. Nay, some even, are gently and gradually, reclaimed from a course of vice, and folly; so that, their final safety, may be the result of an almost imperceptible advance, through many years. But, the change itself, from the dominion of the carnal mind, to that of the spiritual mind, must be wrought: because, 'If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but, if ye, through the spirit, mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.' To insist, therefore, on the change itself: to lead men into their own bosoms, to inquire, what most prevails with them; this world, or the next: to ascertain, what spirit they are of; of the self-denying spirit of Christ, or the self-indulging spirit of the world; to ask, whether, like David, they love God's law; or whether their obedience is the result of servile fear: to examine, whether they have any sense, of 'God's inestimable love, in the redemption of the world, by his Son;' or whether they are conscious, that they would have been just as happy, if such a thing never had taken place: to seek, finally, whether they feel the need of the aid and consolations of God's Spirit; and, therefore, find prayer as necessary to their mental comfort, as food is, to their bodily strength: . . to urge such inquiries, I take to be CHRISTIAN PREACHING: to insist on circumstances, . . such as, a moment of conversion, known, and remembered; certain depths of distress; strongly marked, instantaneous consolations, . . as if these had been necessary, I humbly conceive to be ENTHUSIASM.

I have, now, said enough, of the *first* error in preaching: that of making christianity to consist, rather in outward performances, than in an inward change.

II. The *second* error, according to my apprehension, is, that preachers exhort men to *do*, without impressing on them a sense of their natural inability, to *do any thing that is right*; and their consequent need of divine grace: first, to create them anew unto good works; and, then, to strengthen them, by daily and hourly assistance.

Our blessed Savior begins his sermon on the mount, by pronouncing, not certain actions, but certain dispositions happy ; to shew, that, right dispositions are the only source, whence right actions can proceed. And, in order to the attainment of those right tempers, he directs to earnest prayer, for God's holy Spirit ; with this encouragement, . . ' If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more, will your Father, who is in heaven, give his holy Spirit, to them that ask him.'

But, the second error, is, in fact, the natural consequence of the first. For, where an inward, spiritual principle, is not insisted on, as primarily, and essentially, requisite in religion, there, the whole system must be vague, extrinsic, and superficial.

It is remarkable, but, I believe, it will be found a fact, that the meditations of Marcus Antoninus contain a much stricter plan of moral self-government, than is set forth, by most modern christian preachers. He seems to have looked, much more to the state of his mind and temper, than the generality of pulpit instruction insists upon. And certainly, Cicero's beautiful picture of a virtuous man, (*de Legib. lib. 1. ad fin.*) comes nearer the New Testament, than the view taken, by the far greater number of existing christian moralists. But, can this be just, and right ? If christianity amounts to no more, than a heathen moralist could, by philosophic discipline, attain to, we may well ask, to what purpose did the Son of God, take our nature upon him ? Why, did he suffer death upon the cross ?

To some, I doubt not, this whole scheme would appear enthusiastic, and be set down, as rank methodism. If so, I can only say, it is such methodism, as was taught by the great divines of our church, from the reformation, until the latter end of the seventeenth century. Then, some of the most popular divines, took up a mode of moral preaching, which they seem to have learned from *Episcopius*, and the other Dutch remonstrants ; and to which, *Tillotson's* over-disgust at his own puritanic education, very much contributed. This mode became more and more general ; until, at length, little other was to be met with.

And yet, were I to point out authors, whose works, as most nearly agreeing with the views given above, I am most disposed to recommend to you, as part of your first studies, I should name some of that very period, the latter end of the seventeenth century. Two laymen of that time, may be set down, as, in their lives, among the brightest examples of christianity, that ev-

er the church afforded : I mean, JUDGE HALE, and ROBERT BOYLE. The life of the former, by Bishop Burnet, ought to be in every one's hands. But his 'Contemplations on moral and religious subjects,' is the work I particularly refer to : wonderfully plain, and simple ; but exquisitely christian. There is a work, also, of that time, which contains, perhaps, the finest view of practical religion, the most removed, from coldness, on the one hand, and over-heat, on the other, that is to be found in the christian world, . . . Scougal's life of God, in the soul of man. The author was a Scotch episcopal clergyman ; and died at a very early age. This, every christian ought to have, as a sort of manual.

Another composition of that day, I would earnestly recommend to your perusal ; Bishop Burnet's conclusion of his own life and times. It, also, contains, in a small compass, as fine a view of practical christianity, as almost ever was composed.

Burnet, both in his pastoral care, and in his own life and times, speaks much about, and bestows the highest encomiums upon, Archbishop Leighton. He was a pattern of christian perfection. His writings bear a close resemblance to early English divinity : but, in sublime piety, and often in genuine strokes of natural, but most exalted eloquence, they are not excelled, but by the sacred writers.

Lucas's inquiry after happiness, especially his second volume, is peculiarly, of that kind, which avoids both coldness and enthusiasm. And to these, I would add Dr. Worthington's book on self-resignation.

Burnet's life of Bishop Bedel ; his account of Lord Rochester ; and his funeral sermon for Mr. Boyle, . . . deserve, also, to be placed in the highest rank. I wish much, that all Burnet's lives, including the sermon, were to be republished in Ireland ; except his large one of Bishop Bedel, which is easily come at, and peculiarly worth having.

Burnet's most interesting anecdotes of Archbishop Leighton, given in his own life and times, should, also, be extracted, and introduced into such a volume.

Archbishop Leighton, however, on second thoughts, I do not recommend to you, as just for your purpose *now* : because I wish to mention those, only, who completely occupy that middle place you speak of ; and on whom, of course, you may safely rely. But Leighton had a leaning to Calvinism : which places him in a different class. Hereafter, when your theological knowledge is somewhat more advanced, and you are able to exercise the *eclectic* faculty, he ought to make a part of your library : for, a more apostolic man never lived ; and his genius

was not only vivid, but sublime. In the far greater part of his works, he really deserves to stand very near the inspired writers.

But there are two authors, whom I would certainly wish to occupy a place in your earliest course. One, more ancient, whom, I fear, it may not be easy to come at, in Ireland. The other, modern.

The ancient one lies, at this moment, before me : it is entitled, 'Select discourses by John Smith, late fellow of queen's college, Cambridge : ' a quarto, of the smaller size, printed at Cambridge, in the year 1660. His editor was the Dr. Worthington, already mentioned. Of this volume, all is learned, liberal, ingenious, and eminently pious : but the latter part is the most interesting, 'A discourse of legal and evangelical righteousness, &c.,' and all those that follow, to the end. The first short treatise in the volume, however, on the true method of attaining divine knowledge, ought, by no means, to be passed over.

The other, the wise and excellent Doddridge, was a man, who, though a dissenter from our church, would have done any church the highest honor. Pure conscience kept him from conforming ; his early views having been formed on another plan : though, there can be little doubt, that, in our establishment, his transcendent merits would have raised him to the highest dignities. He is not exactly of the description of writers I have been mentioning : but he is, indeed and in truth, a combination of all excellencies. Scougal, Burnet, Lucas, and John Smith, excelled in their views of the religion of the heart, as embracing habitual devotion, internal purity, and active charity. In these respects, they are, perhaps, the first writers in the world. But, the excesses of some of the puritanical men of that age, led them to be much on the reserve, as to some of the peculiar doctrines of christianity. On what concerns the christian *μετανοια*, and its most precious fruits, they are unrivalled : respecting the christian *πνοτις*, its nature, and its exercise, they are perhaps, somewhat deficient. Who is perfect ?

Our Savior says, 'Ye believe in God ; believe, also, in Me.' The former duty, they well understood, and nobly inculcated, from well-experienced hearts : the latter, they themselves professed and practised ; but not with equal clearness. Here, the Calvinistic puritans have been somewhat wild ; and their wildness, perhaps, occasioned over-caution, in these excellent men. But Doddridge is as perfect here, as in every other respect. Instead of shunning puritanism, to which extreme, some of his connexions might rather have given him an over-

inclination, he extracts all its excellencies, and leaves behind all its feculence. Never was there a better-informed divine, a more judicious casuist, or a more evangelic christian. His theological lectures, though in some measure deformed, by the strange adoption of a mathematical form in demonstrating his propositions, are a complete body, and most candid treasury, both of theoretic, and practical instruction; both of questionable opinions, and of unquestionable truth. His family expositor, is, in most parts, a perfectly sound, fair, pious, and rational interpreter of the New Testament. And his sermons on regeneration, are, of all practical works, that which, perhaps, comes nearest what you mention as a desideratum, . . . the fulness of evangelical truth, without the alloy of enthusiasm. His rise and progress of religion, has been unusually read, and approved. It is a capital work, but, I think, it involves this defect, that, its plan, almost necessarily leads to an insisting on one mode of passing, from a thoughtless, to a religious life; and, therefore, seems to lay stress on a certain method, where both reason and religion would seem to point out an infinite variety. From this, which, however, he meant, as much as possible, to guard against, his sermons on regeneration, (which, also, he intended as a kind of elementary work on practical religion,) are admirably free.*

I have now, my good friend, nearly executed what I intended: and have only to make a few observations, to prevent any possible misconception of the plan I have dwelt upon.

If you do not, many would, think the view I have given of religion, as implying an inward change, and an habitual devotion, 1. too strict: 2. somewhat fanatical.

1. As to the first objection, I would desire any candid person, seriously to consider our Lord's view of religion, in the parable of the sower; and ask his own reason, whether, in the distinction made, between the thorny-ground, and the good-ground hearers, there is not an awful indication of the strictness of HIS religion. I would recommend to attention, also, the truths suggested in the parable of the man who came into the marriage feast, not having on a wedding garment. But, above all, the parable of the ten virgins: this, to my apprehension, is

* In later years, I have good reason for knowing, that, respecting the writings of the excellent Doddridge, Mr. Knox's views underwent some modification. He would, especially, have guarded youthful readers, against what he was obliged to think, educational prejudices, on the subject of church-government: and, of some circumstantial errors, even in his theology, he became duly sensible. But, with few drawbacks, (as few, perhaps, as often fall to the lot of humanity,) he continued, and most justly, to account Doddridge a burning and a shining light; which, in days of more than ordinary coldness, Divine Providence was pleased to enkindle, in order to impart both warmth, and illumination, to the professing christian world.—*Br. JEAN's Introduction to Burnet's Lives*, editions 1832-1833, note.

the most awful of all our Lord's discourses. Where, it may be asked, lay the difference between those individuals? It was not external: they were all called virgins; they all appeared in equal readiness; they had all had their lamps burning; which must mean, that they all maintained an equally promising character, as far as human eyes could go. The difference, then, is *internal*: the foolish, had oil in their lamps, for the present; but no supply, no reservoir, in their vessels. Can this mean any thing short, of what I have been stating above; that christianity implies, (I use the words of Scougal,) 'a real participation of the divine nature; the very image of Christ, drawn upon the soul; or, as it is in the Apostle's phrase, CHRIST FORMED WITHIN US'?

2. As to the second objection, that this view is somewhat fanatical, . . . I would answer, that the divines above mentioned are deservedly esteemed among the wisest, and most rational, in our church. And, so far as I can understand them, it is precisely their view. But, there is another divine, whom I have not yet named; and to whom I may safely appeal; the judicious HOOKER. Turn to the tracts, at the end of his ecclesiastical polity, and read the thirteenth and fourteenth sections of the first of the two sermons, on part of St. Jude's epistle; compare what he there says, with my statements, and see, whether he does not, in using language bolder, and more unqualified, go beyond my view of the question. And yet, no one ever charged HOOKER with being an enthusiast, or fanatic. The truth is, that what he there delivered, was no more, than what was daily taught in the churches: only, Hooker expresses himself in stronger terms, and with more fiery eloquence.

I hope you will excuse the incoherencies, and indigested manner, of the above. Your question appeared to me a weighty one: and I wished to answer it as well as I could. But I could not do it, as I wished. Besides, I have been obliged to do it by snatches, when bad health, and bad spirits, permitted me.

It is now, full time to have done: you will consider this poor attempt, as, at least, a small mark of the real regard, with which I am,

My dear Mr. Jebb,
Your affectionate,
And faithful friend,
ALEX. KNOX.

Feb. 13. 1801.
The Rev. John Jebb,
Swanlinbar, Ballyconnel, Ireland.

LETTER V.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swaninbar, May 13. 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE frequently read your letter on christian preaching ; and each reading has, more decidedly than the preceding one, convinced me, that your ideas on the subject are perfectly scriptural. If any were to deem your scheme enthusiastic, I should be inclined to think them cold ; and I should be happy in preaching, all my life, such methodism, as you have furnished me with a specimen of. The books, for which I am indebted to your kindness and recommendation, have not yet reached the country. When they arrive, I shall lose no time in having recourse to them. They are such, from the description you have given [of] them, as cannot fail to be highly useful ; but I must fear my power of turning them to good account ; however, I shall make some efforts, not relying on my own strength ; and I will leave the event in his hands, who, alone, is able to order things for the good of his creatures.

By the kindness with which you have answered my former question, you have subjected yourself to the trouble of receiving similar applications from me. You have had some experience of applicants, in your official capacity ; and, I dare say, that experience proved to you, that success, on one occasion, seldom prevents people from being solicitous a second, and a third time. Such is the case with me. I am emboldened by your goodness, to trespass on it still further.

I hear, that you read to the Clerical Society, a paper on '*The Treatment of Roman Catholics*.' I should be more than commonly gratified, if you would favor me with a copy of it. However, I beg, if it be in the least degree troublesome to you, that you will not think of sending it. I should be truly sorry to derive advantage, from any thing irksome, or inconvenient to you.

I have commenced a plan of giving service, in the evening of Sunday ; which concludes with a kind of expository lecture, on a portion of the New Testament. I began with St. Matthew's Gospel ; and purpose to go regularly through it. The attendance of the parishioners is very respectable ; never less than 50 to 60. From never having heard a lecture of the kind, I am sometimes at a loss to know, whether I have adopted the proper plan. If any ideas on the subject of lecturing occur to

you, I would thankfully receive them ; and endeavor, by following them up, to improve myself and the parish.

On the treatment of Methodists, you gave me some useful advice in Dublin. They form so considerable a portion of my flock, that I wish to direct much of my attention to them. I have some pleasure in imagining, that most of them are inclined to attend to me, and have rather a favorable opinion of me. One preacher, indeed, I have been well informed, endeavored to infuse suspicions of me. Of this, I shall, you may be certain, take no notice. Other of their preachers, I have been informed, recommend attention to what I preach, &c. &c. I wish, indeed, that their meetings did not interfere with the hours of divine service ; which they sometimes do. On the means of effecting a change in their time of meeting, and on any other particulars respecting them, a few hints from you would be extremely serviceable to me. You well know the principles and feeling of the sect ; and could, no doubt, point out the gentlest, and the most effectual mode of dealing with them.

I have written this day to Stopford, and requested that he, or other members of the Clerical Society, would turn their minds towards investigating the best mode of instructing Protestants, who cannot read, and are completely ignorant of the principles of christianity. He will tell you the occasion of this request. Probably, your friend Mr. Alcock, from his great experience, acquired by long visiting his parishioners, could draw up most useful 'Hints for religious conversation with the uninstructed poor.'

You have, I suppose, seen Magee's book, on Atonement and Sacrifice. It evinces astonishing research ; and appears to me full of most excellent argument.

I heard of the purpose to which you applied Orton's letters. There could not be a better one. I am much obliged by your sending over for another set.

I trust this fine weather has been beneficial to your health. In the country, every thing promises well. Thank God, every thing here is plentiful ; and there is a greater prospect of an increase of harvest, than has been recollected for many years. Providence orders all things wisely : the scarcity of two years, has been the means of creating a foresight, and industry, and economy, hitherto unknown ; probably, these may ripen into a habit.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER VI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Kilmore House, Nov. 26. 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE Bishop of Kilmore tells me, that he has informed you of the option he has given me, of remaining at Swanlinbar, or removing to Cashel. He spoke to me this day of his intentions, in that open, kind, and delicate manner, which might be expected from such a man. You, most probably, know, better than I can know, what might be expected, from his recommending me in the strongest manner to Bishop ——; but, I confess, that, from various reasons, and, not least among them, from a wish to be under the good man, from whom, during more than two years, I have experienced nothing but kindness, I should prefer removing to Cashel.

By your advice and opinion, in conjunction with that of my brother, I shall be decided. This only I would say, that, if an introduction to any Bishop I know, were to place me immediately in a comfortable living, on condition of my giving up all prospect of getting into the Bishop of Kilmore's (Brodrick's) diocese, at some future period, I should feel a very strong inclination to refuse it.

I have just written to my brother, and desired him to call on you. I am sure that you, who had the goodness to establish me in my profession, will grant me the additional favor of your advice, in this case.

I should long since have written to you, on other matters, had I not feared that my letters might be troublesome. If I could be certain that the fact were not so, I should sometimes do myself the real pleasure of writing to you; and be amply satisfied by hearing from you *only* when perfectly convenient, should it be but once a year.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and most faithful servant,

JOHN JEEB.

—oo—

LETTER 3.

Feb. 2. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEEB,

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged your very acceptable let-

ter, if I had not been, both particularly engaged in, and indisposed for, writing. Both the same obstacles, too much continue; but I cannot longer defer saying something to you.

I yesterday dined with *our* archbishop. I mentioned to his Grace your having asked my opinion about your course of lectures; and he expressed his wish, that you should particularly apply yourself, to the preparing youth for confirmation: and gave, I thought, as a reason, his purpose of setting you on that employment, when you should go to Cashel. I answered, that both were very compatible; that I did not question the importance of what he mentioned, but that I consider the lectures, also, as of peculiar moment; and, therefore, could not help hoping you would persevere in your design. He seemed not disposed to differ from me: though I am not sure, that he has yet before his mind, all the motives, for cultivating that particular mode of instruction. I think, that, if he saw it in the light, in which, if I live, I will endeavor to place it to him, he will be more decidedly attached to it. And the epitome of these reasons is simply this, . . . that this, alone, is *preaching the word of God*. This is bringing the Scriptures forward, into the light of day; while the common mode of preaching, is but a statement of human sentiments.

I soberly think, that, in the Scriptures themselves, there is a clearness, a directness, an energy, a congeniality, with all that is honest, good, and wise, in the human heart; which places them infinitely above every thing else in the world. But these qualities do not shew themselves, to the superficial reader, or hearer. They are too genuine, to be ostentatious. They are, also, perhaps, so disposed, as to require that attention to discover them, which tends to fit the mind for valuing them when found. The treasure was *hid* in a field; but, in fact, '*Pater ipse haud facilem esse viam voluit*,' applies almost to every thing promotive of human improvement: which saying of Virgil's, is astonishingly correspondent with that in Genesis, '*In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread*.' In order, therefore, to bring the energies of the Scriptures into action, there must be labor of some; there must be study. But the inability of the people, in general, to do this for themselves, is the very foundation of the clerical office. How, then, can this office be so well fulfilled, as in developing these concealed excellencies? How can the time, allotted for public instruction, be so happily employed, as in opening the very words, and expressions, of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ and his Apostles? If they are to be effected at all, what so fit for the purpose, as that which was performed, for this very end, by the very wisdom of God? '*The word of God is quick and powerful*,' we are told,

'and sharper than a two-edged sword.' But, I think, modern practice effectually prevents this being either known, or felt. For, in my mind, mere reading the Scriptures, without opening them, is but wielding the sword, with the scabbard on : and preaching, in the usual way, is brandishing a weapon, of human manufacture, (which has neither power nor sharpness,) in its room. But, to explain the Scriptures themselves ; to lead them, from clause to clause, and from verse to verse ; to show the wise adaptation, of the observation, to the occasion ; to explain the connection, and, by that means, exhibit the innate wisdom, of the sacred text ; to show the knowledge of the human heart, which it implies ; the accordance with human conduct, and the matchless conduciveness to real happiness, personal and social, which it displays ; and, under such a display, to put it to them, 'Is not this infinite truth ? Is not this the way to happiness ? Do not your hearts give their testimony to this, . . 'that he that doeth these things, shall never fall ?' consequently, this is the word of God, which if you go on to despise, let your own hearts tell what must be your feelings, when you come to the verge of eternity !— It is only after laying open the Scriptures themselves, that any modest man could speak thus, and yet, to speak thus, is the only way to rouse the benumbed consciences of men.

In another letter, I hope to give you my thoughts, on the matter of your lectures ; which, at present, I conceive should be, alternately, from the historical parts of the Old Testament, beginning with the lives and characters of the Patriarchs ; and from the Gospel, and Epistles.

Most truly yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 4.

Dawson-street, April 3, 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I OUGHT long since to have written to you ; but various causes have concurred, to make me a defaulter. I was obliged to you for your little memoir.* My only fault with which was, that it was too well,—that is, too elaborately written. The matter, as far as I can pretend to judge, was, in point of local information, interesting ; and the arrangement, and expression, clear ; but I could have wished to have seen no attempt at good writing ; nor any rise, above colloquial ease. Perhaps, you

* A statistical account of the parish of Swanlinbar.—ED.

were not aware, that there was such an attempt. I, therefore, take the liberty of mentioning that it struck me; as I cannot but think the occurrence of this, now and then, your *single* fault. I may, perhaps, some other time, go more into the particulars of your pleasant statistic sketch. But, at present, I have a more important subject to talk to you on.

Mr. — shewed me your prospectus for an association sermon; which, in substance, I much like. But, let me advise you, sit down, in the very first instance, to Lowth; and read at the average of two lectures a day. No one can do full justice to the sacred volume, until he has read that exquisite work. I do not mean to say, that you would find materials in it. I rather think not: at least, to any great amount. But you would, on perusing it, see the Scriptures of the Old Testament, in so new, and so elevated a point of view, that you would be able to speak of them, with a spirit and animation, which nothing short of the rich light he throws on them, could, I think, raise in the mind.* I am, myself, going through them slowly. And a more beautiful work, or more useful aid for understanding holy Scripture, never, I conceive, in any other instance, came from a human pen. In fact, I never met any thing more interesting, or more truly entertaining; nor can I believe, that it was, wholly, *sine numine*. If you have not yet begun it, let this be a stimulus: if you have begun it, you could, I am sure, say more yourself.

Any assistance I could help you to, you may fairly command. And that I may be able to help you, I should be glad to have your syllabus, as soon as you form it. What hints I offer you, will be yours to reject, as freely as to use. But, having thought a little on the subject, and wishing *you* to make the most, that can be made of it, in a single sermon, I feel an inclination to contribute towards your stock of materials.

It is my conjecture, that the idea usually entertained, of the holy Scripture being *Θεοπνευστος* (in, perhaps, a different sense from what the Apostle meant), has kept very many back, from exercising their judgments, on its structure and composition. It has been so regarded, as authoritative, as, possibly, to have lost some of the esteem it deserved, as a scheme of sublime philosophy. It has been usual, to view the holy Scripture, as a divine code of laws; but this, I conceive, is but a small part of its design. It, certainly, does give directions for conduct, both by example, and precept; but it seems to me, to aim, primarily, at making provision, *a priori*, for right conduct,

* The fruits of this recommendation were seen, 18 years after the date of this letter, in Bishop Jebb's 'Sacred Literature,' in which Bishop Lowth's principle, advanced on and matured, has been successfully applied to the New Testament.—
ED.

by fixing in the human heart, right principles of action. It is not satisfied with enlightening the understanding, and depending upon that for wise acting : which is the strict province of a code of laws. But, on the far nobler plan, it directs its energies to the centre of all action, the heart ; and, when fully operative there, makes virtue and goodness, matters of course. The scripture philosophy is, that there are no right actions, where there are no right tempers. ‘ If I give my body to be burned, and all my goods to feed the poor, and have not *love*, it profiteth me nothing.’ Again, that, where there are right tempers, there must be right actions. ‘ Love worketh no evil to his neighbor, *therefore*, love is the fulfilling of the law,’ and, ‘ if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.’ But it teacheth, farther, that all right tempers are resolvable into a farther principle, which it denominates *faith*, that is, an impressive, heart-felt sense of God, and of our relation to him, as revealed in the Scripture. ‘ This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.’ ‘ Neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love.’ That is,—true faith immediately produces love ; and, by means of that divine temper, becomes operative in every thing true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report.

This, briefly, I take to be the heart and soul of the Scripture. True, it certainly appears, apart from its divinity, as the most noble and beautiful scheme of philosophy, that ever was thought of : indeed, *not* apart from its divinity ; as none, I am assured, but the Fountain of wisdom and goodness, could have conceived so divine a system. I must now break off, for the present, fearing I shall be too late for the post.

Most sincerely yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER VII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, April 7. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAD been, for some time, accusing myself, of not thanking you for your excellent advice, respecting the popish perversion ; and, still more, for your most improving observations on lecturing ; when I found my debt considerably increased, by your last, most acceptable letter. Your reasons for lecturing are so

solid and convincing, that, had I entertained any idea of relinquishing the plan, they could not but have removed it. I hope to plan a little course, ere long ; and, indeed, nothing would prevent me from chalking it out immediately, but the expectation of your promised thoughts, on *the matter* which it would be best to employ. I have sent to town for Henry's Commentary ; from which I expect much materials. And now, my dear Sir, let me return you my warmest thanks, for your candid and friendly mention of a fault, which I am conscious of, in my style of writing. I think that you have touched me only too gently ; and you will greatly add to the many obligations you have conferred on me, by probing me to the quick on this, or any other point. One of the greatest blessings which can be derived, from a communication with real friends, is the exposure of our errors. And I trust that, if you, now and then, take the trouble of bestowing a little correction on me, it will not be thrown away. I am sure, in the present case, you are perfectly right. My pen too often runs into a kind of measured period. I shall endeavor to correct the fault, and to write with more simplicity for the future.

Need I say, that I am truly grateful for your kind offer of assistance, in the business of an association sermon ? I think not. I am sure that it will be more agreeable to you, that I should restrain myself from speaking what I feel, respecting both the kindness, and value, of the proposal. I shall, indeed, most thankfully send you my syllabus, when it is formed : but I am in doubts how far I can go beyond the little sketch you saw, till I have made some progress in collecting materials. Besides, though, at the instance of my friend Magee*, I undertook to think of the matter, I do not believe it has been mentioned to the Association ; and I cannot help thinking they may, very probably, not listen to the proposal of employing a person so young, inexperienced, and unknown, as I am.

I should, long since, have made a great advance in Lowth, had it not been for the negligence and delay of carmen. I did not receive it till about *five* days since ; and had just entered on it, when I received your stimulus. Even the small progress I have now made, fully justifies me in calling it a wonderful book. The entrance to the temple is beautiful and glorious ; what shall I say, when I am admitted into the Sanctuary ?

* * * * *

Dear Sir,
Your most obliged and sincere friend,
JOHN JEBB.

* Afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.—ED.

LETTER 5.

April 13. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I CERTAINLY know no fault in your compositions, but the single one I have mentioned. And I was the more disposed to mention that, because I conceive you may easily get rid of it. Dr. O'Connor and I are the only present members of the Preacher Committee; ———, the third member, having gone to England. We, of course, could soon, settle the matter, were it not that the Bishop of Killaloe has been somehow or other spoken of. My opinion, however, is, that he will not choose to undertake it, as speaking in public is troublesome to him; and, as I conceive, he will not choose to move in so very trodden a path. The Bishop is a first-rate preacher, for sense and language. Too flowery, a little, perhaps; but very able. So that I promise, since it has been spoken of, the offer will be made to him: though, as I said, I think he will not undertake it. I hope to mention to you whatever may occur.

My notion of the best mode of lecturing would be, to begin with Genesis and the Gospels, alternately; not going regularly through either, but selecting portions in order. The flood, perhaps, would furnish matter for one; and, perhaps, the subsidence of the water, and the going out of the ark, and the sacrifice of Noah, another. The life of Abraham,* would afford several: in particular, the sacrifice of Isaac. I do not know whether Isaac's life, after this event, would furnish any thing: but Jacob's history would give two or three; beginning with the vision of the ladder. The gospels might be lectured on, selectively, or continuously, as you found it expedient: perhaps, however, the former mode would, in the first instance, be better, as leaving more liberty. To begin, as if continuously, would bind one, in some respects, to go on.

In your lectures in Genesis, Hale might help. But I would recommend one great object: to impress awful and interesting views of God's attributes; the reality of his providence in the world; his care of those who serve him; and the happiness of those who do so. The circumstances of their being strangers and pilgrims, wherever it is referred to, has in it something peculiarly capable of improvement. The design in this, most probably, was, to keep their families insulated, until they had acquired a set of habits of their own; peculiar to themselves,

* A sermon, on this important subject, was composed, long after, by Bishop Jebb; and has appeared in 'Practical Theology,' published in 1830.—E.D.

as worshippers of the one true God. And, in this view, Egypt was a most proper country for them to sojourn in ; as the repulsive habits of the Egyptians, were a full security against any vicious contagion. One grand use of the patriarchal history is, to shew, that true religion requires total resignation of one's self, to the will and guidance of God. This, as operating in the heart, was that faith, which was imputed to them for righteousness. They are at God's disposal ; ever ready to go, at his call, from country to country. This was, in its principle, true religion ; and, therefore, they are held forth as examples to us, who, like them, are called, also, ' to be pilgrims and strangers upon earth.' Yet, who, then on earth, were so happy as those pilgrims ? They wandered from one kingdom to another, from one nation to another people. But they were still in God's empire ; and he shewed they were : for, ' he suffered no man to do them wrong ; but reprov'd even kings for their sake.' How infinitely, then, was their lot preferable, to the kings, in whose lands they sojourn'd ? In this, also, they are patterns and encouragements. God calls all men, to leave the country, they have hitherto, in general, lived in : for who has not, more or less, like the prodigal, gone into ' a far country ?' Nay, we are born in sin ; and, too generally, continue in it. This country, then, we are to leave ; and follow God's will, in righteousness, and true holiness ; though to do so, may imply, sometimes, a *pilgrimage*, in respect to present gratifications, and the favorite objects of the world. Yet, is it not worth while to submit to the inconveniences of the Patriarchs, in order to share with them in their blessings ? The city they sought, that which ' hath foundations,' is destined for all, who imitate their obedient, self-denying faith. And, even here, there is substantially, though less visibly, the same protection ; for, says Saint Peter, ' Who will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good ?' The hebraisms, which are used in the Old Testament to describe religion, are peculiarly susceptible of useful interpretation. For instance, ' Noah was perfect in his generation, and *walked with God.*' Again, ' *Walk before me*, and be thou perfect.' Every thing of this kind ought to be laid hold of ; it being always the great point, to impress the happiness of a life of true religion, and the misery of the reverse.

Whether I have now said any thing very worthy your attention, I do not know. But, as I was in your debt for some remarks, I have wished, at least, to shew you my good will. The Gospels may, perhaps, be attended to a little, at some other time. You have, perhaps, observed, that the Bishop of London's lectures are at press.

Yours most truly,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER VIII.

To A. Knor, Esq.

Swanlinbar, July 26. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just formed a kind of syllabus of my Association Sermon; and am now about to avail myself of your friendly permission to send it to you, trusting that you will have the goodness to point out its defects; and, according to your kind promise, will furnish me with some hints and materials, towards filling it up. I am doubtful about many things, especially the text; and, therefore, shall not proceed in the business, till I hear from you.

TEXT—ISAIAH, LXII. 10.

- I, 1. Text opened—refers to the *ultimate* restoration of the Jews—admits of application to the calling of any people, to the knowledge and practice of true spiritual religion—This the object of Association, who have '*gone through the gates*' . . '*cast up the highway*' . . '*gathered out the stones*' . . actively engaged in removing obstructions, and making necessary preparations, for the establishment of righteousness in our land . . Shown how instrumental to these great objects, have been the talents and exertions of former preachers . . aim of my humble efforts, to assist in '*lifting up a Standard for the people*' . . the Standard of holy Scripture . . which, like a military banner, shall not only serve to collect together a people zealous of good works, but to inspire them with courage and resolution, in their holy warfare.
2. Standard to be lifted up amongst higher orders . . lament their general neglect of sacred volume . . this, in a great measure attributable to,
- 1, Undue prejudices against its style;
 - 2, inadequate conceptions of its object:
- These obviated by,
- 1, An attempt to vindicate the sublimity and beauty of Scripture, corroborated by,
 - 1, A view of the noble spirit infused into the writings of our earliest English authors, by an intimate acquaintance with holy writ.
 2. Testimonies of men eminent for learning, accomplishments, and taste . . Lord Bacon . . Robert Boyle . . Sir Wm. Jones . .

- 2, A statement of the real object of Scripture . . not merely a code of laws, directed to the understanding, but a scheme of sublime philosophy, on a far nobler plan, addressing itself to the heart.

This supported by,

Its effects on men in the active and elevated stations of life, when operative rather as a vital principle, than an external rule.

3. Association, urged to provide for the inculcating these and similar ideas of Scripture, by much abler persons than myself, through the medium of a public lecture in the Metropolis . . A measure once in their contemplation.

This plan vindicated from the imputation of being chimerical and inefficient, by the success of the Bishop of London's lectures; attended, during four years, in the most fashionable church of our sister metropolis, by an assemblage no less remarkable for strict order, and apparent piety, than for magnitude and rank . . Brief view of the Bishop's lectures . . and statement of the happy effects which might be produced on the minds of our higher ranks, by similar lectures, here.

- II. All that has been said, is connected with the Association's great object, a dissemination of the Scriptures amongst the poor.

1. The rich, the conduits, through which, the Scriptures must flow to the lower orders: . . it is not by cold calculations of political expediency, that they can be induced to enter, with zeal, into this labor of love . . but inspire them with love and veneration for the sacred volume, and the most happy effects will be conspicuous;

1. In themselves . . zeal, warm and affectionate, proceeding from a divine principle of charity.

2. In the people . . receiving the Bible from the hands of their superiors, without suspicion of any sinister view . . love . . gratitude, &c. . . people shrewd . . know the difference, between those, who would '*hold them in with bit and bridle, like brute beasts that have no understanding,*' and those, who would '*draw them with the cords of a man, with the bands of love.*'

2. Necessity of such exertions . . view of wretched ignorance of lower classes, respecting the great truths of Religion, and consequent effects . . Much has been done, it is true . . number of Bibles and Testaments distributed . . approbation of mode . . statement, from experience of effects . . donation from Society for promoting Christian Knowledge

in London . . . *but much remains to be done* . . . Association urged to proceed . . . to impress on the gentry, by every possible means, the necessity and advantages of their interference . . . Members called upon, not to rest satisfied with the public and general applications of the body at large, but to apply, privately and earnestly, to their individual friends.

3. Conclusion. Delightful effects on country at large . . . high and low, rich and poor . . . view of a country, where the Scriptures rule the life, and regulate the heart . . . preparing the way, for glorious time (alluded to in the text) when Christ's kingdom of universal piety, shall be established on earth . . . for still more glorious consummation of all things in heaven.

This, my dear Sir, is the sketch, which I unreservedly submit to your castigation : to your tried friendship, I look for unqualified censure, wherever you think it due. You will perceive, that the best feature in this little prospectus, is borrowed from one of your letters. I need not tell you, that I mean the moral view of Scripture, as a scheme of sublime philosophy. On that subject, a few hints will be most truly acceptable. I commissioned a friend to get for me the Bishop of London's lectures ; but have heard nothing from him. I am extremely anxious to get them ; and I should be very much obliged to you, if they are at Archer's, to procure them, and get them freed by Mr. ——— ; or, if they are not, to get them, through the Post Office, from London, and send them to me. I shall thankfully repay you, when we meet ; and should not think of giving you this trouble, but that I think it essential to my scheme, that I should very soon read them.

I have been lecturing through Genesis : not so much to my own satisfaction, as I could wish ; but endeavoring, *haud passibus aëquis*, to follow up your views.

I am, also, preparing young people for confirmation : so that, with this sermon, which not a little alarms me, I have much business on hands. My head aches, with much writing to-day ; I must, therefore, conclude with assuring you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER IX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

August 16. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE BEEN prevented from answering any of your kind letters, by an apprehension, that I could not reach you before your sailing for England; and I now venture a few lines, at hazard.

I thank you much, for your observations on the text; and have been anxiously waiting for something more. I suspend doing any thing, till I hear from you more fully.

At present, I confess myself not entirely inclined to acquiesce, in the text you recommend: it strikes me as an excellent one, for a sermon addressed to parents, on giving their children an early knowledge of, and taste for the Scriptures. But, if you look at the little sketch I sent, I think you will see, that the object I propose to myself, is not so much a panegyric on Scripture, as an incitement to the Association, to pursue the dissemination of the Bible; as being the best mode of promoting religion. I am, however, fully open to conviction; and doubt not, that you have good reasons to object to the text from Isaiah; though, at present, I still think, it touches the subject, without any strained construction.

I trust that you will not give me up as incorrigible, for not immediately seeing the text from St. Timothy, in the light you do. I am really not without a great deal of diffidence, in even appearing to put my opinion in competition with yours; but I hope your next letter will put an end to all doubt and difficulty. I am obliged to conclude myself, in much haste,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and affectionate
friend and servant,

JOHN JERR.

—OO—

LETTER X.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Sept. 15. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now more than a month, since I received your last letter

of the 7th August; in which you were kind enough to promise me a full letter, by the next post. I make no doubt this letter has been lost, through some mistake of the Post Office; and, from the disappointment, I am constrained to begin the sermon, on the plan I submitted to you; as the time approaches too near, for any further delay. However, though I know not where you now are, or how engaged, I entertain some hopes, that this may soon reach you, and that you will have the goodness to send me a few hints. I need not say, how highly useful I would esteem them: and they are the more wanting, as, from a confinement of some days, by a heavy cold, which is not yet removed, I find myself much unfitted for exertion. I fear much I shall do myself, and my friends, some discredit in this business. But, though I enter on it with much distrust in myself, I still have hopes, from the assistance of that good Providence, which has been uniformly kind to me.

I have met with, and read some of the Bishop of London's lectures. I am sorry they were published. They certainly made great impression, at the time of their delivery; but, in the closet, they appear to such disadvantage, that I wonder much at the character they obtained.

* * * * *

As I am desirous not to be too late for our post, I must have done.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your truly obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER XI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

1802. About Sept. or Oct.

MY DEAR SIR,

I YESTERDAY dispatched a packet to you, under cover to Mr. Taylor, which I trust you have, ere this, received. Lest, however, it should not have reached you, let me request, that you will have the goodness to procure further time for the sermon. You have shown me the necessity of new modelling a part of my plan; and, indeed, indisposition has thrown me so far back, and continues to impede me so much, that I could not, with any justice, either to the committee that proposed me, or to the Association, pretend to address them on the 2nd of November;

especially on a subject, that requires some thought and energy ; neither of which I can command at present. If Christmas did not interfere, and absolutely require my presence here, a day in December might answer. But, circumstanced as I am, I could much wish for a day in January ; against which time, I hope, with God's assistance, to be in some degree prepared.

This morning, in looking over Cicero's moral works, I was forcibly struck, with his beautiful apostrophe to philosophy. *Tusc. Quæst. lib. 5. cap. 2.* As, perhaps, you may not just now have the book by you, and to save you the trouble of going to your shelf for it, I shall transcribe the passage.

' Oh, vitæ Philosophia dux ! oh virtutis indagatrix, expultrique vitiorum ! quid, non modo nos, sed omnino hominum vita scire te esse potuisset ? Tu, urbes peperisti : tu, dissipatos homines in societatem vitæ convocasti : tu, eos inter se primò domiciliis, deinde conjugii, tum literarum et vocum communione, junxisti : tu, inventrix legum, tu, magistra morum et disciplinæ fuisti. Ad te confugimus : æte opem petimus : tibi nos, ut, antea, magna ex parte, sic, nunc, penitus totosque tradimus. Est autem unus dies, bene, et ex preceptis tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati antipponendus. Cujus igitur potius opibus utamur quam tuis ? quæ et vitæ tranquillitatem largita nobis es, et terrorem mortis sustulisti. At Philosophia, quidem, tantum abest, ut, proinde ac de hominum est vitâ merita, laudetur ; ut a plerisque neglecta, a multis etiam vituperetur. Vituperare quisquam vitæ parentem, et hoc parricidio se inquinare audet ? et tam impie ingratus esse, ut eam accuset quam vereri deberet, etiam si minus percipere potuisset ?'

Is not this wonderfully apposite ? If, for Philosophy, we substitute divine wisdom (as displayed in the Scriptures), is not every word, and sentence, true ? What was wanting, but the certainty of revelation, and the 'matter of fact display,' which pervades holy Scripture, to render the view powerfully influential ? Alas, in Cicero it was, at the best, but sublime speculation. It wanted reality ; it wanted sanction. It was not connected with a sure and certain hope, of protection in danger, support under adversity, comfort in the hour of death, . . proceeding from an all-good, all-wise, all-powerful Being ; the cause, creator, and preserver of all things. And, hence, it availed but little, in the hour of distress. This 'vitæ dux,' could not allay the bitterness of more than manly sorrow, at the death of a daughter ; could not bestow either cheering hope, or patient resignation, in the hour of banishment. Let us view the feelings and conduct of David, under similar calamities ; and, surely, we must at once acknowledge, the superiority of the views which influenced him.

I am obliged to conclude, as the post is waiting for this. My ideas, on the subject I have attempted writing on, are, at present, far from clear. So far as they are, they but follow up yours. However, I should be happy to have your opinion, whether this passage might be translated, and quoted with effect. As I mentioned, I met it only this morning; and have not yet had time to consider it. I shall employ, for some days, as much time as my head-aches will permit me, in thinking over the subject of Scripture, taken in a moral view. I see, from the limits I must necessarily put to the discourse, that the beauties of style can be treated of only incidentally; for, certainly, no very small portion of the sermon should be matter of business. Quere . . might not the 1st Psalm furnish a text sufficiently apposite? the 3rd verse, taking in the considerations, both of the happiness conferred on the individual, who loves and meditates on Scripture, and of the benefits, which he confers on others.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Your obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEEB.

—oo—

LETTER XII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

October 6. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now some time, since I removed to my friend Mr. Woodward's house, here, with hopes of working more uninterruptedly, than I could at Swanlinbar; by which means, I did not receive your third communication, till yesterday evening. The whole is truly valuable. I consider it, not merely as affording materials for the present occasion, but hope to derive much advantage from it, in my future study of the Bible. Notwithstanding I was much impeded by illness, when I received your first packet, I had then made some progress, on my own plan. And, after no little consideration, I found, that, on the whole, I could not act precisely on yours, without copying you more closely, than I think I conscientiously could: for, would not this be holding out false colors to the world? Besides, my ideas had got into a particular train: and I should have found it very difficult to bring them into another.

According to the scheme I had laid down in my mind, the sermon was to be a hortatory discourse, addressed to the Asso-

ciation : its main object, to excite them to perseverance, in the dissemination of the Scriptures. This divided itself into two parts. 1. Giving the higher orders a taste for those sacred writings. 2. Through their assistance, generally disseminating them among the poor. In this view, the direct praise of Scripture forms but a branch. And the full discussion of that topic, I rather wish to leave for the public lecturer, who will, I hope, be appointed by the Association ; and to whose labors, I could wish this to be a preliminary step : as, in fact, a leading object of my scheme is, to urge the Association to make provision, for the future inculcation of right ideas concerning Scripture.

I cannot fail to derive considerable aid from your papers, in that part of my sermon, which relates to the moral efficacy of Scripture. The only thing I fear is, that I shall be at a loss which ideas to select ; for it is really not easy to make a choice, where all is so good. I am conscious, that, by not more largely adopting your plan, I shall not produce near so good a sermon, as I otherwise might. But I know you will attribute my continuance in the plan I have chalked out, not to any confidence in my own judgment. The Text first proposed, I have retained : but as, please God, I shall be in town, six days before the 2nd of November, I shall have time to confer with you ; and to make an alteration, if you deem it expedient.

I feel a particular inclination to profit by your ideas, of Scripture operating on the heart, through the interesting matter-of-fact view it gives of God, exemplified in the feelings and actions of David. Quere. Does not the 84th Psalm furnish a fine contrast, to the abject complaints of Cicero, in exile. The Psalmist is evidently deprived of all access to Jerusalem : in this situation, he utters the most pathetic expressions of sorrow. But, what gives rise to them ? his banishment from the Sanctuary, from the altars of his King and his God : and, so consolatory are the feelings of religion, that the very mention of God, turns his sorrow into joy. And he concludes, with the most lively declarations of complacency and confidence, in the Lord of Hosts, his sun and his shield. Perhaps, the expressions and sentiments of this heavenly production, immediately contrasted with Cicero's poor, unmanly complaints, would afford a happy specimen of the superior dignity and happiness bestowed, by right, i. e. scriptural conceptions of the Deity.

The view of God's particular Providence, as drawn from the patriarchal history, I much admire. And the New-Testament part, I am desirous, in some measure, to adopt. In fact, the two circumstances that would prevent me from making free use

of all your ideas, are, want of room within a sermon, and a feeling, that it would be disingenuous, and unfair in me, to gain credit, as I undoubtedly should, for that which is not my own.

I propose returning home to-morrow ; when I shall, I hope, proceed to the Scriptural part of the discourse ; the rest, I have almost finished, but in a manner that does not satisfy me.

I have some idea of introducing a few words, from Josephus against Apion : that passage, in which he says, that the reward of obedience to the Mosaic code, was not a crown, or a garland, &c., but an internal feeling of confidence in God, and hope of a future state, &c. I have not the book by me : but it strikes me, that those five or six lines are extremely beautiful ; and give a very exalted idea of the spiritual nature of the Old Testament.

I trust you will excuse the great incorrectness and confusion of this scrawl. I have been forced to write in a great hurry, as I feared my man might be too late for the post in Granard, four miles distant. I should be truly obliged to you for a few lines, if any thing occurs, *pro* or *con* any thing I have mentioned. Much, indeed, am I indebted to your goodness, for the great trouble you have taken in this affair. And whether, on the present occasion, I can avail myself of much or little of your valuable papers, they will be of most material service to me in future ; particularly as giving me new ideas, on the mode of lecturing on Scripture.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Your most obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 6.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,
YOUR letter relieved me from some little anxiety ; as I feared, from not hearing from you, that my packets had miscarried. I enter most fully into all your feelings, respecting a literal use of what I sent you. I had not time to accompany my hints, with my ideas how you might best use them ; but, most certainly, I felt that you could not do so, consistently with the delicacy of your own mind, at all in the way of transcript. I believe I said something to that amount. I am sure I thought it. But pardon me for thinking, that there is not a thought in it, which you might not make your own *in substance* ; by reading it once or twice over, then laying it quite aside ; and, after ten days' intermediate thought, put pen to paper, and compose your discourse,

from the digested materials of your own mind, following your own train, and not looking at me, until, at least, your rough draught were completed.

I have now yours, of the 26th July, before me. Could I have commanded thought, as I wished, I should have commented, somewhat at large, on your plan, to explain to you my objections ; for to say the truth, I much more dislike your arrangement, than I like, particularly, the plan I suggested. Any subject and outline, that would leave room for giving due relief to main figures in the piece, would sufficiently answer. But I think, in every discourse, the first object is, to arrest attention. A sermon, therefore, should not commence, with a statement of any collateral, or subordinate, parts or circumstances ; but should rather impress the great end, . . the supreme utility, the indispensable necessity, of the matter in question. There was something of this, in the view of the greatest epic poets ; who made it a point to go, at once, into the midst of things. We are instantly engaged, by the wrath of Achilles ; it makes us know, and feel for the hero ; and we follow him, ever after, with interest. So, too, with the shipwreck of Eneas. For this reason, then, I objected to the far-fetched text, as requiring a round-about, and as it might seem to many, a forced allegorizing ; . . by which the minds of some might be dissipated, of others, disgusted, . . and once off, might not return again.

On the same principle, I disliked the beginning the causes of neglect, by speaking about the style. This is a good subordinate topic, because it leaves room for beautiful and captivating remarks. But it seems to me misplaced here, because scarcely suitable to fact. They who neglect the Scripture, do so, because they love darkness rather than light. The fault is in the mind and heart ; not in the taste, nor in philological fastidiousness. This seems somewhat taken up in the next point ; but the idea is not direct nor forcible enough. Inadequate conceptions, implies but partial ignorance ; and would rather account for misestimation, than absolute neglect. Nor would adequate conceptions be a remedy. For strange to tell, men may 'understand all mysteries, and all knowledge,' and yet not have *Ἀγανη*. Therefore, Saint Paul rests all, on receiving the truth, 'in the love of it.' The subordinate members, here, are not inapposite ; but they would grow stronger, by being connected with a more vitalizing kind ; which, I think, should be, not as above, but the want of a due feeling of personal interest in the Scripture. This is really what you meant, but you wrapt it up too much ; and nothing can be done in morals, but by running up every line to the centre, resolving every thing into the ultimate object, . . personal concern, . . a man's

own safety or danger, misery or happiness. Here, I conceive, you ought to use my thoughts. As to the next point, I doubt the expediency of introducing it at all. As I see no prospect of a lecture, nor, *inter nos*, knowing any one, fit for it . . . Graves*, alone, excepted : and he, hitherto, I think, has hardly ever done full justice, either to his subjects, or himself ; his constitutional fault being slovenliness. What a pity, with such a head and heart ! But imperfection cleaves, inseparably, to mortality.

I now proceed to your second general ; in which, most of what you say is in point, but subordinately to the feeling of personal concern ; for, without that, men will never do warmly for others, what they disregard for themselves. He who loves the Bible for himself, for its [own sake, may], thereby, gain, or communicate feeling ; and, when you open a channel for that feeling to act in, it will flow forward of itself. But, if the sentiment be not there, your stating what *may* be done gradually, and politically what ought, will be like laying pipes, where there is no spring.

For all these reasons, I wish you, certainly, to make your discourse as personal as you possibly can ; and as I know no pressing reason, why it should be in November, rather than in January, if you thought you might gain any thing by time, we might easily have the day postponed. I wish your sermon to be solid, striking, worthy of dispersion, and worthy of preservation. But, to be so, it must not be hurried ; because it must not be superficial, nor common-place. Do not, therefore, be over-nice as to time ; but be more solicitous to do justice to the subject, and to your own character, . . . not for your own, but for your work's sake.

Most truly yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER XIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Oct. 12. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM sincerely obliged to you for your objections, and for the truly candid and friendly manner in which you state them. In general, they are to me convincing ; and I cannot but regret, that I did not receive them sooner, as they would, probably, have saved me some fruitless thought and labor.

* Richard Graves, D. D., the late learned Dean of Ardagh.—ED.

I cheerfully accede to your general position, that, in every discourse, the first object should be, to arrest attention ; and, also, to the inference drawn, that 'a sermon should not commence, with the statement of any collateral, or subordinate, parts or circumstances.' But granting these points, I am not quite certain, that my unfortunate text would be altogether so exceptionable, as it appears to you. I trust you will credit me, when I say, that I defend it, not from tenaciousness of my own opinion : in truth, I am ready to give it up : I wish only to state a few of my ideas on the subject, merely in self-justification ; and with a view to show, that, however erroneous may be my conception of the passage, it was far from being my intention to allegorize ; a practice which, perhaps, few dislike more, in sermons, than myself.

Notwithstanding the narrow and confined interpretation, given to Isaiah LXII. 10., by most commentators, who apply it to the return from the Babylonish captivity, I have not a doubt on my mind, after no slight consideration of the context, and of parallel places, that, in its *direct* and *full* sense, it relates to the final restoration of the Jewish people ; when they shall be converted to true spiritual religion, and the Messiah shall reign over them. Of this, I conceive, the 4th verse, when taken together with the general turn of prophecy, furnishes the most convincing proofs ; absolutely precluding an application, either to the return from Babylon, or to the first coming of our Lord : since, to this hour, the Jews are, with peculiar propriety, termed 'forsaken,' and their land 'desolate.' No other event, then, remains to be applied to this prophecy, but the final redemption of Israel. Nor is this interpretation without the support of the best authorities, . . Vitringa and Lowth. See the notes of the latter (in his Quarto Edition) on Chap. XI., and, especially, on Chap. LIII. 13., where there is this decisive opinion, . . 'Here, Babylon is, at once, dropped ; and, I think, hardly ever comes in sight again, . . unless, perhaps, in Chap. LV. 12., LVII. 14. The Prophet's views are engrossed, by the higher part of his subject.' p. 237. Assuming, then, the spiritual meaning of the passage, it was my purpose, very briefly to describe the Prophet's view of Christ's future kingdom ; and, as briefly, to state its expansion, by our Lord, and his Apostles, . . taking in Gentiles, as well as Jews ; and to be completely established on earth, at that glorious time, when the kingdoms of this world, shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ : and, however remote may be the completion of this grand prophetic scheme, however insignificant all human exertions, compared with the stupendous means, by which the Almighty can, doubtless, mature his mysterious purposes, . . we are surely bound

to act, as laborers, and pioneers in the blessed work, of establishing righteousness upon earth; to be strenuous, in converting the sinner from the error of his way; and, by well-directed exertions, to increase the number of those, who worship the Father in Spirit and in truth. To us, then, the words of Isaiah's prophecy directly apply; for, so long as ignorance and superstition debase our land, . . so long as the pure precepts, and exalted hopes of Christianity, are unknown to our poor, . . so long as licentiousness and irreligion profane our streets, and pollute even the distant shades of rural retirement, a warning voice will not cease to exclaim unto our consciences, . . . Go through, go through the gates, . . prepare you the way of the people, . . cast up, cast up the high way, . . gather out the stones, . . lift up a standard for the people!

It was something in this manner, that I purposed beginning: not allegorizing, but directly entering on the main subject: 'Bringing our people, to the knowledge, love, and practice of true religion, by a dissemination of the Scriptures.' And I am soberly and seriously of opinion, that the solemn proclamation of the prophet, contained in the proposed text, is truly and really addressed to all, who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are his faithful followers.

I perfectly acquiesce in your ideas, respecting the causes of neglect. Certainly, style is a subordinate consideration; and personal interest is the grand object, the pivot on which the whole should turn. And this, whatever be my plan, I shall keep in view.

The 2nd general [head] I never intended, but as *subordinate* to the feeling of personal concern; it being my plan, previously to dwell, on the moral influence of Scripture, . . and warmly to recommend making provision, for giving the higher orders right feelings of its value, and [of its] conduciveness to human happiness. And, from a few pages that I send you, which begin precisely at II. general, you will find, that I considered a 'practical influence of Scripture on the heart, a *sine quâ non*, in disseminating the Bible amongst others.' By the bye, much of those pages was written, before I received your papers; and the two quotations of the 'glass,' and the 'cisterns,' were my own: though I could not forbear adopting two expressions of yours, . . the word *assimilative*, and the *moral thirst*. I am truly sensible, that the sheets I send, have very little matter in them; and are, every way, much deficient.

I regret much, that you think the lecture impracticable. Could it be compassed, I have no doubt it would be highly useful: but you, who are on the spot, and are, in other respects, so well qualified to judge, can best determine how far it would

be feasible. The omission of this branch (and I clearly think it should be omitted, if there be no prospect of establishing a lecture) will inevitably oblige me to alter my mode of address. For the lecture served me as a medium, through which I might address the association themselves, as constituting the force, that would give motion to the whole machine; that would set the higher ranks at work, by communicating to them a power, derived from the practical influence of Scripture on their own hearts; and, through their instrumentality, convey to the people, not only the Scriptures, but a feeling of their sovereign utility.

You will pardon me for thinking, that your text, would not exactly suit the purpose in view. I hardly think it appropriate to the occasion of addressing a great public body, on the necessity and advantage of disseminating Scripture; and I conceive, that, to accord with your views, it requires an exposition of the term *salvation*, not altogether suitable to the context, or to the usual acceptation of the word. I say this, with great diffidence in myself, and great deference for your opinion; but I should not consider it, either candid, or respectful, to object to your text, without assigning some reason; and I know your good nature will not impute to me, any impertinence, or presumption, for appearing to put my opinion in competition with yours.

As it will now be necessary for me to reconsider the matter entirely, I should be much obliged to you to have the day postponed. Any time in January would answer. Indeed, indisposition, for the last month, completely unfitted me for almost any exertion. I have had a violent cold, accompanied with racking head-aches; and, I am sorry to say, am still under its influence. On these grounds, I trust the Association will consent to give me a little time. For, unfit as I am, at any time, to do justice to the situation they have placed me in, I am, at present, peculiarly unable to do any thing. I trust in God I shall soon get better; but, at this instant, my head aches so violently, that I do not feel able to say much more, than that I am, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 7.

OCT. 14. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

YOUR strong and interesting defence of your text, has had its due effect on my mind. I cannot help considering, that differ-

ent minds, have their different modes of moving. And, if any extrinsic force should obstruct the natural mode, the pleasantness of the progress is much diminished, if not destroyed. Your mind is really a very solid one. But it is, also, a poetical one; and, from this joint character, arises a species of composition, which demands materials fitted for its own peculiar fabric. A text furnishing only plain maxims, or facts, is, by no means, the thing for this; it must rather be one, pregnant in vivid imagery. Itself a picture, and exciting other picturesque ideas, by, as it were, lighting a train.

I cannot, therefore, be the instrument, of making such a text as you have chosen, in any respect unfortunate. And, on weighing what you have written, I cannot hesitate to recommend to you, still to keep it; and only alter the treatment of it, as the completest bringing forward of personal interest may require. Do not think, in this, I am giving up my opinion, by way of indulging yours. No truly. The few words you have said on the text, have convinced me, that it will not only do; but may be wrought into an elegant, and most interesting introduction, as well as serve to keep up the sequel.

Whether it allude to the return from Babylon, or not, is really of little moment. I rather, I think, would assume that it did. I looked only to making it fit. The Jewish history was typical, as well as their ceremonies. And, whatever is said of their captivity, may be applied to the moral bondage of mankind; as, whatever is said of the deliverances of the Jews, will certainly find correspondencies, in the christian system. 'Whatsoever was written aforetime, was written for our learning;' and, certainly, I own with pleasure, that, in this very text, there is, not only a grand eloquence, but a happy evangelic character; which, in a very great degree, if not wholly, answers what I objected, about allegory.

Every individual, who lives, in sin of temper, or conduct, is in captivity, and needs a deliverance; to which much of the prophetic language concerning Israel, will, perhaps, from direct divine intention (why do I say perhaps?) most appositely fit. Every portion of people, who are, collectively, in ignorance or barbarousness, are, still more literally and strikingly, in captivity. For both, the same means of deliverance are provided. And, to these means, all the prophetic indications point. The completeness of their meaning, probably, here, as well as elsewhere, embraces the last triumph of the Messiah, over the moral evil of the world; but every step towards that consummation, must, substantially, resemble the ultimate event; because, the whole design being moral, and the means uniform, the means,

between the moral liberation of an individual, of a people, of the whole of mankind, must be *in gradu* rather than *in re*.

The reiteration in the text, is exceeding fine ; and, if there be even an approach to allegory, I renounce all I said of its being uninteresting. In some hands, it might ; because it will require justice to be done to it. Be you only as spirited in your introduction, as you have been in your defence, and I venture to promise, you will lose no one's attention.

The first words seem to imply, that they to whom they are spoken, are yet in the house of bondage. But they need not continue there. The gates are opened for them to march forth ; but such is their perverseness, that they linger ; and, therefore, we may suppose, is the restoration. Or, perhaps they have another meaning, and certainly one more agreeable to the tenor of the chapter. It is that given by Pool, from one Forelius ; and, though he seems not to rely on it, I own it appears to me very plausible. '*Hortatur viros Israelitos, ut, exeuntes per portas, præparent itinera filiis Dei dispersis jam adventantibus Hierosolymam.*' It is added, '*quæ certe nihil aliud significant, quam, ex Jerusalem ituros Discipulos Domini per totum orbem, ut alios ad Ecclesiam perducant.*' The *nihil aliud*, at least, I protest against. The passage may refer, to the Apostles' going forth from Jerusalem, . . but not only, nor chiefly ; for the Jerusalem here, is, the church. As to any final restoration of the Jews, to their literal Jerusalem (which might here divide, or distract, the application of the words to christians), I own, I more than question it : all that is said about the latter times, being, in my humble opinion, moral only ; and, of course, predicting no other reinstatement of the Jews, but in the true and spiritual Jerusalem : the now invisible, but hereafter morally triumphant, church of Christ. For support of these views, I would refer to the 6th verse ; which has, I believe, been ever applied to the christian ministry. Perhaps, then, on the whole, it may be best to take the words in the latter [sense] ; and they will be an exhortation to all, who are already in the spiritual Jerusalem, to do all that in them lies, to bring others into it. The nations are represented in movement toward it ; but there are obstructions to their progress, which they, who are already within, are called upon, with reiterated earnestness, to remove. The repetition, calls forth zeal ; perhaps, indirectly, reproves a want of it. They who are citizens of the holy city, are required to do this work, because they possess the necessary qualifications. Strangers, coming amongst them, cannot make a way for themselves ; the duty, the necessary knowledge, the materials, all must pertain to the inhabitants. How are stran-

gers to complete their approach and entrance, without this? Prepare the way: that is, lay it out, plan it, find out its best direction, use your best skill and talents, in discovering how it may be best done. Cast up, cast up the high way: that is, having planned, execute; do it quietly, and do it effectually. What the way to the spiritual Jerusalem is, can admit of no doubt: it is reformation of heart and life. 'A way shall be there; and it shall be called the way of righteousness; and the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.' What, then, is the command? Do every thing possible, to reform the people, . . . 'Make straight paths for their feet:' give them fit and full instruction; 'Train up a child in the way;' &c. : and lead them to right habits, . . . Gather out the stones: make it pleasant and easy to them: let nothing remain to deter them; but every thing to induce them: add kindness, to skill and diligence. Lift up a standard: that is, after all, furnish them with some sure direction, toward which they may look, and by which they are to be guided toward their ultimate object.

If these hints give you any satisfaction, or serve to confirm you in your first design, it will give much pleasure to

Yours most truly,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. The postponement, I will attend to. The above hints, are for your amusement and consideration, rather than for any material use.

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LETTER 8.

Oct. 17. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I HOPE you have received my letter of Thursday. The purport was to tell you, that what you said, actually inclined me to your own first text; as that, which, after all, you could most conveniently manage. I hope you have got the letter. If you have, you will have had my comment on the text. Yet, after all, it is but fair to say, that, though I can well conceive how, out of that very energetic text, you would draw exhortations to disseminate the Scripture; I do not so clearly see, how the personal part could be deduced.

Therefore, once for all, I say, consider all that has come from me, as the merest materials, for your own mind to judge of, and determine upon, as you see proper. For, I assure you, if

I could think, that what I wrote would sway you an hair-breadth, against your own conviction, I should be very much pained and disappointed.

The quotation is transcendent. Why should you not use it? But, undoubtedly, it would fall in better, with the first Psalm, than with that from Isaiah. The first two verses of the Psalm, might, if you liked it, answer well: or rather, the first four verses; which would give your fancy tolerable scope, from the delightful imagery, . . . lead you immediately to a personal application, and yet afford sufficient room, for exhortation to the spiritual charity. Indeed, I like your query, and I wish you would think of it: though, as I said in my last, that from Isaiah is a beautiful passage. Still, it is not personal, like the first Psalm.

As to the first Psalm, it opens with one of the neatest arrangements of thought, that I ever saw. 'Oh the happiness of him, that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and hath not stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful!' here, you will observe, is a gradation of wickedness. Ungodly: . . . they who neglect religion. Sinners: . . . they who commit iniquity. Scornful: . . . they who not only neglect religion, and commit iniquity, but justify the ways of vice, and calumniate those of goodness. To these, again, the words betokening action, answer. Ungodly: . . . he that walketh, . . . the least fixed. Sinners: . . . he that standeth, . . . more fixed. Scornful: . . . he that sitteth. 'Here will I dwell,' says he, 'for I have a delight therein.' 'Nemo fit repente turpissimus,' says Juvenal I think. So *that* verse tells the progress of vice. He that walks, will be apt, at length, to stand. From standing, sitting naturally follows. 'Evil men and seducers,' says the Apostle, 'will wax worse and worse.' 'But his delight is in the law of the Lord.' There, it must begin. Except love be excited, nothing is done to purpose. But, if love be there, it will lead to the exercise there spoken of. Night, ever recurs to David's mind; because it is then the mind turns in on itself, and feels its own true character, whatever it be. If a man delight in God's law, he will, of course, not fail to think of it then, when a subject of pleasant thought, is most pleasing. It is a noble attribute, which Job giveth to God: 'Who giveth songs in the night.' How this was verified, (to digress for a moment,) in the case of Paul and Silas in the dungeon! 'He shall be as a tree, planted by the waters.' What a full figure this is, you well know; having no doubt read Bishop Lowth's last note, on the first chapter of Isaiah. 'Leaf not withering,' . . . is the permanency of what is pleasing: as, 'Look, whatso-

ever he doeth, it shall prosper,' . . . seems to come in the place of fruit.

'Neither the heat of the sun,' says St. Chrysostom, 'nor the unfavorableness of the seasons, can injure a tree, planted on the border of a river; because, from its situation, its root is ever kept moist. Just so, a soul, that receives perpetually the influences of grace, through the channels of the Holy Scripture, is proof against all accidents, and suffers with courage, all the inconveniences of life: diseases, injuries, calumnies, be the evils what they may, it finds its consolation in the Scripture.

'Fortune, glory, success, friends, must all yield to the Holy Scripture, in the successful banishing of sorrow of heart. The best things of life are perishable, and subject to change: of course, the comfort that they afford, can be transient only, like themselves. But one may always converse with God, by means of the Scripture, and obtain therefrom that peace, which the world can neither give, nor take away.'

I really think with some regret, on the trouble I shall have caused you; when, probably, had you gone on in your own way, people would have been well enough satisfied. You will, however, forgive me, for my motive's sake; which certainly was, that you should 'please all, for good to edification.'

Farewell, I will take care about the postponement.

Believe me, most truly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

S. Bar, Oct. 25. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD have written to you early in the last week, but that I did not receive yours of the 14th, till Thursday last, when I was obliged to go, for two or three days, to Enniskillen. Notwithstanding your kind reception of my defence, I now feel strongly inclined to give up the text from Isaiah. In good hands, it certainly would afford room for a very animated introduction; and would, perhaps, in every respect, be well adapted to a sermon, whose sole object was exhortation: but I am so completely a convert to your opinion, that personal interest, is a necessary foundation on which to build, that I think it essential, that the text should *naturally* lead to personal application. That

from Isaiah, does not : the first Psalm does : and then, 'bring-eth forth fruit in due season,' . . . 'And look whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper,' . . . afford room for exhortation to disseminate the Scriptures ; and for an estimate of the advantages, almost inevitably derivable from doing so. The admirable arrangement of thought in the 1st verse, you had the goodness to point out to me one day, in Dawson Street, before I entered into orders ; and I availed myself of your hints, in a sermon I preached here. On the present occasion, perhaps, on your own principle of going at once 'in medias res,' it might be well to leave out verse 1., as not immediately bearing upon the grand point ; and to make the second and third verses, (as they stand in the Bible translation) the text.

According to my present view of the subject, after opening the text, should follow, a proof of the power of Scripture to confer happiness ; including a contrasted view of the insufficiency of philosophy ; all this as personal as possible : then, appeal to the audience, whether they have made the proper use, of the rich treasure given to them : not sufficient that they should *read* Scripture, . . . their 'delight must be in the law of the Lord : ' if they have experienced this delight, they must be anxious to communicate it to others : let them look around, not merely at the poor, but at the rich, and they will see the want of happiness which prevails . . . they must labor to bring their friends, &c. to a sense of the supreme efficacy of Scripture . . . and hence, if higher orders in general are made fond of the sacred volume, they will give it to the poor. This is a very rough, and very curt view, of what I now think on the subject : * but, I believe, that an arrangement somewhat of this nature, is what you would recommend. On the subject both of the Old Testament and the New, I have made some little collections, tending to show the happy effects, on the sentiments and conduct, of a matter-of-fact view of God's attributes ; and, also, some instances of the use made by Scripture characters, in different situations, of the word of God. One remarkable instance, I think, is, that Jonah's prayer, is, in a great measure, a Cento from the Psalms.

To the efficacy of a *matter-of-fact* view of God, Lord Shaftesbury seems to bear testimony.

'If there be a belief, or conception, of a Deity, who is considered as worthy and good, and admired and revered as such ; being understood to have, besides mere power and knowledge,

* Upon maturer consideration, Bishop Jebb's views, respecting the indiscriminate dissemination of the Bible, became materially modified ; as may be seen in his 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical,' at the opening of Sermon viii. ; and in the Appendix to that volume, *passim*. . . E.D.

the highest excellence of nature, such as renders him justly amiable to all : and if, in the manner this sovereign and mighty being is *represented*, or as he is *historically described*, there appears in him, a high and eminent regard to what is good and excellent ; a concern for the good of all ; and an affection of benevolence and love to the whole ; . . such an example must, undoubtedly, serve, to raise and increase the affection towards virtue, and to help to subdue all other affections, to that alone.

‘ Nor is this good effected, by example merely. For, when the theistical belief is entire and perfect, there must be a *steady opinion of the superintendency of a SUPREME BEING* ; a witness and spectator of human life ; and conscious of whatsoever is felt, or acted, in the universe. So that, in the perfectest recess, or deepest solitude, there must be *ONE* still presumed remaining with us ; whose presence, singly, must be of more moment, than that of the most august assembly on earth.’ CHARACT. vol. ii. p. 56, 57.

I much regret, my dear Sir, that you should experience a moment’s uneasiness, at having induced me to reconsider my plan. I can assure you, that your papers have led me into a train of thought, which I trust will be essentially serviceable to the sermon. And, if it should please God to spare me, I can possibly, at some future occasion, use the now rejected text from Isaiah ; which I think too good to be lost. If it should ever fall to my lot to preach a visitation sermon, it might answer : particularly, taking the 6th verse, as applying to the christian ministry.

I am much indebted to you for the trouble you have taken, in having the day postponed ; and, also, to Mr. Maturin, for his exertions : and as, through your means, I have gained so much time, I do not see how it is possible to resist your joint application. Your hinting a wish on the subject, I will confess, would be (for, ought it not?) sufficient to make me do much more than this. But you may be assured, that, in the present instance, there will be no inconvenience attached to my preaching St. Peter’s sermon, besides what arises from the difficulty of saying any thing new on the subject : but I trust due allowances will be made. I suppose Mr. Maturin will have the goodness to provide, that I shall be furnished with the necessary materials, in point of information, &c. in proper time.

* * * * *

Believe me, dear Sir, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 9.

Oct. 28. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I CERTAINLY am not sorry, that you have settled on so excellent a text. It is every way to your purpose ; and I entirely agree with you, that the analysis of the first verse, would rather perplex, than aid, your entrance into the main subject. But I must submit to you, whether, if you were not to commence your discourse, with adverting to the first word of the first verse, you would not lose a valuable, indeed, rather, an invaluable topic ; and peculiarly happy for an exordium, ‘ O the happiness of that man,’ &c.

Says Horace, . .

navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere, quod petis, hic est.

What all the world has been looking for in vain, is here brought into narrow bounds. He, who delights, ‘ in that law of the Lord, which is perfect, converting the soul, . . in that testimony of the Lord, which is sure, making wise the simple, . . in those statutes of the Lord, which are right, rejoicing the heart, . . in that commandment of the Lord, which is pure, enlightening the eyes,’ . . cannot but be happy, because, his relish is in unison with eternal order ; his mind is recreated, with all the highest harmonies of nature ; his gratification is not only inexhaustible, but ever increasing. His happiness is infallible, because it is liable to no vicissitude, and to no end. It cannot be questioned, that there are great pleasures, in the higher congruities, even of the senses. He, for instance, who has a taste for music, is often so enraptured with it, as to devote his life to it. He that delights in the picturesque, would hardly relinquish the pleasure he feels. What, then, must be the enjoyment of that mind, whose taste is turned to that, which is the transcript of eternal rectitude, wisdom, and goodness ; and who, in thus relishing, is himself assimilated, more and more, to that which he loves ; growing, thereby, more and more like eternal excellence ; and, consequently, approaching, as it were, still nearer and nearer that infinite perfection, which it is the happiness of the highest intelligences even to advance toward, without it being possible ever to reach it. The fine eulogium of law, given by Hooker, in the latter end of his first book of Ecclesiastical Polity, would be applicable ; but, perhaps, is too well known.

The passage from Shaftesbury, is certainly very good. But

his style is always unpleasant to me ; for it has no fluency. At least, it seems so to me. I do not know but Voltaire has treated the same subject, with more striking simplicity.

'Newton,' says he, 'was intimately persuaded of the existence of a God ; meaning by that word, not only an infinite being, almighty, eternal, the creator, . . but a master, who has established a relation between himself and his creatures ; for, without this relation, the knowledge of a God is but sterile. Thus, this great philosopher, makes a singular remark, at the end of his Principia. 'One does not,' he observes, 'say, my eternal, or my infinite ; because these attributes have nothing of relation to us in them : but we say 'my God ;' understanding, thereby, the master and preserver of our life, and the object of our minds and thoughts.' . . 'I remember,' adds Voltaire, 'that, in several conferences which I had, in the year 1726, with Dr. Clarke, that philosopher never pronounced the name of God, but with an air of recollection and reverence. I remarked to him, the impression that it made on me ; and he told me, it was from Newton, he had insensibly caught that habit ; which, in fact, ought to be the habit of all men.'

I quote this from a French work of M. de la Flechière (Mr. Wesley's friend,) : he quotes it from Voltaire's elements of Newton's philosophy.

I am much obliged to you, about Saint Peter's sermon. But truly, my good friend, if I thought, that my making a request of you, could ever lead you to do any matter, that was not perfectly agreeable to yourself, you surely never could receive a wish from me ; and, therefore, my worthy Mr. Jebb, your parenthesis says quite too much ; and do not ever let such a word, again escape you. Indeed, my friend, you owe much to God Almighty ; but you owe nothing to me. It is my honor to have a little handed forward, to a man capable of appreciating ; and, as such only, will I acknowledge my incidental interference. So talk no more of such matters.

Remember, also, when I write you any thoughts, you never are to use one of them, but merely when you think you may turn them to some purpose. For, I assure you, I throw them out, never to ask about them again ; and I have done so with, perhaps, more valuable ones, . . at least in a curious point of view, but not in a practical one, . . than any I have given you. But I give you what strikes me, on the express condition, that you are to be as careless about them, as if they had never reached you ; except, merely, where it will be to your advantage.

Yours always,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER XV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Dec. 21. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I PURPOSELY deferred answering your last, till I should be able to report some progress in the sermon. I have now brought it very nearly to a conclusion ; not, however, by any means, to my own satisfaction. I fear it will be too long ; though, in many parts, I have, perhaps, condensed too much. When I go to town, I shall trespass on your goodness, to point out to me what parts I shall omit ; and, even if some little addition should be expedient, I hope to have a few days to make it.

I thank you much, for your critical quotations. They were, to me, entirely satisfactory. In the 3d verse, I should rather think, Mr. Street uses too great license in his translation. Dr. Hammond has, indeed, clearly proved, that the verb in the sentence should be so translated, as to continue the metaphor. The same verb, *הָרַחֵק*, is frequently applied to trees, when no metaphor is intended. Thus, Isaiah, v. 4., 'I looked, that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.' And, again, Isaiah, xxxvii. 31., 'And it shall bear fruit upward.' In the New Testament, a similar phrase frequently occurs : . . *καὶ ὅ,τι ἐκείνη ὁμοιωθήσεται*. St. Matt. iii. 8. and 10, &c. The passage, therefore, I would translate, 'whatsoever it produceth, shall prosper.' Hammond, is, I think, judicious and elegant, on this thought : all the produce is intended : . . bud, blossom, and fruit ; answerable to thoughts, resolutions, and actions.

I have seen and read, with much pleasure, your letter to Mr. Walker. Dr. Hales had the goodness to show it to me. He was extremely gratified with it. What I particularly admire in it, is, that, whilst you abundantly establish every thing you contend for, you do it with all meekness and gentleness. There is none of the gall of controversy in your book. What extremely odd opinions, poor Walker has imbibed. I did not think, that the highest calvinism went so far. My friend W. gave me an account of a sermon, he heard him preach lately, at the Bethesda ; in which, he roundly asserted, that all arminians, and the larger proportion of calvinists, were worshipping the Devil ! Is it certain that his brain is sound ?

I have been, at times, much impeded in my business, by nervous headaches ; otherwise, I should have finished the Association sermon long since. All the attention I could give, to any

thing serious, has been bestowed on it. But I hope, next week, to enter on that for St. Peter's. I have thoughts of making use of the rejected text from Isaiah; as I have some ideas connected with it, not inapplicable to the occasion. But, as I have abundant time to work upon another, I should be exceedingly obliged to you, to tell me, candidly, whether you think it will answer. If it would not, perhaps you could suggest one. The road of charity sermons is so beaten, that I could wish for a text, that would give room for a striking introduction.

I am frequently ashamed, when I consider the egotism of my letters to you. But, as they are generally applications for instruction and advice, egotism is not wholly avoidable. I rely on your goodness, so often tried, to excuse both this fault, and the trouble I occasion you.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 10.

Dec. 28. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I RECEIVED your letter, on Christmas day, in my bed; not being able to rise, in consequence of bilious sickness, until after the post hour.

As to your charity sermon, I fear the text in Isaiah would be too far about. I happened to be looking into a pamphlet, sent me a day or two before from London; and I thought I saw some topics, which would furnish a good body, for such a discourse.

'No large community can long subsist, without a considerable part of its members being destined, to laborious situations, and dependent circumstances: it cannot long subsist, without food and clothing; and these cannot be attained without labor; and men, generally, will not labor, but upon the urgency of necessity. If every man was provided with a stock of the necessities of life, and had wealth to purchase them, we should see few shuttles in motion, and few ploughs turning up the soil, till the time came, when, having wasted their resources, distress would compel, some to the loom, others to the field.'

'In a civilized state, besides food and clothing, much domestic service is necessary; of which a great part being neither elegant, nor unlaborious, will not commonly be performed, by those who can avoid it: which all may do, who are under no immediate pressure, or fear, of want. Therefore, without such

a degree of indigence in society, as may dispose some to undergo the daily drudgery of life ; and such a degree of affluence, as may enable others to reward them for it ; we could expect to find but little, either of domestic neatness or comfort. Want, in the political machine, is the weight necessary to keep it in motion ; and all that can, or ought to be done, is duly to regulate it.'

'Hence, it will follow, that, to preserve society from sinking into its savage state, in which every man must be content to fish and hunt for himself, and to wear the skin of the beast he has slain, a large proportion of the people must depend for their subsistence, on the toils of husbandry or useful manufactures, and domestic service : which implies the relation of master and servant, . . of those, who have nothing but their labor to bring to market ; and of those, who come, with a price in their hands, to purchase it.'

Now, I cannot help thinking, that the above paragraphs contain a very satisfactory view, of, at least, the political, final cause of poverty. And, I conceive, might be expanded into a much larger detail, of the benefits arising, to the higher classes, from this providential arrangement. In short, to this arrangement, the higher classes, as such, owe their civil existence.

The text, then, out of which such remarks might best grow, would, perhaps, be, Deut. xv. 11. 'The poor shall never cease out of the land. Therefore, I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hands wide unto thy brother : to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.'

'The poor shall never cease,' &c. . . . Why? because the ceasing of poverty, would be taking the weight off the great machine ; and because the ceasing of the poor, would be the annihilation of all the instrumental agency, subserving to civil comfort. Is not, then, such an appointment, worthy of eternal wisdom?

The luxuries of the great, as to personal comfort, might be dispensed with ; but, in a civil and political light, they, too, have their use : yea, and in a moral light also. But even those conveniences, which we must all value, the accommodations of our houses and our persons, of our sedentary and our active hours, the food we eat, the cloaths we wear, every thing, in short, which forms our extrinsic comfort, flows to us from that providential adjustment of continued poverty.

But this is not all : from the same source arose our father's leisure, as our own ; and, hence, how infinite our intellectual blessings ! Who, of an enlarged mind, would willingly relinquish the happiness of an improved, and exercised understanding ? What lover of science, what admirer of classic elegance

and simplicity, what inquirer into the moral relations between man and man, and between man and his God, would be willing to have all, at once swept from his mind, by a dark, vacant, and everlasting oblivion? Yet, if these are blessings, they, also, are chiefly owing to the same cause, which, by the permanent stimulation of want, has roused mankind from indolence, into that series of exertions, which has given rise to all the rest.

Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primisque per artem
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda.

With what just and gracious fitness, then, is the subsequent command given! How becoming the source of goodness and happiness! Every humane mind hears with pleasure, that other injunction, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, that treadeth out the corn:' but this, resting on the same ground of justice, rises far above it in importance. The very terms, are exquisitely suitable. 'Therefore, I command thee:' in no instance is the language more authoritative. As if he had said, . . . The existence of poverty, is my direct, and special appointment, as being indispensable to your civil welfare. Therefore, on the fairest principle, I enjoin a just acknowledgment of that benefit. You are to be the daily objects of my bounty; and the chief of that bounty shall be conveyed to you, through the instrumentality of the poor. You owe me a return for this bounty; and they, who are my instruments, in giving, are my appointed agents, for receiving: 'Therefore, I command thee.'

But there is, in addition to this, a natural tie. It is not for one of another nature, or other feelings, I am solicitous; it is *thy brother* to whom I enjoin thee to open thy hand, . . . to whom thou oughtest to be kind, if for this reason only, because you are, 'of one blood,' . . . creatures of like passions. *Thy* own weaknesses and wants, therefore, are so many advocates within thee, for his. But he is 'thy poor, and thy needy, in thy land.' This returns to the main argument, the civil connexion between the rich and poor. He is an appendage to thy civil existence, . . . a necessary part of the great body. 'The body is not one member, but many. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? if the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? and if they were all one member, where were the body? The eye, therefore, cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more, those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are more necessary.' The poor, then, being, as it were, the hands and feet of the body politic, it is most fitly said, 'thy poor, and thy needy.' They

are one with their superiors, as to unity of action. They should be one, therefore, in just sustenance; in sympathetic tenderness; and in every instance of requisite care. This is the voice of reason, of interest, of nature, and of God. 'Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother.'

Various are the duties, which this command embraces. But none, more peculiarly, or distinctly, than in meeting their opening wants and weaknesses; and fitting them, betimes, for sustaining their lot, with credit and comfort. It is the great end of all the divine dispensations, to diffuse, and heighten happiness. But, in this lower world, God has been pleased, as it were, to abridge his own power, as to direct exercise; and to commit, in a great degree, to man's agency, the executing of his beneficial purposes; as if every blessing here, were to be conveyed in the way of mediation. What, therefore, must be the divine complacency, when he beholds his adorable design in progress, in consequence of an harmonious co-operation, of all the different agencies. To supply physical wants, is, as has been stated, the function of the poor. To manufacture and distribute mental, intellectual, and moral comfort, is the high allotment of superior classes. God has so ordered matters, that the former function is steadily performed. But, what a reckoning will the rich and great have, if they do not perform theirs! What are God's final designs, as to human society, he has not fully revealed. But, universality of moral happiness is intimated. The progress, however, is awfully committed, in a great degree, as already hinted, to society itself. We have made some progress doubtless. Two thousand years ago, what were these islands? who, then, can say, how far civilization might be carried? But we do not yet know and feel, in this less happy island particularly, what the evils of barbarism are; and how can we so remove them, as by the very duty of this day? To multiply moral and religious mechanists, servants, and laborers, is the only way we can, at present, leaven the lump. And, so sure are as we faithfully endeavor, God will bless.

Such, my good friend, are the crude hints, of a less common kind, which have occurred to me. Use, or not, just as suits. Whatever I send you, is always yours to throw by, just as much as to take up. What you say of my little work, is gratifying to me. I did not forget you; but there has been an omission, either at the post office, or the castle.

Most truly yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER XVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 24. 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THIS morning wrote a longer letter, which I intended for you ; but which through inadvertence, I suffered to take fire, while I was in the act of sealing it. And, therefore, I have now my labor to begin again. If there be any thing like local influence, I fear my epistle will not be mended : this morning I wrote, in the old and precious library* ; now, I am in my bed-chamber, not entirely undisturbed by the noise of carpenters, putting up bookshelves, in my sitting room. However, I feel sincere pleasure in the conviction, that, when I wrote in the morning, it was not under the influence of a mere transient April gleam of mental sunshine. I then said, ' I will candidly own to you, that, at my first coming down here, my spirits were low. But, God be thanked, I have not found myself in a more cheerful frame of mind, for many months, than I am, at this moment. And it is pleasant that this change is produced, not in society, nor in consequence of any thing worldly, but in the midst of good old books ; partly, I believe, through their influence, and primarily, I humbly hope, through the influence of a far higher agency.' What I then wrote, I am happy to give you, as my present feeling : join, with me, my good friend, in humble prayers, that it may be permanent. I find myself called to the care of a small, but uninstructed flock ; and, therefore, I hope, that, when I am settled, I shall find a sufficiency of active employment. The number of my parishioners is so limited, that I hope to see, almost every family, every week ; and their present ignorance, I have every reason to imagine, so great, that there will be a field for exertion among them. I rejoice that my situation is such, as to exclude all temptations to public display ; and, consequently, I trust, most of the danger of seeking popular commendation. I conceive it peculiarly fortunate, that, by a decent management of time, in my present limited sphere, I shall have much leisure to prepare for a more extensive one ; should Providence ever be pleased to call me to it. I feel, and I apply, the sage observation of Bishop Hall, now before me. ' It is commonly seen, that boldness puts men forth before their time, before their ability. Wherein we have seen many, that,

* The diocesan library, at Cashel : the munificent bequest of Archbishop Bolton. . . . Ed.

(like lapwings and partridges,) have run away, with some part of their shell, upon their heads. Whence, it follows, that, as they began boldly, so they proceed unprofitably, and conclude, not without shame. I would rather be haled, by force of others, to great duties, than rush upon them unbidden. It were better a man should want work ; than that great works should want a man, answerable to their weight.' When I look back to the last eighteen months of my life, and, at the same time, seriously consider these wise and pious sentiments of Hall, I am not without a self-jealousy of forwardness, precipitancy, and boldness. God grant, that the tendency to such defects, may be daily lessened in me ; and that, at the same time, I may grow in zeal, and modestly and profitably discharge the duties, of the station I am placed in. By the way, speaking of Hall, I am charmed with the style and sentiments of some of his practical works, into which I have looked, since I saw you. His six decades of epistles, are most truly interesting ; and some that I have read, entirely free from that quaintness, and seeming affectation, which diminishes the pleasing effect of his Contemplations. I transcribed, this morning, for my private use, the 8th Epis. of the 3d Decade, ' On the continual exercise of a christian ; how he may keep his heart from hardness, and his way from error.' I do not know, that I ever met so satisfactory, and animating a compend, of the objects of thanksgiving, self-examination, and prayer.*

I have been looking into Gale's Court of the Gentiles ; and hope to study the greater part of it with attention. It is a treasure of erudition : and, though he is perhaps, in some parts, fanciful, and may carry his system of deriving all knowledge, from inspiration, too far ; good sense, piety, and learning, are conspicuous throughout the work. He is a thorough-paced platonist ; and yet, (which does not always happen to platonists,) he appears to have hit the happy medium, between unqualified applause, and unjust depreciation, of heathen wisdom. The fourth and last part, I think you would particularly like. Its title is ' Of reformed Philosophy,' wherein Plato's moral or metaphysic, or prime philosophy, is reduced to an useful form and method. I shall just transcribe a specimen ; which, I think, is

* Bishop Jebb's relish for Hall, continued unabated through life. It is an interesting fact, that, just previously to my honored friend's seizure, in April, 1827, he had been much engaged in reading Bishop Hall ; whose *Contemplations*, the last book he had been using, lay upon his table. And so it was to 'the very last.' For, on the eve of his last illness, a few weeks, only, before his death, Bishop Hall became, once more, his favorite study ; and one of the latest exercises of his pen, was to enrich a new edition of Burnet's *Lives*, with an extract from this eminent christian ; in contemplation, evidently, of his own approaching change. See Burnet's *Lives*, 2d edit. 12mo., 1834. p. 291. . . . Ed.

after your own heart. 'Sin, is, in itself, the greatest punishment; because, the greatest evil. Sin was the first evil that came into the world; that which opened the door to all other evils. Therefore, there cannot be a more severe punishment of sin, than to be left to a course of sin. This, Plato, once and again, takes notice of. Thus, in his Gorgias, (p. 447. ed. Stephan.) *Ἡ ψυχῆς πορνηία, μάλιστα τῶν ὀντων κακῶν ἐστὶ, . .*

The moral evil of the soul, is of all evils the greatest. This is an universal evil: nothing but evil is in sin; it is the spirit and elixir of all evil. All evil is in sin; and sin is in all evil. So p. 479. *Θοὺ ἀδικεῖσθαι ἀνὴρ ἡδέως, εἰ ἐκφεύγῃ τι πῦρ;* *Thou accountest unjust men happy, if they escape punishment; but, I account them more miserable. And he gives the reason of it. Τὸ γὰρ μὴ δίκην δίδοναι, ἐμμογή τοῦ κακοῦ.* *For, not to be punished for sin, is the establishment of sin.* So p. 472. According to my opinion, O Polus, *Ὁ ἀδίκος ἀπαντῶν μὲν ἀθλιός· ἀθλιώτερος μὲν τοῦτον, εἰ μὴ δίδωι δίκην.*

An unjust man, is of all most miserable: yet he is more miserable, who, acting unjustly, avoids punishment. For, what greater punishment, or misery, can there be, than to be given up, by God, to the swing of a man's own lusts, without check or rebuke. Are not such punishments, which seem most silent, most severe and desperate? Albeit, men may enjoy security in their sin, for a while. Yet, is not this the worst part of their punishment? Doth not the righteous God, oft convey his worst curses and plagues, in the sweet wine of temporal prosperity? There is no blessing that such a sinner enjoys, but there is a curse stamp on it. Divine justice writes a piece of hell, on all his temporal comforts; as he writes a piece of heaven, on all the chastisements of the righteous. Thus, also, Plato, in his Meno, p. 78. *Τὶ γὰρ ἄλλο ἐστὶν ἀθλιὸν εἶναι, ἢ ἐπιθυμεῖν τῶν κακῶν, καὶ κτασθαι;* *for what else is it to be miserable, than to desire evils, and to possess them.* And this indeed is a general dogma with Plato; as in his Gorgias, *that, to be punished by a judge for sin, is not the greatest punishment, but even, then, when they are involved in their sins, they fall under the most severe punishment.* So much pleasure as men take in the commission of their sin, so much torment they find in the issue. The evil of punishment, is answerable to the evil doing. He that departs from God, executes on himself, his own doom. And, the further he departs from God, the more he is involved in chains and darkness. O! what an indissoluble connexion is there, between sin and punishment? Can any sin, be so delicious in the commission, as it is bitter in the issue? Is not sin, a pregnant mother, with child of misery? Yea, doth it not carry hell in its womb? He that loseth his God by sin, doth he not lose comforts, life, yea, self, and all? If, after reading this extract,

you wish to possess the book, I believe it is to be had at Dugdale's ; and, if you can find a second copy, on reasonable terms, I would thank you to keep it for me. If, however, it be not very cheap, I can well wait ; as I have the use of Cashel Library ; from which I now have many books in my lodging, and, among the rest, Gale. I would trouble you to procure for me, as soon as you can, at Colbert's, or if necessary, by post, the Christian Observer for the last four months, viz. for Sept. Oct. Nov. and Dec. ; and to transmit them, through your castle, or post-office friends. Also, as soon as convenient, Bates' Baxter, Civil Government, and Rural Philosophy.

And now, my dear Sir, I have a still greater favor to ask ; that you would write to me, as soon, and as often, as your leisure and your spirits will admit : that you would have the goodness to write, as you talk to me ; throwing out any hints that may occur, whether curious, moral, or scriptural. I promise you, I will both prize them highly, and, with God's help, endeavor to use them profitably. In return, I will sometimes trouble you with my thoughts and studies. I have found in Gale, a parallel division, with St. Paul's power, love, and sound mind ; and with Baxter's *scire, velle, posse*. It is quoted from Plato ; but, unfortunately, without the Greek, and without reference. It is, as follows : . . . ' To philosophize, is to know, to love, and to imitate God.' Does not this deserve to be written in letters of Gold, as the acme of heathen philosophy ? And is it not one eminent proof, that the most cultivated reason, is most coincident with divine revelation. This is, in truth, divine philosophy. There is nothing harsh, or crabbed, about it. When I turn from it, to high Calvinism, can you blame me, if I exclaim, *Sit mea anima cum philosophis* ?

Yours ever, J. J.

—oo—

LETTER 11.

Jan. 23. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JESS,

I GREATLY thank you for your right pleasant letter. The amiable apostle St. John says, in his 3d epistle, ' I have no greater joy, than to hear that my children walk in truth.' And I conceive the substance of his sentiment is entailed upon all, that inherit any real portion of his christian feelings. I believe I felt a good deal in this way, when I read your account of yourself. You have heard me quote that beautiful sentence of Boethius,

{ *Felix qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidum.*

The quiet serenity you have tasted, and, I trust, are tasting, is a prelibation from this fountain. 'Great peace have they who love thy law,' is a natural, as well as a divine truth; a platonic, no less than a scriptural sentiment. And, certainly, these feelings are given, to make it be known, by experience, that 'wisdom's' ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

Bishop Hall was a thoroughly christian man; of great powers of mind, and genuine piety. It is remarkable, how his piety brightens, towards the close of his life. It might be supposed, that there was something to be overcome in him, and, therefore, such sharp sufferings were permitted to come upon him; but, his *Free Prisoner*, and his *Soul's Farewell to Earth and Approach to Heaven*, or some such name, shows a completely humble, spiritual, and heavenly mind. He was of a different school from my greatest favorites; but he had in him the root of the matter, and was an excellent man.

These early post hours, make it unavoidable to write short letters, if one writes at all in the evening. I could not write in the morning; and the time so presses, that I must only add now,

That I am always,
Most truly and affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I have inquired for Gale; but it is not yet sent me, though I believe he has it.

—oo—

LETTER XVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

March 9. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

AND now as to the first part of your letter. I shall be happy to hear from you on the subject, when your leisure or inclination leads you to take it up. But, at the present, I wish you would advert to a correspondence in the *Christian Obs.*, on Rom. vii. 14. 25.; particularly a letter from J. P. in the last number, p. 67. I could wish you would commit to paper your view of the

passages, and send it for publication. It would be a very useful service; and you have so thoroughly digested the subject, that it would cost you no more trouble, than an ordinary letter. The business, as yet, is taken up, on very partial, unsatisfactory grounds.

I am much pleased with a review of Hall's Fast-day Sermon, in the same number. So far as I can judge from the extracts given, both the merits and defects of this excellent production, are fairly stated. Would you recommend the abridgment of Baxter's Christian Directory, by Adam Clarke? It is advertised on the back of the Christian Obs. (last number.) If so, I would gladly order it; . . . Jones on the Canon, republished at the Clarendon Press, 3 vols. 15s.; the 2d vol. of Gisborne's Sermons; and Hall's Fast Sermon. These, your friend Mr. Cooke could import; and when imported, they, together with Bates's two books, and, if you can procure them, Gillies's first Collections, might be boxed by him, and sent me, by a Cashel carrier.

I have to thank you for four numbers of the Observer, and Bates's Rural Philosophy; which I received safely from the hands of Mr. ——— Have you ever read any of Prudentius? If the passage, which I write underneath, has not hitherto presented itself to you, I think you will not be displeased at the quotation. It is from his morning hymn.

*Sic tota decurrat dies,
Ne lingua mendax, aut manus,
Oculive peccent lubrici;
Ne noxia corpus inquinet.
Speculator adstat desuper
Qui nos, diebus omnibus,
Actusque nostros prospicit
A luce primâ in vespertum.
Hic testis, hic est arbitor,
Hic intuetur quicquid est
Humana quod mens concipit:
Huac nemo fallit iudicem.*

I must now break off, with the assurance that I am,

My dear sir,

Very faithfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 12.

Tuesday, March 13. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I see no objection to your occupying any time, that should seem

to require filling up, in the manner you mention in yours of the 16th ult. I should only wish, that it may be taken up, not as a chief, but rather as a supplementary object. The primary object, I conceive, ought to be the New Testament. I mean, in this very way; and, therefore, I think every divine should have an interleaved one. I have, for some time, purposed to desire Dugdale to prepare for me, in the manner I speak of, Mr. Wesley's quarto Testament, so as to make two volumes. I prefer it, not on account of his notes, but on account of his following the paragraphic division of Bengelius. Also, the interleaved pages will contain more comparative space. I mention this, to exemplify my idea, as, in these matters, circumstantials are of some moment; and, therefore, I deem it valuable to have sufficient room, on the page opposite to the text, without multiplying the blank leaves. Now, I will tell you plainly, why I thus recommend your plan, only in a secondary way. It is, that no theory, or systematic pursuit, however innocent or proper, or even collaterally beneficial, in itself, may divert you from tracing, as a devoted student, all the deep, but not inextricable windings, of the New Testament philosophy. 'Why, is not this substantially involved, in the plan I propose?' I answer, The first view of this divine philosophy is, its operation on the individual heart: this is fundamental to all the rest. In applying the mind to this, all and every idea, that could, even by possibility, extrovert the thought, or detach any portion of attention, ought, I conceive, to be kept out of view. I would wish you, therefore, to have no other object here, (except the unavoidable one, growing out of ministerial duties,) than to possess yourself of the very meaning, and absolute scope, of what our Lord and his apostles taught; to see it clearly, with your mind's eye; and to feel it vitally, in your own heart.

Now, do not suppose, that I suspect you of meaning any thing, which could imply neglect of this. By no means. But, I thus distinctly press it upon your thoughts, because I think you are peculiarly well fitted for it. I cannot but fancy to myself, that if, with your studious habits, &c. &c. which I must not spread out before yourself, you had just that view of scripture, which, some how or other, God's good Spirit has led me to, but which countless infirmities prevent me from improving in myself, or rendering even competently useful in others, what a solid, substantial work on the New Testament, you might one day produce!

But to return to the common place. I have thus postponed it, because, though containing much practical matter, it would, in the way of research, lead you rather to trace the dispensations of God in the world, and to consider the external light of truth,

as variously and progressively afforded, than the internal operation and illumination of the heart. Now, my thought is, that this last is, in order of right understanding, so strictly prior, and is so necessary as the preoccupant of the mind, that I should deem your success, in the course of study you mention, to depend, on *it* coming in as the satellite of the other. On this, I think I have said enough, to make myself intelligible to a duller man than yourself; and yet I am loth to quit the subject.

The truth is, that, in what I am now saying, I feel myself within the precincts of the 'sapientum templa serena;' and to be hopefully attempting to lead you in also. Well might Lucretius say of this sublime height, 'Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere,' &c.; and the advantage, which he dwells upon, of being above worldly attractions and perturbations, was, surely, never more impressive, than in these times. Truly, when I read these first thirteen lines, of the 2d book, of that atheistic poem, I cannot but think, there must have been some sort of temporary afflatus in the case. It is all so literally just of christianity; and of nothing else. It is one of the many wonderful aspirations, after the 'peace which passeth all understanding,' by which the congruity of the gospel, with the deepest feelings of hope and pleasure, as well as of want and pain, in the human bosom, was demonstrated, almost by anticipation. And such feelings after God (*εἰ ἀγα γὰρ ψυλαφῆσαι αὐτόν, καὶ σ' ὕψους*) are surely the complete comment, on that title of the Messiah, in Haggai, . . . 'The desire of all nations.'

✓ Yesterday, as I was walking in the streets, I asked myself, 'What is Christianity?' It is, answered my mind, a divine system of spiritual attractions, by which, whosoever gives himself honestly to them, is effectually drawn out of, the otherwise invincible entanglements, and inextricable intricacies, of this dark, miserable, polluting, heart-lacerating world, (the *αἰὼν τοῦ κόσμου τούτου* . . . the *ἐξουσία τῶν κοσμοκρατορῶν, τοῦ σκοτους, τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου*); and led forth into what David has described, as 'green pastures, beside the still waters'; or what St. Paul has emphatically called *ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ*, LIFE AND PEACE. The truth is, to a person of any sensibility, this world is a wretched place. There is not a step in life, where we can be sure of not meeting some latent, lurking thorn; and when we fall in with those various adventurers, described by Lucretius above, . . . if they are in pursuit, they rudely shove us by; if they are in possession of their prize, they despise us in their hearts, and tell us by their looks and manner that they do so. A hard, selfish, thorough-paced mind, goes on, and cares not; but the sensible, delicate, feeling spirit, is ever pushed to the wall. To such a spirit, then, what a gentle, blessed relief is

afforded, by a heart-knowledge of christianity ! There is no abatement of feeling : the vivid perception is as great as ever. But the heart and mind are so occupied, so filled, so richly compensated, and so deeply tranquillized, by the pursuit, the contemplation, the confident, affectionate, filial apprehension, of God ; the scripturally revealed God, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier ; the incarnate God, touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; and all this infinitely harmonizing, or rather identifying, with the philosophic view of the *first good, first perfect, and first fair*, while it is practically and experimentally evinced, by undeniable, invaluable, never-failing influences and effects within ; all this together, forms such a set-off against, and such a refuge from, the common pains and penalties of mortality, as often makes the naturally vulnerable mind rejoice in its quickness of feeling, because this serves to enhance the preciousness of the blessing.

Perhaps this view may appear to you too highly colored. It would be so, were it to be taken as the hourly state of a christian's mind : but all this, to its extent, is the cloudless meridian state. Many partial obscurations occur, to diminish this clearness. But they only diminish it ; the substance still remains. A kind of mental rain and storm may, also, be often experienced ; and the weather-beaten pilgrim may tremble, to find himself driven, as he thinks, to the very edge of some dangerous precipice. But he does not fall over. He recovers his footing, and his confidence ; and, in a little time, the sky is cleared ; and the air becomes calm and genial. Amid all this, however, there is sensible progress. And this variety has its great use. In order that the mind may maintain its victory over sin, it must be kept on the alert by temptation. In order that it may continually look to heaven for strength, it must be made to feel its own entire imbecility. And, it is, on the whole, necessary, that nothing here should be perfect, in order to the eternal sabbatism being rightly pursued, and habitually anticipated.

These being my views, I should certainly feel pleasure, in rescuing that perverted passage, Rom. vii. 14. . . 25., out of those rash hands, that are so busied in variously disfiguring Saint Paul's exquisite workmanship ; but some other matters, at present, press upon me, and must be first disposed of. But I hope not to lose sight of your suggestion.

I have twice written for the two smaller Bates's ; and look out for them daily. I will order the other things for you. I sent you my own Bates's R. P.*; and it is well I did, for it has already got out of print. Is not this a pleasant fact ? Here

* ' Rural Philosophy.'—Ed.

was no name to recommend to notice, as in the case of Hannah More, and Mr. Wilberforce. Of course nothing but its own attractiveness, could make it popular. Certainly, I have not seen, in this day, a work so wisely adapted, to insinuate deepest truths into readers, with the least possible alarm. Like the surgeon in John Hales, he most effectually conceals his lancet in a sponge.

I must get Prudentius ; except you damp the idea your quotation has given me. I, probably, have several of his hymns, in the Romish breviary.

You, perhaps, do not know, that the junto of Walkerites, have attacked your sermon. I must, therefore, enable you to read what is said against you, as far as it goes ; and, therefore, send you, with this, the number of their publication, wherever it is. There are very few things indeed, which will not be seen differently, from different points of view. If any one, therefore, resolves to oppose, all he has to do is, to discover the point of view, from which a different appearance will present itself ; and, then, obstinately set the one appearance against the other, with steady disregard of all explanatory considerations. In this way, controversies may be carried on for ever : as in this way, they have, already, been multiplied ad infinitum. But this, after all, is the method of Babel, or of Bedlam (which you will) ; and as such, to be borne with patiently : for they who take this mode, are as much beyond rational conviction, as any madmen whatever. Exactly of this kind, in my opinion, was the greatest part of Mr. Walker's letter to me. It is painful, however, that such a phenomenon as this 'Advocate,' should present itself to our little public. But Providence brings good out of evil.

Farewell, my good friend,

And believe me ever,

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. There is ability among those persons. The remark on the expression '*Lord's day*,' in [the] 128th and 129th pages, is very just and ingenious ; but, I suppose, not new.

LETTER XVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Friday, March 23. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

THIS day seven-night, I received your kind communication ; and, since, I have been too much occupied to answer it. The packet that now accompanies this, will show you how I have been employed. Whether well, or ill, I cannot judge : but I shall expect your opinion, if possible, by return of post. It should be nothing more than the laconic . . . 'Print,' or 'Not print.' I think we ought not altogether to let those people write and review us down. On this principle, I would wish to publish my essay. What I now send, would make, I believe, one third of the whole, or thereabouts. I have in my mind, or my common-place book, matter, that I consider more important and interesting, than what you now see ; and I feel within me, that I could work it up with tolerable ease. If, however, you, or any other equally judicious friend, would recommend silence, I will obey ; though, I must own, in opposition to my present sentiment. Should you recommend publication, I think speed is an object. I wish to get the matter off my mind, and have done with it.

Do not imagine, by all this, that I have been inattentive to, or unimpressed by, the excellent advice you have been good enough to give me. It is my present intention, with God's help, to make New-Testament truth, the great object of my pursuit. It is, incomparably, the most important. And, individually and practically applied, is, I am sure, the only solid foundation, of moral security, and internal comfort. My conviction of this, at present, principally rests, on the unquestionable testimony of good and pious men ; who were themselves elevated, purified, and almost beatified, through the influence of scriptural christianity. And permit me to say, that, in addition to this cloud of experimental evidence, the rich and delightful view afforded in your letter, has been to my mind, a source of calm, tranquil, and most comfortable assurance, that there is a divine reality, in the gospel promises of happiness and peace. I am disposed to wish, that my persuasion were more the vivid result of personal experience. But, I trust, the wish is unaccompanied by any over-solicitous impatience. This great work is, most commonly, progressive. And I really think, that, though in a very low stage of improvement, if at all improving,

I have reason to be thankful, that I have been already brought to see and feel, the utter insufficiency of any means merely human; and that, through the gloom of the surrounding atmosphere, a few rays sometimes pierce, affording a glimpse of attainable tranquillity. It is the character of the good-ground hearers, that they 'bring forth fruit *with patience*.' Is it not, therefore, my duty, in the diligent use of appointed means, to await God's good time of ripening the fruit; of bringing to maturity the *scire*, the *velle*, and the *posse*?

Such, in some measure, are my present feelings. I consider the '*sapientum templa serena*', . . . the regions mild, of calm and serene air,' as distant, indeed, but not unapproachable; and I gladly lay hold of the friendly hand, that would lead me there; relying on Him, whom I would address in the words of Boetius, with humble hope, . .

Da, pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem,
Da fontem lustrare boni, da luce reperta
In te conspicuos animi desigere vias!

Two days before the receipt of your letter, I had entered on the regular study of the Acts, in the original. It, however, has led me to considerations, which, I see, will terminate, in beginning Saint Matthew; and this, precisely with a view to the operation of divine philosophy, in the individual heart. The plan of operation, however, is necessarily postponed, by the pressure of the present exigency. And one principal reason why I wish to apply, almost exclusively, to my essay, for a little time, is, that my mind may be disburthened, of the subject which now presses upon it; and, thus, be unclouded, for the calm consideration of far more important matters. I may now say, '*Mens agitat molem*.' Ideas are now opposing each other, and now coalescing, with a quick succession. I cannot resist them; and, therefore, I feel the necessity of giving them vent on paper. So entirely passive have I been in the business, that I had actually, on Saturday last, written a good part of a letter to you, containing reasons for passing by the '*Advocate's*' review in silence. Out of that letter, however, arose the essay. It grew on me quite imperceptibly; and, as it grew, I saw reasons for changing my first design. Whether the reasons are sound, or whether they are the illusions of a mind bent on the subject, I cannot say. You will judge coolly of the matter, and advise accordingly; taking into account, however, the difficulty of getting the mind clear of a train of ideas, that has occupied it perforce.

I think, on the whole, Prudentius may be worth getting;

though there is much in it I do not like. The morning hymn, whose conclusion I quoted, is excellent throughout. I will give you another tolerably favorable specimen. It is taken from his 'Hymnus in laudem Vincentii Martyris.'

Erras, cruenta, si meam
Te rere pœnam sumere,
Quum membra morti obnoxia
Dilancinata interficis.

Est alter, homo intrinsecus,
Violare quem nullus potest,
Liber, quietus, integer,
Exors dolorum tristem,

Hoc, quod laboras perdere
Tantis furoris viribus
Vas est solum ac fictile
Quocunque frangendum modo.

Quin immo nunc enitere
Illum secare, ac plectere,
Qui perstat intus, qui tuam
Calcat, tyranno, insaniam.

Hunc, hunc lacesse ; hunc discute,
Invictum, insuperabilem,
Nullis procellis subditum,
Solique subjectum Deo.

There is another point of view, in which I know not whether Prudentius has been considered. And that is, as affording instances of incipient superstition. He flourished about A. D. 400. And the following passage shows, that, at that period, the cross was held in a kind of superstitious reverence, as effecting what could be produced only by God's spirit, assisting our own earnest efforts. It is in his 'Hymnus ante Somnum.'

Fac cum, vocante somno,
Castum petis cubile,
Frontem, locumque cordis
Crucis figura signet.
Crux pellit omne crimen :
Fugiant crucem tenebræ
Tali dicata signo,
Mons fluctuare nescit.

I send you back 'Hall,' with many thanks, and would be obliged to you to order for me a copy of the 2d edit. ; also, the 8vo. edit. of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon. These can come down with the other books. I think I should like to have Milner's Church History. It is calvinistic, I believe : but, then, it contains biographical remark, much concerning the interior of

religion, which one would look for to no purpose, in Mosheim. I need not say, I would be obliged by your sending the next number of the 'Advocate' by post, the day it comes out.

I must now conclude myself, my dear Sir,

Yours forever, most faithfully and affectionately,

JOHN JEEB.

—oo—

LETTER 13.

March 26. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEEB,

I HAVE sufficiently looked at your manuscript to satisfy me, that it is far too good, and too able, and too learned, (I speak soberly and simply,) to be thrown away on so forlorn a hope. Indeed, you must hear, patiently and quietly, without answering a word. You could not, I assure you, give higher satisfaction to those pert and petulant boys, than to enter the lists with them. But you must do with them, as I did with their master; and I am more and more convinced, that I did wisely. There is a dignity in silence, which, though we must not proudly assume, for our own sakes, we may prudently preserve, for our cause's sake. I consulted with — this day; and he quite agrees with me. And, let me add, that there is scarcely any more salutary kind of self-denial, than to suppress that very thing, which, on ground of feeling, we would be eager to send abroad. I know *your* feeling is, zeal for truth. But I soberly think, that truth will gain more advantage, from those puerile opposers of it being left completely to themselves. Were I to fill this sheet, I could not express this conviction more strongly than I feel it.

Always yours, most faithfully,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 6. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THINK you will not be displeased to hear, that, before I received yours of the 26th ult., my mind was made up, for a prohibition of any further proceeding *versus* the Walkerites; and

that accordingly, I most cheerfully acquiesced in your sentence ; though I believe there was too much of the insensible partiality of friendship, in the approbation expressed of the M. S. Such as it is, if you please, you may keep it ; or if not, put it into the fire.

This morning, looking into the *Exercitationes Evangelicæ* of Abraham Scultetus (affixed to the 6th vol. of the *Critici Sacri*) I was so struck with one, that I immediately proceeded to translate it ; and, as it treats of a subject on which we have often talked, I will transcribe the translation for your perusal and opinion ; not as to the execution on my part, which is very hasty, but as to the theology of Scultetus. Doddridge, you know, holds the same opinion with him, on this point.

Exercit. Evang. cap. 5.

‘ Saint Luke pronounces a great eulogium, on the parents of John the Baptist. They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless.’ From which words, however, it is not to be inferred, that they were free from all sin : for, as Justin Martyr writes, ‘ to be blameless is one thing ; to be sinless, another ; for he that is free from sin, is, in all respects, blameless, also ; but he that is blameless, is by no means necessarily exempt from sin, (Quest. 140.) Accordingly, in this very chapter, the Evangelist notices the sin (*ἁμαρτία*) of incredulity, in Zacharias. And these great luminaries of the church, Moses, David, Hezekiah, Jeremiah, Zachariah, occasionally suffered obscurations and failures, of faith, of holiness, or of patience ; and were eclipsed, some a greater, and others a smaller, number of digits ; in order that all men intent upon Christ, the Sun of righteousness, who perpetually shines, should, from him, daily seek the constant light of faith.

From hence alone, then, we may collect, that our christian perfection does not consist (*ἁμαρτησία*) in sinlessness, (for ‘ there is no man that sinneth not,’ was the confession of the wise Solomon, which St. John, the first of the apostles, thus corroborates, ‘ If we say that we have no sin,’ &c.) but in a stedfast purpose of serving God, according to his will ; and in an execution of that purpose, though often interrupted by our lapses, and, therefore, by no means absolutely perfect, yet still, devout, sincere, and without hypocrisy.

‘ But it is the will of God, that we should address him in fervent prayer ; that we should give thanks to him, in and for all things ; that we should bear all afflictions, with joyful patience ; that we should strenuously war against the foes of piety, the Devil, the world, our own flesh and blood ; and, finally, that we should devote ourselves, to the serious pursuit of piety itself.

‘Therefore, the perfect christian, disburthens all his cares into the bosom of God : gives thanks to him in all things, through his Son Jesus Christ : bears all the sorrows and afflictions of this life, with joyful patience ; knowing, that they are all from the Father, that they are all for his good, that they are all sent, in conformity to the sufferings of Jesus Christ ; and assured, that they will all terminate, in the happy issue of immortal glory : accordingly, he glories even in tribulation, filled with the joy of present peace, and future exaltation. The perfect christian, maintains a good combat, by fighting against all the enemies of piety ; and, if not always utterly subduing them, (for, even in the saints, the wicked flesh sometimes rebels against the spirit) nevertheless, bridling them, and taming them ; and that, by faith, which implicitly believes, not only the promises made to the obedient, but the threats denounced against the wicked ; by prayer, which daily invokes the assistance of God ; by diligence, which thinks on his ways, which restrains his feet from every evil path, which associates him with all those that fear God, and keep his commandments. Finally, the perfect christian, devotes himself, with all possible zeal, to piety ; and consequently (among which I would include daily penitence), to the exercise of all good works. For those words of Christ, are never absent from his ears, ‘the violent take the kingdom of heaven by force.’ . . ‘Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, he presses toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.’

This was the perfection, of pious patriarchs, kings, and prophets ; this was the perfection, of Zacharias and Elizabeth. This was the perfection, of the apostles, as Saint Paul himself testifies : ‘Let us, therefore, as many as are perfect, be thus minded.’ This perfection, rendered difficult to the flesh, is rendered easy to the spirit, by the love of Christ, by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and by the vivid seed of the word of God, in the hearts of the regenerate. For, as seven years hard labor was sweet to Jacob, for the sake of Rachel, whom he loved, so the love of Christ, constraineth us to dedicate our entire lives to him. Nor does the Spirit of God, by which we are led, guide us any where else, than to prayer, to a joyful suffering of evils, to a struggle against sin, to the serious pursuit of piety. To this, the faithful, moreover, are excited, by that seed of the divine word, which is hid within them. They meditate on those passages of Scripture, which exhort to holiness, and dissuade from sin. Wherefore, St. John says, ‘Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, nor can he [presumptuously, and habitually] sin, because he is born of God.’

' These exercises of a christian man, though they be far short of perfection, are yet dignified with the name of perfection, by God ; who weighs it, not according to the rigorous mosaic letter, but by the standard of evangelical clemency. The voice of the law is terrible : People of Israel do not sin ; for, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things, which are written in the book of the law, to do them. But the voice of the gospel is lovely : My little children, sin not ; but, if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for ours only, but, also for the sins of the whole world.

I am very much gratified by the rapid sale of Bates ; but I fear you are put to an inconvenience, by the loss of yours. If the Walkerites have fired another shot at me, will you have the goodness to cause the report to reach me through the castle ? And, still more, will you give me some hints, for a regular plan of Scripture study ?

Farewell, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 14.

April 10. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I THANK you for your translation of Scultetus : I think his description would be a very good one, if applied to the confirmed christian ; . . but, as referred to the perfect christian, I think it too low. It is, in my mind, an error, to take Old Testament attainments, as indicating the evangelic ne plus ultra. 'He that is least in the kingdom, is greater than he,' speaks a different language. St. John, in his 1st Epistle, divides christians into three gradations. Little children, young men, and fathers. The first class 'know the Father,' and 'their sins are forgiven.' But the second class are 'strong,' 'the word of God abideth in them, and they have overcome the wicked one.' This, I conceive, is the gradation, to which Scultetus's view would best apply. I say best, because I see no ground for admitting, that, even in this class, the steadfast purpose of serving God, is often interrupted by lapses ; or, that (of necessity,) the flesh sometimes rebels against the spirit. 'Lapses,' and

'rebels,' are both expressions ; and seem to me, rather to belong to the lowest class of spiritual christians, than to that which Saint John denominates, young men, i. e. as I said (and as I think the description implies), confirmed christians. There are abundance of mental irregularities, and, also, scintillations of actual pravity, . . . vanity, impatience, self will, self complacency, foolish device, . . . and even of grosser evils, (perhaps supposed to have been expelled for ever, but sometimes, at an unlooked for moment, starting up, and so pressing upon the mind, as to show, that they can still give annoyance). There are, I say, such remains of sin, certainly, in Saint John's second class ; and perhaps, some remains of these remains, in his third : and, therefore, even the highest cannot dare to lay claim, to absolute sinlessness. But, even in the confirmed christian, these disagreeable feelings do not occasion lapses, (if they do, they put the person down a class, i. e. to the worst) ; nor are their movements strong enough, to be denominated rebellious. When terms are transferred, for illustration's sake, from the external, to the moral world, the end is not answered, if strict analogy be not preserved. I object, therefore, to the word, rebels ; because, we never call that a rebellion, which can be put down by police-men, without its producing an overt-act.

The views of Scultetus, are very tolerable, for the school to which he belonged : but it was an uniform principle with all calvinists, and, indeed, I believe, with all strict followers of St. Austin, to keep down the christian moral character ; as if its rising too high, was inconsistent with the honor of divine grace. The misinterpreted passage in Rom. vii., has stood them in stead : and I doubt not but Scultetus had this distinctly in view, when he spoke of lapses, and rebelling, of the wicked flesh, against the spirit. But, you are sensible as I am, that it is most unfairly pressed into this service. I own, too, I cannot like the adding to Saint John's 'sinneth not,' the qualifying term, *habitually*. *Presumptuously*, properly understood, is less exceptionable. But, even that, does not, I conceive, come up to the sense of the apostle. He certainly could, had he seen fit, have limited his own expression. He could have put in, *habitually*, or *presumptuously*, as well as any of his commentators. But that, I think, would not have at all answered his purpose. When he says, 'We know, that whosoever is born of God, sinneth not : ' he seems to me, to make this assertion . . . He that is, really and truly, renewed, in the spirit of his mind, by the regenerating grace of Christ, possesses the power, of so effectually repressing all wrong motions within, and of resisting or guarding against all temptations from without, that, however sensible he may be of painful perturbations, and

humbling deficiencies, it is his privilege to live, without bringing actual guilt on his conscience, and without yielding, even by volition, to the sins by which before, he was led captive; of consequence, without grieving the Holy Spirit, or creating an absolute estrangement; however he may perceive and lament transient obscurations, between him and his God. It is, therefore, in my judgment, Saint John's idea, to assert a privilege, which may be lived up to; and, doubtless, has, and is, and will be, though in too few instances, yet, I firmly believe, in many more, than, from merely looking at the outside of things, one could have an idea of. If any qualification, then, were to be added, I think it should be, *sinneeth not of necessity*; that is, need not sin, and will not, if he does full justice to himself. And this, I conceive, corresponds most strictly, with what immediately follows: 'But he that is begotten of God, keepeth himself; and that wicked one toucheth him not.' The interposed condition of his 'keeping himself,' evidently points the sense to what he *may do*; not to what he certainly will do; for, though he be begotten, or born of God, he may, or may not, keep himself; and the consequence will be accordingly. And, therefore, the gospel being a scheme of mercy; of medicine for the sick, as well as of fit nourishment for the convalescent; while the privilege is asserted, and the practicable happy result described, there is, also, a kind and tender supposition of that infidelity to received grace, which, through the frailty of man's nature, and the dangerous circumstances in which he is placed, is, ever and anon, occurring (yet, not necessarily, nor of course, in all): and for this, adequate provision is made by this apostle; for instance, 'If any man sin, &c.'; and by Saint Paul, Gal. vi. 1, where, by the way, the *Πνευματικοί* (compare 1 Cor. ii. 14, &c. and iii. 1, 2, 3, 4,) appear to me, evidently, to be such, as retain and use their privilege (as described above); such, as have kept themselves, and whose safety, it is there strongly intimated, depends upon their still keeping themselves. 'Considering thyself, &c.' So that, on the whole, Saint John's character is that of the true, faithful, uniform child of God; of what every child of God has power to be, but not what every child of God actually is. This view, in my opinion, neither dims the brightness of evangelic morality, on the one hand, nor diminishes the cheering warmth of evangelic mercy, on the other. It holds out the noblest incitement, to such christian grace, till we obtain it; and, when we obtain it, to exercise it with alacrity. Since, by doing so, we shall (as St. Peter has it), 'be kept through the power of God, as in a garrison': and enjoy habitually, without intermission, though not without remission, that, 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.'

Yet it also guards against depressing, the weak, or stumbling christian ; since it not only provides for the strengthening of such as do stand, but, also, comforting and helping the weak-hearted ; and even for raising such as do fall. If, however, all this were my view only, I could less confidently maintain it ; but it is peculiarly that of our friends the platonists, . . Lucas having explained and supported it at large, and even of Richard Baxter, as the enclosed extract will, I think, evince. Farewell for the present. I will not burn your MS.

Truly yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

FROM BAXTER.

‘THERE are five descriptions, or ranks, of true christians, observable. 1. The weakest christians, who have only the essentials of christianity, or very little more ; as infants, that are alive, but of very little strength or use to others. 2. Those that are lapsed into some wounding sin, though not into a state of damnation ; like men at age, who have lost the use of some one member, for the present, though they are strong in other parts. 3. Those that, having the integral parts of christianity in a considerable measure, are in a sound and healthful state ; though neither perfect, nor of the highest form or rank of christians, in this life ; nor without such infirmities, as are the matter of their daily watchfulness and humiliation. 4. Those that are so strong, as to attain extraordinary degrees of grace, who are, therefore, comparatively called perfect ; as St. Matt. v. 45. 5. Those that have an absolute perfection, without sin, i. e. the heavenly inhabitants.’

I extract this from Baxter’s introduction to a tract, called, ‘The Character of a sound, confirmed Christian,’ &c. After the above, he proceeds, . . ‘Among all these, it is the third sort or degree, which I have here characterized. I meddle not, now, with the lapsed christian, as such ; nor with those giants in holiness, of extraordinary strength ; nor with the perfect, blessed souls in heaven. But it is the christian, who hath attained that confirmation in grace, . . a composed, quiet, fruitful state, which we might ordinarily expect, if we were industrious, . . whose image, or character, I shall now present you with. I call him, oft-times, a christian indeed ; in allusion to Christ’s description of Nathaniel : and as we commonly use that word, for one that answereth his own profession, without any notable dishonor or defect ; as we say, such a man is a scholar indeed ; and not as

signifying his mere sincerity. I mean one, whose heart and life is so conformed to his principles, . . the rule, and the hopes of christianity, that, to the honor of Christ, the true nature of our religion is discernible in his conversation, St. Matt. v. 16. In whom an impartial infidel might perceive, the true nature of the christian faith and godliness. If the world were fuller of such living images of Christ, who, like true regenerate children, represent their heavenly Father, christianity would not have met with so much prejudice ; nor had so many enemies in the world ; nor would so many millions have been kept, in the darkness of heathenism and infidelity, by flying from christians, as a sort of people, who are common and unclean.'

Baxter's Works, vol. ii. p. 965.

P. S. I think you will see, from the above, that Baxter (whose 1st, 3d, and 4th classes, corresponded to Saint John's threefold distinction), agrees with me, in ascribing such characters, as Scultetus enumerates, to the confirmed, rather than to the perfect, christian : to Saint John's young men, not to his fathers.

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LETTER XX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 7. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you much, for your very just and judicious observations on Scultetus. Your view is, I am sure, right, in the main ; and, after what your letter advances, I do not think your opinion needs, though it is certainly corroborated by, the authority of the platonists and Richard Baxter. The more I think on the subject, and the more I look around me in the world, the more thoroughly I am convinced, that infinite mischief arises, from fixing the standard of christian perfection too low. I see many worthy people, that would be really much better than they are, if their views permitted them to aim at higher attainments, than they mark out for themselves. As, I believe, I one day observed to you, ' Possunt quia posse videntur', and its converse, apply, accurately, in the case of practical theology.

The archbishop has enlisted me to preach the Fast sermon this month, in his cathedral. I think of taking for my text, Isaiah xxii. 12 . . 14. ; which, with its context, is not inapposite to our present situation. If any brief skeleton hints should occur

to you, they would be truly acceptable ; at the same time, I do not wish you to move one inch out of your way in this matter.

I wrote lately to Mr. Granville Sharp* ; and consulted him on the propriety and feasibility of a corresponding board in London. This communication on the business, is merely private : of course, it does not at all commit the association ; while it may be instrumental in feeling the way, before any steps are taken by the body itself. I should think Mr. Sharp an exceedingly likely person, both to engage warmly in the establishment, and to weigh, with judgment, the probabilities in its favor. The idea of applying to him was suggested, by seeing his name as president to the new Bible society, to which, in a very few days, 1000*l.* was subscribed.

Farewell my dear Sir,

and believe me most truly and
affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 15.

May 15. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I AM ashamed of having been so long without noticing yours of the 7th. But I have been more than usually occupied, in my thoughts, and in time. My silence, however, is not to be taken as a mark of negligence or inattention ; for I really am always glad, when I receive a letter from you. The first paragraph, for example, in the letter now acknowledged, was most gratifying to me. You say just what I think ; and I received it, as your sentiment, with peculiar pleasure.

I do not feel as if I could say any thing, about your intended text. It contains nothing recondite. It is, merely, a terrible description of profligate times ; and it too well accords with the present. The resemblance may too easily be traced ; and he that looks at society cannot miss it. But it is too much of a *locus communis*, to find any thing new in ; nor do I well know what to do with it. It is, as it appears to me, not only a common ; but I see no path marked in it. Still, however, I am

* Bishop Jebb's acquaintance with this eminent and excellent person, arose from his being executor to the will of his cousin, Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., physician to George III. The bishop was fond of mentioning a characteristic little circumstance, connected with Mr. Sharp's discharge of this trust. Having handed over to the residuary legatee the personal property, he closed the transaction by presenting him with a last remnant, . . . *three pence half-penny*, which he had found in an old drawer. Ed.

very sure, you can draw out of it, or rather, ground upon it, much serious and useful observation. The last verse contains a tremendous denunciation; which will be best, perhaps, applied, by showing, from it, that there is a state of guilt, which does provoke God to pronounce an irreversible sentence; and that, though it may be hoped, strong as our similarity is to those profane Jews, that such a sentence is not yet pronounced against us; yet one undeniable resemblance, unquestionably implies our desperate hazard, if we do not 'break off our sins by repentance;' and turn to him, from whom we have so deeply revolted.

If St. Bernard's works be in the Cashel library, look out for, and read, a short tract, near the middle of the book (if it be the Antwerp edition, 1616, you will find it p. 1127.) I never saw a more complete piece of methodism; and, though it rises higher in that way, than my taste goes, or, rather, describes a methodistic conversion, to which nothing I have felt, closely approaches, yet I think it is curious and interesting; and I am glad to find such feelings, so distinctly narrated, by so eminent a writer of the twelfth century.

It is remarkable, that St. Bernard's piety, derived much of its pabulum from the Cantica Canticorum. I also remember, that Dr. Watts apologizes, for having imitated that sacred poem, so much as he had done, in his earlier days; but declares his more matured judgment to be, for more rational language, in matters of devotion. But, may not the wonderful turn of that poem, have peculiarly fitted it for aiding piety, in darker, and coarser times: for, in short, forcing some subtle schoolmen, to think of what was inward and experimental? For, be it observed, that, if that book be divine at all, it can be interpreted only in an experimental way; I mean, in suddenness. Every thing else, I know something about, I hope. It must describe the spiritual varieties of the inner man, . . or nothing at all. To hold this book, therefore, to be divine, was the admission of inward religion, in that sense, which methodists hold, at this day. And to sit down to study their book, was, of course, to investigate, to dwell upon, and to particularize, spiritual feelings. From this, I fully grant, much fancifulness could not but arise: yet, was not such fancifulness, better than formal superstition? in which all outward religion then consisted. In short, if inward piety had not laid hold of their imagination, it had little else to work upon. And to provide, beforehand, a medium, through which, as through a prism, it might be colored, in a way fitted to that ignorant age, was a design worthy of divine condescension.

Farewell, believe me always your faithful friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 16.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 5. 1804.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I HAVE been strangely omissive, in not even acknowledging, your most acceptable, and valuable communication; but it found me answering a Chancery bill; and, then, I was bound to hasten hither. Yesterday was occupied, in the most delightful fête I ever witnessed, the yearly meeting of the Delganny friendly societies; so that, I may say, this morning is the first time, that I could, with any comfort, sit down to thank you, which I do most cordially. Sometime or other, I shall probably trouble you, with a few particular observations on your sermon; one or two things in which (had I seen it before delivery) I should have advised the retrenching, or modifying of. But what are these? Truly, your view of things delights me. Never did I receive more real gratification, than from your sermon*, and your letter. May you only grow, as you appear to me to have begun, in affection to what is good; and in regulating that affection, by sound wisdom and discretion; and I trust, not only you, but many others for you, will bless and praise God that ever you were born.

I must not add more at present, than that I am, most cordially,

Yours always,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 17.

June 21. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I HAVE wished to write to you more fully, ever since I wrote the few lines from Bellevue. I then told you there were one or two things in your sermon, on which I meant to remark. I now sit down to do so, if I be permitted; an event which I am by no means sure of.

Your own objections, are not unfounded in fact; but, all circumstances considered, they amount but to a slight charge. I

* For the discourse here referred to, see Bishop Jebb's 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical,' sermon iii. ED.

wonder, rather, that what you were obliged to write so expeditiously, should, in many parts, be written so wonderfully well. Your animated paragraphs, in the second and third sheets, respecting living in the world, and not carrying religion into the whole of life, or regarding it as an inward paramount principle, are perhaps as well written as they easily could be. Matter, and manner, are both excellent. Upon this, I ground my highest approbation; not, however, depreciating several other parts.

I begin to object, where, in the first words of the sentence, or paragraph, you bespeak my peculiar praise. I cordially agree with you, that there is no worse evil, than lowering the standard of christian rectitude; but I do not trace this to St. Austin's school, on the one hand, nor do I echo your censure of certain enthusiastic zealots, on the other. I disapprove, with you, of the lowering views of the calvinists; and I object seriously, to many things said by wesleians, on the opposite side; but it is my strong persuasion, that, at this time, neither ought to be personally pointed at in the pulpit. Between them, I fear they contain the far greater part of the operative religion of these countries; nor can I imagine, where religion would, at this day, be, had not their activities been called forth. I would wish for something much better, than the gross of either; but, until that comes, I will be cautious in censuring, lest I should go counter to our Savior's intimation: 'Forbid him not, for he that is not with us is against us.'

It is my belief, that no good is ever done, by direct attack of any body of people. If any of that body hear it, it revolts them, and increases their prejudices. Others, who hear it, misunderstand it, and apply it as their fancies lead them. Rumors are spread, that the minister preached against the methodists, or evangelics, or whomsoever it be: and, by this, a wrong spirit, unfavorable to the usefulness of the preacher, perhaps to the church to which he belongs, is propagated. My opinion is, that the safest way of combating error, is, to lay down the opposite truth, with due cautionary observations, in the most dispassionate manner. Then, no offence can be taken; no passion justly excited; but, the apostle's rule being adhered to, *αληθευοντες εν αγαπη*, the best effects may be hoped for.

Besides, to say nothing of my friends, the wesleians, I own, with all their error and perplexity, I have a deep respect for calvinists, or rather augustinians. Their system, faulty as it is, has, in my judgment, served noble purposes in the world. Nor can I well conceive, how experimental religion could have been maintained, in those dark ages, without [it.] I cannot but think, that, as (in my mind), the Roman catholic ceremonies

were permitted, in order to keep up professional, or visible christianity, in the dark ages of society, so, Augustine's subtleties, were no less wisely ordered, for the purpose of sustaining practical and invisible christianity. As the ceremonies contained within them, a substance of christian worship, . . so those subtleties, still more necessarily, contain within them, the reality of experimental religion. No man can be a romanist, who does not hold, in theory at least, all the essentials of the christian religion. And no man can be an augustinian, who does not hold the essentials of experimental religion. I do, humbly I hope, admire then, the fathomless wisdom of heaven; which permitted christianity to embody itself in sensible rites, when, without such rites, the savage multitude might, probably, not have been impressed at all. And I equally view with wonder and pleasure, the metaphysical mind of St. Austin, unconsciously enclosing vital christianity, in a system of his own fabrication; which system, by its appositeness to the first workings of intellect, in its progress from barbarism to high improvement, should, by attracting and engaging a strong mental appetite, ensure the perpetuation, and extended reception, of the blessed nucleus within. This, I soberly take to be the final cause of augustinian, and calvinistic subtlety. And I do believe, when its function is completed, it will fall off of itself. It certainly has, on experimental religion, much of the same effect, which popish worship has had on christianity: but, while it has lessened its amiableness, it has, under God's blessing, ensured its being attentively examined and cultivated. In fact, it has given a body to it, which, I must say, strikes me, as having been highly indispensable, and infinitely beneficial.

Even at this day, I fear the corporeal integuments of calvinism, could scarcely be spared. As the romish worship bribes the imagination of the vulgar; so calvinism bribes the reasoning faculty of sciolists. The former, gives attractiveness, and palpability to outward; and the latter, (as I conceive) to inward religion. The one, furnishes objects to be gazed at; the other, affords subjects to be talked of. And, by every thing I can discover, this last is just as necessary for half thinkers, as pomp and show are, for those who do not reason at all. On the whole, as the ceremonial of romish worship, was the means of keeping up, through the dark ages, a visible church, within which, real christianity deeply and extensively diffused itself; so, augustinian orthodoxy has formed, as it were, the interior membrane, and temporary vascular apparatus, of the invisible church; and perhaps must, in part, so remain, until that mystic second birth of christianity shall take place, when the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in, and all Israel shall be saved.

Before you reject all this as fanciful theory, examine well, what augustinian orthodoxy necessarily contains in it. In maintaining the irresistible efficacy of divine grace, Augustine, and his followers, raised, both this heavenly principle, and its fruits, to a height, beyond the reach of mere human nature. Pelagius, whom he opposed, represented it as within human reach; and, in fact, I presume, as a human business throughout: implying no radical change of nature, but mere melioration and improvement. Austin, in opposing him, went, doubtless, to an extreme: but, then, it was the safe side, for spiritual religion; since, in exalting the efficient principle, he necessarily exalted its natural and necessary results. Where God himself works, it will be expected, or rather relied upon, that the work will be like himself. Augustine, therefore, in making so very much of grace, could never make little of the work of grace. And, accordingly, we see, that, in no instance, is the transit, from a state of moral bondage, to that of spiritual liberty, more strikingly described, than in St. Austin's own account of himself. For illustration of all this, see his Confessions, lib. ix. cap. 1.

I am aware, that, in his zeal against pelagianism, he was led to misconstrue the 7th to the Romans; and thus, lest he should allow too much, to him who was not regenerate, he, by consequence, allows too little, to him that is. But, I believe it would be well, if all, who, at this day, agree with, and so zealously contend for his interpretation of that passage, held that sense of it, as harmlessly as he. For, I am sure, he never dreamed of affording the shadow of a plea, for practical relaxedness. On the contrary, both he and St. Jerome, seem to have held something very like the perfection of John Wesley, and Dr. Lucas. 'Etenim, absque vitio,' says the latter, 'quod græce dicitur *κακία*, hominem posse esse aio: *ἀναμαρτητος*, id est, sine peccato esse, nego.' And St. Austin similarly says, that a man may be 'sine crimine,' but not 'sine peccato.' I do acknowledge, that John Wesley seems to go farther; and to insist on living without sin: but his sin is not St. Austin's, nor Jerome's peccatum; but, on the contrary, quite identifies with the *κακία*, or vitium of the one, and the crimen of the other; his express definition of sin being, the wilful transgression of a known law. I own, however, that Austin's department seems rather, on the whole, to have been the laying a deep foundation of practical religion, than the raising a high superstructure. 'All members,' says St. Paul, 'have not the same office.' This latter, therefore, I humbly conceive to have been the especial department of the platonists; and of such writers of that day, as Chrysostom. Nothing can be more exalted, than Chrysostom's views of devotion: yet, certainly, he was obscure, as to many important first principles.

To discover these, required, in the nature of things, a subtle and penetrating mind ; and such, doubtless, was Augustine's. He over-went the boundary of right reason, I grant (at least I think so with you, and so many others), but he did not the less reclaim, the important ground that lay within ; and on which, he first, after the apostles, appears to me to have bestowed successful labor. In fact, I do think the school he formed, was, from his time onward, the chief nursery of piety in the Roman catholic church. Out of it, as I conceive, came Bernard and Anselm ; though seven centuries after. And, from these, came the school divines ; who, I suspect, have done more service to christianity (by showing its connection with philosophic truth, and evincing that it would bear the closest reasoning), than most moderns are aware of. I have been surprised, by quotations from Aquinas : they contained so much strictness, and consecutiveness. Mr. Kirwan* (not the dean) accounts him one of the most powerful-minded writers, perhaps, in the world. But one remarkable growth from Augustine's plantation, even in later times, was jansenism. To him, the pious originator of that sect turned, as to an authority which the Romish church particularly venerated ; and a standard which he knew would support that scheme of inward and divine religion, which he wished to revive. The book he first published, you know, he called ' Augustine ; ' as actually containing a summary of that father's doctrine. Probably, even then, a doctrine more consonant with what you and I conceive truth, might have had little effect ; as not, perhaps, having a current strong enough, to work its way through the stagnant lake of popery. As it was, I am sure, much good was done, and good will ever be doing while the world stands, by those Port Royal writers.

I must, however, recur to a distinction made above, of laying the foundation, and of raising the superstructure. I made the observation extempore ; but, on looking more at it, I doubt if it may not be illustrated by many striking facts. St. Paul hints at such a distinction of gifts, in both his figures, of planting, and building. ' I have planted ; Apollos watered.' ' I, as a wise master builder, have laid the foundation ; and another buildeth thereon ; but let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon : if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, &c.' And the difference of the work, is still more clearly indicated in Heb. vi. 1. Therefore leaving, &c. *Διο αφεντες τον της αρχης του Χριστου λογον, επι την τελειοτητα φερωμεθα· μη παλιν θεμελιον καταβαλλομενοι, μετανοιας απο νεκρων εργων, και πιστως επι Θεον.* Which ex-

* Late President of the Royal Irish Academy. . . Ed.

hortation would imply, that this progress was, by no means, a thing of course : and, even more clearly, that the means of advancement were somewhat of a different nature, and to be differently managed, from those of laying the foundation. Now, compare these Scriptures with what I said above of Austin and his followers, on the one hand, and of Chrysostom, and the platonian divines, on the other ; and judge, whether the striking dissimilitude between them, may not providentially correspond, to this important difference of purpose ; yea, and farther, whether the theology of Austin, may not have been, and still be, the providential *caisson*, within which, it became necessary for the foundation-builders to lay their work ; in consequence of a deep swampiness in the human soil, which we have reason to hope is under a gradual corrective process, but is by no means yet done away ?

But, when men are accustomed to a particular work, they magnify its importance : and are naturally loth to allow the necessity of any other. Therefore is it, that the above exhortation was so strongly given, and has been so rarely taken. They are urged to leave the first principles, and not lay again, &c. But, how seldom have they done this ? On the contrary, they love the dark hollow, in which they work ; and would insist, that the fabric should never rise above their favorite *caisson*. ‘To go on to perfection,’ is the scripture rule ; but they have become impatient of the very name. They protest against it, as dishonorable to the foundation. Hence, then, the necessity of generally appointing a distinct set of workmen ; who, so far from having that undue attachment to first principles, might, in that respect, be deemed even deficient, if their peculiar distinction was not kept in view.

Thus, as I said, Chrysostom was a superstructure-man ; while Austin was sinking the foundation : and, therefore, you see the former as jealous for holiness, as the other for efficacious grace. You no doubt remember the indignant passage, quoted in the Christ. Obs., from Chrysostom, respecting the applying to St. Paul, what he says, in the 7th of Romans. Augustine, however, as you know, made this application : not certainly, because he wished to cherish depravity in the regenerate ; but because he was puzzled how, consistently with the exclusive influence of effectual grace, to ascribe ‘consenting to the law,’ and ‘delighting in the law,’ to every one, not savingly wrought upon. This misinterpretation, however, though not arising from antinomian views, has, doubtless, led to them. Yet, almost all Austin’s followers have persevered in it ; and, as you see, fight for it to this day. Whereas, on the other hand, all those, whom I deem superstructure-men, agree in rejecting St. Austin’s opin-

ion ; and either explain those passages [in] St. Paul, of the wholly unregenerate, as do Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Hammond ; or (as I take it, much more soundly) of the man *inter regenerandum*, in whom the work is commenced, but yet imperfect, as does Dr. Jackson. Now these, I conceive, are they, whose principles lead them *εις την τελειότητα*, just as naturally, as the others are held back, by theirs. And, therefore, I infer, that superstructure work, is the providential destiny of the one ; and foundation work, that of the other.

While writing these observations, I remember, that, four months ago, in a letter to a friend, I was led to view some part of the present subject ; though with a different view, from what I have had at present. I will transcribe part of what I then wrote, that you may see how far it quadrates with the above remarks.

‘That class to which Bishop Burnet belonged, though, as I intimated above, somewhat less evangelical than might be wished, have, nevertheless, done noble justice to inward religion. They do not sufficiently magnify the office of our Savior (though they by no means lower his nature) ; yet they have caught the vital spirit of his divine doctrine ; and excellently describe the radical change, which the influences of God’s grace produce, where they are perseveringly implored, and cordially embraced. Lucas’s Inquiry after Happiness, is admirable in this respect ; and so is that beautiful epitome of revealed religion, Scougal’s Life of God in the Soul of Man.

It is remarkable, that the religion of the Gospel should have been so sublimely apprehended by those, who appear to have been, comparatively, less impressed with evangelic (i. e. mediatorial) views. They were, however, substantially impressed by them ; though disgust at the puritanic dialect, and, indeed, also, at the puritanic excesses, led them to ideas and expressions of a more philosophic kind.]

(Unfinished.)

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LETTER 18.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

About Oct. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I OUGHT to be ashamed of my apparent negligence of you. Yet, I may truly say, there is no negligence of you in my heart ;

but, somehow or other, my time passes away so, that, if I do not write letters before breakfast, I am led, almost of necessity, to put them off, from day to day.

I have long been meditating a voluminous letter to you ; but, though I have twice attempted it, biliousness has constrained me to break off: I hope, however, not finally ; and yet, when I shall be able to complete my design, I cannot say : as indisposition still hangs about me ; on account of which, I am going to take a tour, on the other side of the Irish channel. About the beginning of next week, I expect to be on my way to Waterford : where, with the permission of Providence, I intend to embark, in order to go through S. Wales to Bristol.

The great object of my long letter was, to convince you that there are the strongest and soundest reasons, why nothing should be said from the pulpit, in these times, that either calvinists, or wesleians, could consider personal or pointed. I wished to show, that truth may be better served, by the judicious, and dispassionate exhibition of itself, than by any other kind of attack on the abettors of error ; and that this latter method implies much risk to the interests of the established church ; which, in Ireland, I conceive, would be much injured, by a secession of the wesleian methodists.

In fact, I do think, that to err on the side of good nature, will always be safest ; and besides, I am persuaded, that the methodists, as a body, the wesleians I mean, deserve far more credit, for what they believe rightly, than censure, for what they think erroneously. And, particularly, their doctrine of perfection, in my mind, merits peculiar delicacy of treatment : the truth and excellence of it being most substantial ; and the fault of it being, rather infelicity of expression, and misconception about some circumstances, than any radically false view.

You may perceive, I am alluding to a few words in your most interesting sermon, which, I own, I could have wished not to have been there. Much that you said before, was fitted to attract and engage the methodists. Why, then, add any thing, that they could be hurt by ? I am sure you meant no such thing ; and yet I do think, your mention of extravagant assertors of perfection, as opposed to augustinians, had that tendency.

My dear friend, I know your deep, and unqualified integrity ; and I am sure it was this feeling led you to think as you did ; and you thought it necessary, and therefore resolved, to speak plainly. But wherein does the wisdom of the serpent consist, if not in keeping *within*, a great deal of what we think ; and of course, in modifying blunt honesty of manner, though ever without losing any thing of the substance ?

Confident I am, no good can be done to persons, of what-

ever description, by directly pointing to them. It hardens them in their error ; and it unduly gratifies those, who are enemies to them, not on account of their errors, but of their real virtues. I have talked a good deal, with persons of different opinions from my own ; and I ever found, that what was pleasantest, was also best as to effect. Without once seeming to combat their notions, I have endeavored to bring before them those truths, which they could not dispute ; but which were directly corrective of any extravagance, their opinions might lead to. I did not hesitate to allude to their opinions ; but it was not in way of attack, but to show how far they would bear a mild interpretation, and might be reconciled with those I wished to inculcate. And, in this way, I have generally been able, as I hoped, to talk usefully, and I am sure pleasantly, with those of very different views from my own.

Last night, for example, I was talking to an old methodist preacher, an acquaintance of eight and twenty years, who is a steady maintainer of perfection. 'Pray,' said I, 'would you esteem him as materially differing from you, who would say, that, though he was not conscious of any wrong desires or volitions, yet the tendencies or temptations which he found in himself, though so resisted, as not to wound his conscience, appeared, nevertheless, to imply a remaining root of corruption, and of course to preclude the notion of entire deliverance from sin?' 'I would not,' says he, 'consider him that spoke so, as differing from me ; for I believe, that we must feel those things, while in the body.' I felt, at once, it was, between real good people, a dispute of words. The fact is, in substance, the methodists hold only what Lucas contended for.

Always, yours most truly,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 19.

July 19. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I TOLD you, in a short letter lately, that I was then engaged in writing a long one to you, in which I was advanced one or two sheets. I then expected, shortly, to have had it completed ; but an attack of the gouty kind, about ten days ago, so disturbed my whole frame, that this, I may say, is the first day, that I feel myself disposed to take a pen into my hand. That letter, therefore, being thus interrupted, and having taken rather too volumi-

nous a turn, I prefer leaving it as it is; and giving you those parts which I consider as useful, in a more digested form.

The part of your discourse which I chiefly object to, is, where you allude to the calvinists, on one hand, and the wesleians, on the other. Now, it is my strong conviction, that such allusions are more likely, by far, to do hurt, than good. Let the motive which suggests them be ever so good and honest, they are far more apt to excite wrong passions, than promote the cause of right reason. If any of those alluded to hear what is spoken, it revolts them; and increases every kind of pernicious prejudice. If they do not, it is, probably, still more hurtfully reported. Ill informed persons apply it, as their fancies lead them; rumors are spread, that the clergyman preached against the methodists, or evangelics, or whomsoever else; and, by this, a wrong spirit, unfavorable to the usefulness of the minister, perhaps to the church to which he belongs, and possibly to religion itself, is diffused through the public.

I grant, such caution might be carried too far: but, I cannot but think, even this would be erring on the safe side. One, however, need not err on any side. Let truth, as opposite to existing wrong doctrine, be clearly, and scripturally, exhibited and elucidated; and, if good is to be done at all, it will, I think, in that way. Nay, even those who are most tenacious of the erroneous view, may be led, in that way, so to take in the right view along with it, that, without any professed, or even conscious renunciation of their opinions, such a modification of them may, imperceptibly, take place, as to do away all their danger.

I conceive (allowing for exempt cases) this may hold good at all times; but I own, to me it appears, that, at this time, such caution, towards the two parties in view, is peculiarly expedient; inasmuch as they, so very strikingly, divide between them, a large share of the operative religion of the present day. I would ask any person of seriousness and candor, who knows well the ecclesiastical history of Britain, during the by-past century, where would, or what would, our religion, at this day, be, if the methodists had not made their appearance? With all their foibles, I own I think they have been grand instruments of good, far beyond the limits of their own societies. I feel this, I hope, not without gratitude to the Author and Giver of all good things; and, therefore, am most cordially disposed myself, and cannot avoid persuading others, to deal gently and indulgently with them. Not, surely, to overlook their errors; but to touch them with all possible mildness, so as to compel, both themselves, and all others, to feel, that it was love of truth, alone, and not any unkind temper, which dictated the censure.

But I have another motive for such caution, respecting the wesleian methodists ; and that is, that I really do think them so wonderfully right, in most of their views, as to render them, on the whole, much more the object of my estimation, than my blame. Nay, the very point you look at in them, I mean, their view of christian perfection, is, in my mind, so essentially right and important, that it is on this account, particularly, I value them, above other denominations of that sort. I am aware that ignorant and rash individuals expose what is in itself true, by their unfounded pretensions, and irrational descriptions ; but, with the sincerest disapproval of every such excess, I do esteem John Wesley's stand for holiness, to be that which does immortal honor to his name. And I am assured, too, that, while numbers, in the methodist society, abuse his doctrine (to which his stress on sudden revolutions in the mind has, I think, contributed), perhaps a still greater number (but a great number I am sure) are excited, by what he has taught, to such inward and outward strictness, such deep self-denial, and such substantial piety and spirituality, as are scarcely to be found in any other society. In John Wesley's views of christian perfection, are combined, in substance, all the sublime morality of the Greek fathers, the spirituality of the mystics, and the divine philosophy of our favorite platonists. Macarius, Fénelon, Lucas, and all of their respective classes, have been consulted and digested by him ; and his ideas are, essentially, theirs. But his merit is (after all just allowances for mixtures of the fanatical kind), that he has popularized those sublime lessons, in such a manner, in his and his brother's hymns, that he

(Unfinished.)

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LETTER 20.

Barleywood, Bristol, Oct. 23. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

How strangely negligent must I appear to you : and yet, were you near me, I could show you several sheets, written with a view to sending them to you. One letter, I had actually completed ; but became puzzled, afterward, about the subject chiefly alluded to ; and, therefore, deferred sending it, till I should talk to — ; and then found, it would not suit the case. In truth, there are few whom I could be less disposed to neglect than you. I think of you with sincere interest ; and thought of you with more feeling than usual, on account of the sudden

death of your friend. Poor fellow, perhaps, like the son of Jeroboam, good was seen in him, which the wretched plan of preferment-hunting, to which his family would have impelled him, might have soon blighted; and therefore, while a capacity for future happiness remained, he was graciously carried beyond danger. This thought has occurred to me, from the manner in which he came up to me, in the Castle, a few days before I left Dublin. He had no motive for speaking to me, with whom he had no personal acquaintance, but his love of goodness (which he had heard ascribed to me), and his love of you (from whom he had heard of me): yet was there something so kind, and so genuine, in his address, that my heart cleaved to him; and of course, when I heard of his sudden death, the view I have mentioned arose in my mind.

I have got for you Gillies' Collections. Vallance, from having taken up the idea of an auction, being not to be dealt with for single books, I got it at Bath, where I have left it with the archbishop; both that he may look at it, and because it is as ready a conveyance to you, as I could just now command. I wished, also, to get for you, Jones on the Canon of the New Testament; but it had been sold.

I left Dublin about the 15th of August; staid some days at B.—; then, proceeded southward, and spent two days with —, the curate of New Ross; in whom I found much to be esteemed and loved, and some things which one might wish otherways regulated. He is, however, a most sincere christian. He accompanied me down the river in a boat, to the place of embarkation for Milford; where I arrived on a Saturday, after a voyage of sixteen hours. I spent my Sunday at Haverford-west; and employed the ensuing week, in slowly moving through South Wales, much, indeed, to my gratification. I visited Grongar Hill, and the old castle described in the poem; and also walked through the grounds of that seat, where Jeremy Taylor lived, and preached, during the usurpation (Golden Grove). On Saturday, I reached Bristol: on Monday, came hither: spent three weeks: then, paid another pleasant visit, to a lately formed acquaintance in Bristol, where my friend Butterworth met me, from London; and, with both, my stay of a fortnight was very pleasant, and, I hope, not useless. Then, I spent ten days at Bath: and now, I am concluding my plan, with a second visit here. I brought your sermon from Bath; and I shall be able to tell you how it impresses. I know it will not be to your disadvantage.

My good friend, how I have blamed myself for not writing to you! And yet, when I take a fit of not writing to a person, be that person ever so dear to me, I find breaking through it,

something like resisting the night-mare. I may truly say, I think of you, perhaps, daily; and I might add, think of you in the way you would wish me to think of you: yet I have not had resolution to write. Indeed, I must say for myself, that I have been unusually occupied.

Write to me: no one, perhaps in the world, likes better to hear from you. These are not words of flattery: I flatter no one. I value, where I see worth: but it is my wish to judge strictly; and my resolution to express but what I feel.

The Abp. thinks he gets advantage from the water. I hope he and Dr. Woodward, will come here to breakfast on Saturday morning. It is worth their while; for the place is interesting, but the mistress of it matchless. To be sure, it is a great indulgence of Providence to poor me, to be thus received and cultivated, in a place above all others to my wish. I wonder at it: for I sought it not.

Believe me always, your faithful
and affectionate friend,
ALEX. KNOX.



LETTER XXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashol, Oct. 31. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

EVEN if I could have brought myself to suspect you of unkind negligence, (which is impossible), your most acceptable letter would have fully obliterated every uneasy feeling of that nature. I often and often thought of you, indeed; and longed to learn how, and where, you were; how occupied, and how amused; and, frequently, feelings would arise, I hope not selfish, though connected with self, of the serious benefit I was losing, by the discontinuance of your correspondence. I will not say how highly I value your letters; nor can I express how gratified I am, by the affectionate warmth of your last. Indeed, my dear sir, you may most essentially serve me, by writing more frequently; by advising me, both as to my studies, and my feelings; and by candidly pointing out every particular, that appears amiss to you in either.

I am now, perhaps, going to put your good nature to the test; and, perhaps, to occasion you some little uneasiness, which, unnecessarily or without mature deliberation, I would not do. Certain thoughts, have, for some time past, repeatedly occurred to

my mind ; which, in spite of all my exertions to suppress them, again and again return. They are of the nature of doubts, whether I am fit for a country clergyman, or whether the situation is fit for me. I have ever found a great awkwardness, and want of facility, in addressing myself to people of the lower classes ; in my intercourse with such, I myself seldom feel at ease, and fear they are not at ease with me. I cannot hit on topics, suited to their capacities, or situation ; in a word, I want the talent of bringing things home to their apprehensions. Again, I find society necessary, by way of relaxation. But the society generally to be met with in the country, is not to my taste. It is too much the society of the world. We have not views, nor feelings, nor pursuits in common. At the time that I possibly most need to be confirmed in attachment to seriousness, I hear seriousness depreciated, and identified with enthusiasm. And, in an hour of depression, I am, too often, more depressed, by witnessing frivolity around me, unrelieved by a single topic, worthy of an educated and thinking being. I know it is my duty to be content and happy, in that situation which God has been pleased to allot me ; yet, sometimes, I have been almost inclined to a voluntary relinquishment, of my prospects in this diocese. My present narrow sphere of duty, affords very little active occupation ; and I find myself nearly incapable of composing discourses, fit to be read in a little room, to a rustic audience, frequently short of two dozen people. I endeavor to pursue my studies ; I trust with some effect, so far as respects myself, but with none, as to present professional usefulness ; and, indeed, with little prospect of extending my stock in future. Thus situated, something often tells me, that, if I could be placed within the reach of some serious and literary society, and had a congregation to address, I could be happier than I am. I hope and trust, that this is not ambition in disguise. If I rightly know myself, I have a deep sense of my deficiency in sound information ; and a full conviction, that the place I now fill, is highly creditable in itself, and opens a prospect of advancement, far beyond my merits. I think I am not eager to display myself ; and, if I were, the display would be very middling : but I feel, that a moderate establishment for life, with such advantages as I have above alluded to, would conduce more to my comfort, than even a large preferment in the country. And this feeling is increased by the conviction, that, if I have any powers of usefulness, they are in the way of addressing people, whose minds are somewhat cultivated ; and, that, possibly, at some future day, when matured by reading and experience, I might be of a little service, in the way of publication.

Now, my dear sir, I lay these thoughts freely before you, in the hope that you will as freely examine, and, if necessary, reprove them. If they are reprehensible, I sincerely wish for a supply of arguments to dissipate them. If they are allowable, it may be asked, how are they to be acted upon? My present impression is, that it would, just now, be highly impolitic, and indeed blameable, to withdraw from the protection of our excellent friend the Archbishop; but that possibly, in the course of a little time, some situation might be procured, affording a moderate, though creditable maintenance, under more eligible circumstances. Nothing can possibly be kinder than the Archbishop's conduct towards me; and I believe, without being sanguine, I may say to you, that I imagine his views for me, are by no means unfavorable: but I much doubt, whether there is a single benefice in this diocese, that would afford me a sphere of duty, in which I could feel comfortable, and, to any extent, useful; though conscious, that talents very superior to mine might be fully and adequately occupied, in many parishes of Cashel. On this troublesome and tedious topic, I will only add, that I am far more anxious to have my views altered, than confirmed; especially as I know that your opinion, will be the result of genuine affection, and conscientious judgment, and not of mere worldly prudence.

(Nov. 1.) On looking over what I wrote yesterday, I felt a doubt whether I should send it. My impressions on the subject are now somewhat weaker. However, as I repeatedly and involuntarily feel *the whole* of what is above stated, I think it best to send it on; expecting to derive real advantage, from your opinion and advice.

I was delighted at your succinct, but very pleasant account of your tour. Such scenery, and such society, as you have been enjoying, must, altogether, produce a degree of gratification, superior to any thing else, merely of this world. I take it for granted, that Barleywood, from whence you write, is the residence of Mrs. H. More. If her conversation is equal to her writings, and I imagine it is fully so, it must be superlative indeed. There is no modern author, whom I hold in such estimation, . . . indeed, veneration, is a word, which would much more adequately express my feeling. Her writings are calculated to do most extended good; and, of all her talents, I know none rarer, and more estimable, than that happy facility, with which she adapts herself to the capacities of all ranks; of the peasant, no less than of the philosopher. Your letter brought back poor C— to my mind's eye, in a very striking and affecting point of view. He had in truth, a soul of courtesy and kindness, that continually beamed forth in his countenance. He was made for much better things,

than the turmoil of preferment-hunting ; and I trust is now enjoying an unalloyed happiness, which the things of this world never can confer. It gives me a melancholy pleasure to reflect, that he thought of me with complacency ; and I am glad you knew him, even for a few moments.

I got, a few days since, the abridgment of Baxter's Christian Directory : with which I am highly pleased. I am truly thankful for your recollection of me in Gillies' Hist. Coll. As to Jones on the Canon, it is lately republished ; and, I can get it, I dare say, through Cooke, whom Dr. Hales writes me word, he finds more punctual, than any bookseller he ever met with. I was reading, very lately, some extracts from Hayley's third volume of Cowper. They pleased me even more, than any letters, in the two former volumes. I wish the work may be published in octavo ; for, then, it would be reduced to the level of my pocket. If you see the Archbishop, I would thank you to inform his Grace, that I received his letter, though not so soon as I should, for it was mis-sent to Calne. I delay answering it, only till Mr. Jacob ascertains some things, necessary to be stated in reply.

I send this by Waterford, in preference to enclosing it to Mr. Taylor, that it may reach you the sooner. I hope, in your reply, to know when you return to Ireland. Please God, if you are in Dublin this winter or spring, we shall meet then.

Believe me ever, your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER XXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 26. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE principal motive that I have for writing to you, just at present, is to state my apprehension, that I may have lost your answer to my last letter, by a late robbery of the post, between Clonmel and this place. Do not, however, imagine, that I have the slightest intention of reproaching you, should no letter have been hitherto despatched ; for, however anxious to hear from you, I am too well acquainted with the *cacoethes postponendi*, not to have a fellow-feeling for those who suffer under it.

I thoroughly recollect, that, when last I wrote, my spirits were more than usually depressed. Yet, on a sober review of

the sentiments contained in that letter, I cannot now greatly dissent from them. I do not feel myself calculated for the station of a country clergyman; and, least of all, for a country clergyman in the south of Ireland. Not that I quarrel with my present situation; because, on the whole, it is perhaps, well, that a few years should be spent in retirement, and with little parochial duty. But I speak with respect to my ultimate destination in the church. A parish minister should possess an active, bustling disposition, with some turn for agricultural pursuits, and much fondness for introducing habits of sobriety, industry, cleanliness, and comfort, among the lower orders. Now, in all these particulars, I am miserably deficient; either from total ignorance, or from an utter incapacity for entering into their detail. Different spheres, require different talents. Mine, such as they are, seem best suited to a sphere, where things are somewhat prepared; where civilized habits have made some advance; where information has been a little diffused; and where the *interiora* of religion, might be inculcated, with a good prospect of being understood and relished. This I fear, however, is very little the case, in any part of the county of Tipperary. The preparative stages have not been yet surmounted; the foundations are not laid; nay, the very stones and rubbish have not been cleared away. And, I very believe, that, to do any extended good in this district, but, certainly, to feel pleasure in the progress, a clergyman should have talents, and disposition, much akin to those of the Czar Peter. Now, to such talents and dispositions, I feel that I have no claim.

It has been much rumored, both here and in Dublin, that, whenever a vacancy occurs at York, the Archbishop of Cashel is to be translated to Armagh. Should it please God to throw me into that country, I feel that I might be settled there more to my mind. And, I will now tell you an ultimatum, which I would far prefer, to any church living in his Grace of Cashel's gift: the librarianship of Armagh, and preacher's place in the cathedral. This I say, without having any notion of the pecuniary income; but merely, because, in that situation, I should, at once, have peculiar advantages in study; some prospect of professional usefulness, without cure of souls; and the pleasure of residing near my sister and brother-in-law. This, however, is castle-building. We are not to choose our own situations; and I am well convinced, that Providence will order those things for the best. At the same time, that, if the Archbishop were to remain for life at Cashel, I could wish for your sentiments, as to the feasibility, and propriety of looking, hereafter, for a settlement in some more eligible district.

I am pleased with Baxter's Christian Directory: though I

think the abridgment might have been more judiciously formed. Mr. A. Clark has abridged, rather by omission, than by condensation; and some of Baxter's careless phraseology is retained, to the detriment of the work. I compared about 150 pages, with the original folio; and generally found it faithful; though sometimes passages were omitted, that I could have wished retained, and vice versa. At page 139. vol. 1., I met a little interpolation, (at least it does not occur in the fol. edit. of 1673), which, I think you will agree with me, is not in the style of Richard Baxter; and which, without being properly explained, seems calculated to favor an enthusiastic peculiarity of methodism; for which purpose, it was possibly introduced. The passage is, 'and rest not without a clear sense of the love of God, shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost. It is the privilege of every genuine christian, to know his sins forgiven, that he may rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh. He that hath the witness in his own soul, that he is born of God, cannot but be happy.' This language is undoubtedly scriptural; but the expressions thus thrown together, unguarded and unqualified, appear suited to raise, in untutored minds, an expectation of some sensible impression.

I have lately engaged in a careful perusal of the controversy on Rom. vii. 14. 25.; and purpose, with God's help, to go through with it. My chief motive is, that this passage is, unquestionably, the sheet anchor of those, who would lower the standard of christianity; and that, independently of its own great importance, it involves the deep moral meaning of a great part of the New Testament. I have got near me, the long and elaborate dissertations on the subject, of Bishop Bull, Arminius, and Faustus Socinus. You need not fear that the last-mentioned writer, will affect the orthodoxy of my creed. He is a candid and judicious advocate, for the doctrine of christian perfection; very much in the same sense with Lucas; and it will perhaps, surprise you, that he maintains, not only the possibility, but the certainty, of instantaneous conversions, at least of sudden ones, in the following strong terms. 'Respondeo, nihil impedire, quominus Deus nonnunquam, levi admodum antecedente pugna, cuipiam, ut carni sue plane dominetur, concedat. Quinetiam, et sacra historia, et perpetuo usu, teste, affirmare non dubito, sæpius fieri in christiana religione, ut quis, brevissimo tempore, et quasi horæ momento, ex malo bonus fiat, eoque perveniat, quo, in morali disciplina, viæ annorum multorum spatio pervenire potest.'—Apud. Bibl. Frat. Pol. Op. tom. i. p. 99.

One result of my late studies, is a very strong disposition to believe, that 1 John i. 8. refers, not to present, but to past sins. On these grounds. That *ἀναρταν εχειν*, does not signify pec-

care, but peccati reum esse : that this verse is to be explained by v. 10. *οτι εκ ημαρτηκαμεν*, in the past tense ; and that this mode of interpretation, harmonizes with the remarkable expressions of the 3d chapter, as well as with many passages of Saint Paul's writings.

It appears to me, that your explanation of Rom. vii., with a reference to *δυναμις*, *αγαπη*, and *σωφορισμος*, is a more satisfactory one, than I have yet met with. There are two extremes, among the controversionalists : some, applying the passage to persons altogether sensual ; others, to persons entirely regenerate. Arminius, and Socinus, steer a middle course. On the whole, though much vague and extraneous matter is to be waded through, and many logical subtleties are to be untwisted, I find satisfaction in the pursuit. I trust, through God's help, it will tend, both to enlarge my mind, and to increase my knowledge of the sense of scripture. I have it in contemplation, merely for my own satisfaction, and future reference, to draw up a treatise on the subject ; which, should we meet this winter, I hope to show you.

Lest you should think I am quite forgetful of parochial matters, I must tell you, that I yesterday preached to my little flock, which is improving, the first of four sermons on the Lord's prayer. I found so much matter in Leighton, Hale, and Henry, that selection became necessary ; and I endeavored to be as popular and personal as possible.

I send this to Miss Ferguson, that it may be forwarded to you : as I know not where you are. Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me ever,

Your's most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I hope you may find it convenient to write soon.



LETTER 21.

Dublin, Dec. 6. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

FINDING your letter, of the 26th, on my arrival here, I hasten to say, that I most deeply enter into all your feelings ; no one, perhaps, being more constitutionally competent to feel along with you. But I do believe *you need not take thought for to-morrow*. Your destiny is in the best hands ; ' Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness (as I do trust you are doing), and all these things shall be added unto you.' Sure

I am, we may trust Providence with any thing, but *to-day*; we doing our rational duty. And in fact, my persuasion is, that, in some way or other, you will be brought, at length, into a situation suited to your taste and temper.

The latter part of your last, I read with great interest; and I think it not wrong, to see what all have said. Probably, Faustus Socinus never would have gone the lengths he did, if he had not been shocked, and driven into an extreme, by the incongruities of calvinism. Yet, calvinism has had, in my mind, a providential function to discharge; and so, I think, had the popish ceremonies. Still, however, if these swaddling bands of infant times, are still pertinaciously kept on, growth must be checked, and advancement to maturity postponed, if not prevented. The grand error of calvinism is, the disjoining of God's favor and preference, from moral qualifications; and thus distorting the whole beauty and grandeur of the scripture. This error, therefore, must be confuted, before christianity can be purely appreciated, by either deep, or half-thinkers. I trust your endeavors, in this worthy cause, will be aided by the best of all influences.

I like what you say of 1 John i. 8.; and I dare say the criticism is just. As I have not the abridgment of Baxter, and my original, I think, must be paged differently from your's, I wish to have from you the book, section, &c.; as I certainly have the latest edition of the Directory, which makes one of the four volumes of his works.

I will not now pretend to enlarge, as I expect Dr. Black, who staid in town to see me, to come in every minute; but I trust to make up for my present brevity, on another early occasion, being, my good friend, with real cordiality,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 24. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT was said of John Hales, as doubtless you well know, that 'his chamber was a church, and his chair a pulpit.' But it was, also, his recorded foible, 'not to pen any thing, till he needs must.' The former of these little sentences, I should be at no loss to apply, if it were delicate to do so. The latter, is

by no means equally applicable ; at least, not from me, who have so often profited, by the ready assistance of your pen : still, however, I cannot help recalling it to your memory. The truth is, in this particular, I am too much interested, not to feel warmly. I could now show you a little MS. volume, filled with extracts from, or copies of, your communications. And the real advantage I derive from this volume, makes me anxious for another and another : the more so, as I find your sentiments, prudently, and in proper season, dealt out, among some of my clerical brethren here, productive of the happiest effects. Yet, I hope the feeling is not improperly selfish, which leads me to dwell most, on the advantages I most unequivocally feel, the improvement of my own mind, the enlargement of my views, and the excitement of my affections. And feeling thus, I cannot but be sincerely desirous, that your avocations may permit you to write more frequently and fully. I have embarked in theology, chiefly as your pupil ; and I truly wish to be your pupil, also, in self-government, and self-direction. The hints of the latter kind, in reference to my last two letters, have been received, I trust, with a due sense of their unquestionable justice ; and not without a consequent tendency, to correct and calm my feelings. Thank God, I have, of late, felt myself enabled, with composure and thankfulness, to await the appointments of the great and wise Disposer. This calm, it is my wish and prayer, that the Almighty may graciously continue. Lest, however, he should see fit to try me, by any temporary recurrence of low spirits and dejection, I could wish to have by me some further thoughts of yours, on the topics of uneasiness stated in my two letters.

I trust the unpleasant effects of your sea-sickness, are now altogether removed ; and, on this supposition, am gratified that it occurred, as being highly serviceable to persons of your bilious habit. By the way, I am sorry to find the good Archbishop is detained, by the illness of part of his family. I hope it may please God, soon to remove this cause of anxiety ; which must press with particular severity, on so tender a parent.

The passage in Clarke's Baxter, which I suspect to be an interpolation, follows in immediate connection with this sentence, which closes a section of my copy of the original. 'Know, and use, religion as it is, without mistaking or corrupting it, and it will not appear to you as a grievous, tedious, or confounding thing.' Book i. chap. ii. direct. 13. ap. fin. p. 57. of the edition I use. This is immediately succeeded, in the abridgment, by the words, 'And rest not without a clear sense,' &c. &c. as in my last letter. I believe you will coincide with me, that Mr. Clarke is not altogether judicious, in the total omission of the

5th of Baxter's 20 directions, in his 1st chapter. It begins 'If thou wouldest not be destitute of saving grace,' &c.; and relates to the use of reason, in matters of religion. So much, indeed, was I struck with it, that I abridged and interleaved it, for my own use.

My study of what has been said on Rom. Chap. vii., has suffered some interruption: partly, from visits to neighboring clergymen; and partly, from a bilious attack, that made me incapable of exertion. I do not, however, lose sight of it: and hope (with God's assistance), however slowly, at length entirely, to master it. I have lately been led to look into Farindon's sermons; and think them, in many respects, admirable. He combats the leading errors of calvinism, in a masterly manner; though, perhaps, sometimes, too pointedly, and with too frequent reference to the unhappy circumstances of the times. I have seldom read an author, with so much strength and life. If I may so speak, his style is altogether personified. On comparing a page of Barrow, with a page of Farindon, I cannot but give a decided preference to the latter. Barrow speaks, as to beings of pure intellect. Farindon, as to human creatures, with passions and affections; at the same time, convincing the judgment, as he goes along. He excels, particularly, in appropriate, and most forcible illustration; and paraphrases his quotations in such a manner, as to give them the happiest air of allusion. Perhaps a mixture of Baxter, Farindon, and Doddridge, would furnish a style and manner, best suited to pulpit instruction in these times. This, after all, is possibly false criticism: or, if it be true, has certainly occurred to yourself. Why, then, should I write it to you? In truth, I have set up a top, to use John Hale's expression, . . in hopes that you may be induced to whip it.

I heard of some little irregularities in your friend —, of New Ross: for instance, . . interrupting the lessons of the church, for the purpose of lecturing, paragraph by paragraph, as he went along. This practice, I understand, was pursued for some time: in fact till — interfered, and publicly stopped Mr. —, who came one day to officiate for —. I hope —'s manner was not harsh; and I feel truly desirous that he may be very moderate, in his way of meeting those things which he disapproves; as well from an assurance that Mr. — is a truly good man, as from a full conviction, that, without a spirit of meekness, and even without a disposition to yield a little in non-essentials, no good can be done in such cases. I have it in contemplation to pay a visit to —, early in February; and to be present at a meeting of the Ossorian Society. I may, perhaps, learn something useful for myself; and, at all

events, am desirous to see for myself how things are : possibly I may be able to throw out some hints for ——'s consideration. And, as the zeal of these young men has occasioned much talk ; and their practices have been freely censured, even by our good Archbishop, I am disposed to examine whether, as I suspect, there are not many qualifying, if not favorable circumstances, industriously kept in the back ground by their opponents. The worst is, that I fear they are generally calvinistic ; and calvinists are usually impracticable. By-the-bye, as to ——'s mode of lecturing, it is curious, that he adopted it, from the suggestion in my sermon ; which he so far misunderstood, as to conceive, that it referred, particularly, to the lessons of the day, and even implied an interruption of the service.

I lately received, from what quarter I am ignorant, unless it be through my friend Mr. Sharp, a printed circular letter, from the society in London, for missions to Africa, and the east ; stating their plans, their progress, and the situation of their finances ; and requesting my aid, in procuring donations and subscriptions : suggesting, also, a collection, from my congregation. Some few and small subscriptions, I believe, I could procure ; but congregation I have next to none. The society, however, seems highly deserving of encouragement and assistance. It occupies the ground, hitherto, untouched, by any other society of the established church ; and its plans seem to be under the guidance of wisdom, and sound discretion. Might not something handsome be done in Dublin ? Its inhabitants have been unused to appeals of this nature, from the established pulpit : and the novelty of the subject might, perhaps, make a strong impression. If, indeed, the society is chiefly conducted, by what are called evangelical ministers, &c. in England, a prejudice might hence arise against it : but no such prejudice would arise against it, if a few leading people were interested in its favor. I conceive a charity sermon would raise a handsome sum. Should you approve of the society, and of this hint, and should any leading people coincide with you, there would probably be no want, in Dublin, of fit persons to preach the sermon : or, in the event of any difficulty in that respect, rather than let the scheme fall to the ground, I would endeavor to prepare myself, and so to time my visit to Dublin, as would best suit the purpose. It might, perhaps, not be unserviceable, to give a Dublin congregation a view of missions, which probably has never been presented to them. Preachers on this topic, generally look, to the *immediate* introduction of christianity among the heathen. This object, after centuries of experiment, has been but very partially attained ; and hence arises a prejudice against missions in general, as unproductive of good. The

prejudice, however, may be met, and perhaps overcome, by placing the matter in a more philosophical light ; and representing missions, as a preparative process, . . laying the necessary foundation of civilized habits, &c. &c.

I fear I have exhausted your patience, which I would not wish to do, for I am,

Dear Sir, your truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 22.

Bellvue, Delganny, Jan. 7. 1806.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

IT has not been from want of inclination, that I have delayed answering your last letter. It has been on my thoughts, and in my wishes ; but various avocations occur, even in my quiet and still life, which occasion inevitable postponements. But this I tell you, . . I value all your letters, and all your communications, much more, I imagine, than you do yourself.

I must say something, first, about matters not adverted to in that of the 26th of November. I tell you then, in the simplicity of my heart, that I did not thoroughly cotton to your intended course of reading. I have no small opinion of your stability of mind ; but still, 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a lesson, as much as a petition ; and you have a mind, which, if once impregnated with any sentiment, introducing itself as a truth, would, I apprehend, take to it strongly. I should, however, have no idea of your shrinking from any investigation, provided you had adequate possession of all necessary preliminary truths. It is about this I am solicitous. Were I sure here, I should not be uneasy.

I own, I have as much aversion, as is consistent with good nature and christian charity, to the whole socinian tribe. The system has grown out of certain concurrent characters of mind : led, by contingency, into theological disquisition. When a calm, cold, steady, subtle, self-confident temper, . . benevolent without passion, moral without coercion, happens to be revolted by the excesses of calvinism, it, almost by a necessity of nature, runs back into socinianism. To such a disposition, there is no intermediate barrier, and there are some strong attractive influences : . . socinianism, flattering human reason so peculiarly, by bringing all christianity, as is pretended, within its comprehension. Of this system, . . man's power to keep God's commandments, either by his own proper strength, or with some de-

rived aids, which are so described, as, in my mind, to make little difference, . . . is a fundamental principle ; and, therefore, they who hold it, naturally take the opposite side to St. Augustine, in explaining Rom. vii. Doing this, however, under the propulsion of their general scheme, and not from unbiassed, discriminative study of revealed truth ; and for human truth, I certainly gave them no great credit. I seem, to be sure, to see them on the same piece of ground with myself ; but I cannot help asking, how they came there, as I perceive no key in their hands. I suspect them, therefore, of having got to the spot which they occupy, by breaking hedge. And, besides, when I look more narrowly, I doubt if they are, after all, on the same ground with me. If I mistake not, a deep river, not apparent at first view, runs between us ; which can neither be forded, nor stepped over.

To drop allegory, I freely own my suspicion, that their doctrine of moral perfection rests, not only on high views of human power, but on low views of moral sentiment. I never read any of the *Frates Poloni* ; but I have looked at the view of this subject, given by the great arminian theologist, Limborch ; and it struck me, that *his* perfection, was rather of a moral, than of a spiritual kind ; such as might be attained by a good temperament, without much *felt* obligation to Divine Influence. I allow that the description appears to rise much higher ; but I could not help suspecting, that it was only appearance, from the slight view that seemed to be taken of human depravity. A deep sense of this, appears to me as necessary to true christian perfection, as a sufficiently deep foundation, is necessary for a lofty building. But I hardly think *he* can have this who denies, that that 'infection of nature' which 'doth remain in them that are regenerated' (Art. ix. Church of England) hath in it the nature of sin. That, when duly resisted, so as not to grow into volition, it brings no condemnation to the conscience, is agreed on all hands. But I am ready to think, that a feeling of its being sin, *in esse*, though not *in actu*, is essential to that very resistance. We are curious machines, whose weights and springs depend, on laws that we cannot alter. If the weight be deficient, the wheels will not move as they ought ; nor can the error be removed, but by removing the cause, i. e. by correcting the deficiency. We will not, therefore, I conceive, flee from every appearance of evil, except we cordially hate and dread it, root as well as branch. Accordingly, if we deem the first movements of concupiscence to have nothing *sinful* in them, nothing *offensive* to the nature of the all perfect God, we shall not so *abhor* them, as to escape wholly their contaminating influence.

In fact, I think, at least I hold it as a strong probability, that

the peculiar graces of christianity have all a reference, to the previous vices of our nature ; so that each particular grace, contains in it the conquest of an opposite evil ; the keeping of which latter tight in its chain, is the first, and most indispensable exercise of the former. The evangelical christian feels, that he did not even put on the chain. These monsters were once his favorites, the domesticated menials of his house. But, at length, he began to see a design in them, which he was not till then aware of ; and as he ceased to caress them, they appeared to change their nature, and to be ready to devour him. He called to heaven for help ; and, after much fear, and perhaps horror, he began to perceive that they were chained, as if by some invisible power ; and that the chains were given into his hands, with an assurance of fresh aid, if any of the monsters should seem to be becoming unmanageable. None of them, therefore, is wholly dead ; it only sleeps, and may be awaked ; therefore, the vigilance must never be relinquished, the chain never dropped. It is a horrible monster, be it ever so quiet ; and in knowing and feeling that, consists the best security. This knowledge, and this feeling, the literal arminians appear to me deficient in ; and, therefore, I fear a fallacy in their perfection ; for, as I conceive the state of regeneration depends on the effectual restraint of the aforesaid monsters, in general, . . so, I believe perfection consists in an equally effectual restraint of the *parent monster*, in particular. I think, to make out my metaphor (I am strangely metaphorical by the bye this morning) I must suppose these monsters to be of the polypus kind ; so that the due restraint of the parent, shall be the summary restraint of the whole. But this will not be done, if the malignity of the parent be not felt as strongly, as that of her multifarious offspring.

I will not ask, whether I have made myself intelligible ; because I trust to your power of finding me out. But I wish you to consider how essential an ingredient, such a thorough, radical sense of depravity, as I have mentioned, is to every stage of true christianity. Indeed, if I were to state what I take to be the truest mark of difference, between a genuine christian, and a mere moralist, pharisaical or philosophical, I would say, that the latter found his ease in being insensible to his 'secret faults,' while the former is then easiest, when he is most tenderly sensible of them. The moralist, naturally wishes to discover no more, than he has the means of conquering. The christian, on the contrary, is solicitous to detect every, the minutest, as well as the deepest evils ; because he knows, that the omnipotent Savior is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God, by him ; and that what he said to St. Paul, he said

to all his faithful followers, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' The christian, therefore, says unfeignedly, with the same apostle, 'When I am weak, then I am strong :'. . knowing well, that nothing can prevent the success of the process, but his own insensibility to the need of it.

I even sometimes fear, that my own favorite latitudinarians were not as much alive to this depth of depravity, as might be wished. But, perhaps, they could not in the nature of things ; yet they are nobly spiritual, and that implied the substance of the other. We, however, at this day, may be able, if we use the means afforded, to combine apparently opposite truths, more completely than they.

I must now add only one more observation ; the messenger who takes this, being at this moment detained by me. It is relative to the missions. I own I doubt the business altogether. Perhaps it is prejudice, but I have no clear hope of these plans. I suspect even something, which I should dislike. It seems to me possible at least, that the evangelic clergymen took up their missionary plan, because the dissenters and Dr. Haweis had engaged in a similar undertaking ; and they thought they ought to be doing something too. They would not (I dare say on just grounds enough) join with them ; but neither, on the other hand, did they think it right to be outdone in zeal. If this was their feeling, I think it not a wise one. *Imitatores servum pecus*, is true in all matters but the *essence* of religion. There, and there only, it is well to be 'followers of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' There would be something of worldly policy in such a conduct, unworthy of the true christian principle. Besides, I really think that, in such matters particularly, 'it is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth ;' . . on the contrary, . .

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

I have another objection to such plans ; . . because they tend to make religion appear to the world a business of *bustle*, and to have something of a revolutionary character. The quiet moravian missions, if not effectual, are at least unobjectionable ; for they are heard of at a distance, but make no show at home. In fact, I think over-activity, is the grand malady of the times ; and I think religion will not be benefited, by its votaries catching the contagion. I think the whole missionary plan, supposes an efficiency, in what are deemed the doctrines of the Gospel, which you and I do not admit. They annex more than we do, to annunciation of truth on the one hand, and a reception

of it (which they call faith) on the other. But we do not agree with the most of them, perhaps, even in what they call truth ; so that, on the whole, I am much more solicitous to see divine truth thoroughly understood, and received in the love of it at home ; . . and, then, I think we shall be made instruments in God's own way, probably without much scheming, to carry it to other lands.

If I do not now say any thing about your own private concerns, it is not that I am not interested, for you may always believe me,

Your truly faithful and
affectionate friend,
ALEXANDER KNOX.

P. S. I must end this without reading it over.



LETTER XXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashol, Feb. 11. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

ALONG with this, I take the liberty of sending you a MS. the property of —, which I have had in my possession, to my shame, more than seven years ; and which I should be very much obliged by your conveying to him. It is a treatise on the attributes, &c., which obtained the second premium in the year 1797, when mine obtained the first.

I had a letter, yesterday, from —, in which he tells me, that methodist preachers have found their way into his parish ; and that he understands they intend establishing regular stated meetings, there. He wished (thinking that I still was in town) that I should ask your opinion as to the most prudent line of conduct, if the preacher should make an advance towards acquaintance and friendship with him, as he is told by some, he means to do ; that is, the preacher intends to call on —, as a friend and well-wisher.

— appears anxious for your opinion and advice ; and I could, indeed, be very glad, that you would write him a few lines on the subject. I know, from various conversations with him, that he is far from prejudiced against methodism ; that he thinks it has, on the whole, promoted the cause of piety ; and that were he, in a strange part of the country, to meet a person of the lower class, more than ordinarily decent, serious, and

devout, he would think that person, most probably, a methodist. At the same time, I can well conceive the delicacy and difficulty of the case he now puts; so much so, that I should not myself know how to act in it. I really wish you would write him, by this post, if it were but a single page; as the emergency may soon occur, and as I know he is particularly solicitous for your opinion. His address is, Carrig, Virginia.

I should be much obliged by your enclosing me, as soon as possible, your letter to the Christian Observer, on practical preaching. Also, your long, unfinished letter to me. I want them for a particular purpose; and will send them back to you, whenever transcribed. You will, also, have the goodness to engage my worthy and respected friend Michael*, in the troublesome service of having my works sent to Cashel.

When settled at home, I hope to write more at length. I beg my best compliments and regards to Miss Fergusson, and am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and
affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

—00—

LETTER 23.

Feb. 15. 1806.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I DULY received yours, and that night wrote to H. W., giving him the best advice I was capable of.

I send you the unfinished letters; but I cannot yet let you have the thing intended for the C. O., as I daily expect to make some use of it.

* * * * *

I am creeping on in Epictetus, and I wonder at what I find in it: such magnificent morality, on the one hand; and such instances of ignorance and error blended with it on the other. He strongly saw the substance of that frame of mind, which was necessary to passing comfortably through this world. But he did not distinctly perceive its limit. He knew no way of healing the maladies of the passions, but by extirpation of the passions themselves. Thus,

Εἰ προκοπῇ θέλεις, ἀφες τοὺς τοιοῦτους διαλογισμούς. εἰ ἀμελήσω τῶν ἐμῶν, οὐκ ἔξω διατροφῆς. εἰ μὴ κολάσω τὸν παῖδα, ποτὴρὸς ἔσται. κρείσσον γὰρ λῆμον ἀποθάνειν, κλέπτειν καὶ ἀφοδοῦν

* Mr. Knox's servant... &c.

γινόμενον, η ζην εν αρθροις ταρασσομενον· κρειττον δε τον παιδα
 παρον ειναι, η σε πακοδαμνα. . . Cap. 1.

Here, the confounding, solicitude for a child's virtue, with those things which 'the Gentiles seek,' is a strange instance of confusion. It is almost as strange for him, in the end of the twenty-first chapter, to introduce Diogenes as αξιωος θεος, on account of his moderation. Yet, how true are the greater number of his sentiments; and how astonishingly cutting in stone a likeness, of what the Gospel presents alive!

In his thirteenth chapter he says, Νοσος, σωματος εστιν εμποδιον, προαιρεσεως δε, ου. Upon this, his christian commentator, Casaubon, pronounces this censure, . . morbos corporis ad animam mentemve, nihil pertinere; nec per illos obstare, quin sapiens sua felicitate, id est plenâ solidâque mentis sanitate fruatur; id ab omni ratione et communi usu tam remotum mihi videtur, ut non tam in eorum genera quæ paradoxa vocantur ponendum, quam fatuum et ridiculum videatur: . . and, in proof of his opinion, he adduces raging fevers, and the bite of a mad dog. But is not this to push Epictetus to an unfair extreme? The nature of the case shows, that he spoke only of cases, in which reason could be exercised; and to bring other cases to confute him, is to misunderstand his meaning. Doubtless, he, and they who thought like him, talked extravagantly, of what human virtue could achieve, in victoriousness over calamity. But what was all this, but blind nature *feeling after* its supreme good? And after all, is not St. Paul's challenge, at the conclusion of the eighth [of] Romans, nearly as much open to such a censure as that of Casaubon, as what he applies it to? The marrow of true stoicism, is contained in that of St. Paul, *παντα ισχυω, εν τω ενδυναμουντι με Χριστω*.

Yours always,
 My good friend, most truly,
 ALEXANDER KNOX.

—oo—
 ✓ LETTER XXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Castel, Feb. 23. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM truly obliged both to you and Michael, for the interest and trouble you have taken about my books; and much gratified by your pleasant intelligence, respecting our valuable and excellent friend; for whose highest welfare, I think we may safely say, we are both deeply interested.

It strikes me that, on closer inspection, you will find that you have misunderstood the passage from Epictetus, cap. 16. *Παις* does not there, to my apprehension, signify *filius*, but *servus*; and you will observe, that the Latin word *puer*, has an ambiguity, precisely similar to that of the original term. An unskilful division in some editions (and most probably in yours) tends to confuse the passage, and mislead the reader. Thus, one copy, now before me, concludes the 16th cap. with the same words, which close your quotation, *η σε κακοδαιμονε*. But two others, also before me, have, in immediate unbroken continuation, the words *αρεται τοιγαρουν απο των μικρων*, &c. to *ταραχθηναι*, a mode of division which leaves no opening for mistake. For the context, thus taken, clearly shows, that, throughout, reference is made, not to a man's children, but to his slaves; and that the object is, to prevent anxious solicitude, about the minute detail of domestic economy.

But it may be said, and in truth it has been said by commentators, 'Would it not be the extreme of selfish and cruel policy, to refrain from duly improving and correcting, and thus, eventually, reforming our servants, merely in order to preserve our own tranquillity?' To this objection, different answers may be offered. 1. It may be said, that the precept goes on the supposition, that every proper means of reformation had been previously resorted to, and without effect. But to this salvo, I do not attribute much, though it be sanctioned by the learned Wolfius. 2. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the precept by no means necessarily excludes, the milder modes of persuasion; which, after all, are the best modes of leading people to a sense of duty, and a correspondent practice. But to this, you will possibly do well to pay no attention, as it is merely my own extempore idea. 3. Even supposing the passage were exclusive of persuasive effort, the charge of cruelty may be met, by considering, to whom the advice is addressed; not to proficients in moral wisdom, but to him who only *προκοποι* *θελει*, *proficieri* *studet*; to him who is in the lowest form of the stoical school, and who is, accordingly classed by Seneca 'in numero stultorum.' (See his 75th Epistle, the whole of which I would be very glad you would read as soon as possible. It contains a most interesting view of the progress, from moral malady of the worst kind, not only to sanity, but to supreme enjoyment, the climax terminating, in the wonderful passage I showed you at B —.) On the whole, then, may not the view of Epictetus, be something to this effect; that the incipient moralist, should labor, in the first instance, to correct himself; to subdue his wrong tempers, and, as an exercise of self-discipline, to refrain from abusing and chastising his servants, for every failure

and offence? Till the work of self-government is somewhat advanced, he cannot, either with safety to himself, or with probable advantage to his servant's virtue, proceed in the work of correcting that servant. Therefore, the stoic would have him 'pluck the beam out of his own eye, that he may see clearly to pull out the mote that is in his brother's eye.' The style of advice is finely adapted, in the case of a beginner in the school of wisdom : ἀρξαι ἀπο τῶν μικρῶν. New wine is not put into old bottles, here. The smallest privations are most easily submitted to : the sacrifice of little things, will be the least difficult ; and they will, gradually, pave the way, for greater privations, and more important sacrifices. I have been sadly prolix, and I fear impertinently and uselessly so. Yet, I have somewhat more to say. I cannot justify the eulogium of Diogenes, and will therefore pass on to the νοσος σώματος, &c. &c. cap. 13.

I perfectly coincide with you in opinion, that Casaubon's censure on this passage, is extremely unfair. It is clear, that Epictetus speaks only of cases where reason can be used. He first makes a general statement, 'Νοσος σώματος,' &c. ; and we have no right to extend the position to diseases, which necessarily affect any thing but the body ; yet such are 'raging fevers, and the bite of a mad dog,' for they, necessarily, affect the mind. But further, he then gives a special instance, χωλότητας. Which, I humbly conceive, so far limits the subject, as to require that each of the ἐμπιπτονίων, afterwards referred to, should be ejusdem generis with lameness ; i. e. should not necessarily interfere with the mental functions. The reasoning of Epictetus, in fact, is this, 'Disease is not an impediment to the will, but to the body.' 'Lameness, for instance, impedes not my will, but simply my motion.' If I am in my senses, I will never propose to perform on foot a journey, to which I am unequal. Nor is this restriction of further progress, an impediment ; for to be free from foolish and impracticable desires, is, in truth, a high privilege. Simplicius, the disciple of Epictetus, in his commentary on this passage, remarks the peculiar propriety, with which his master, (who was himself το σωμα ασθενής, καὶ χωλὸς ἐν νεᾷς ἡλικίας,) uses the instance of lameness. 'Adducing his arguments from real life ; and not, as is too commonly the case, laboring to say something which may excite admiration.' That Epictetus deeply and really felt, what he said here, may, I think, be fairly argued, from the following charming passage, which I extract from his larger discourse, given by Arrian. 'What can I, a lame old man, do, but celebrate the Deity in hymns? If I were a nightingale, I would perform the part of a nightingale, If I were a swan, that of a swan : but as I am a rational being, it is my duty to sing hymns to God : this is my office : I fulfil

it; nor will I cease to do so, while the power is continued to me.' Arrian. Epit. lib. i. cap. 16.

Now I am on Epictetus, pray compare the 62d chap. of his Enchiridion, with 1 Tim. ii. 9. The coincidence is wonderfully striking, the very words the same. Is it not highly probable, that the philosopher had read, at least this production of the Apostle? Yet no commentator that I have met, notices the coincidence. I hope that Ely Bates is undergoing a *judicial* reading; or rather, indeed, that your review of him, is in great forwardness. If you can soon spare a little time to write to me, it will be a high gratification. Do not, however, think of thus gratifying me, till you are completely in possession of a leisure hour.

I am, my dear Sir, your truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JESS.

P. S. If you could merely throw out for me on half a sheet of paper, the heads of your scheme for a sermon on the commandments, I would endeavor to fill up your outline. A mere mention of the disposition of heart, which would imply the keeping of each law, with a numerical reference to any striking Scriptures, would be enough: and this could be comprised in a quarter of a sheet. Do you wish for the fragments of letters you sent me? If so, I will transcribe them, and return you the originals. They are very satisfactory to me.

—oo—

LETTER XXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, March 19. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I do not wish that any thing of yours, should fall into the hands of persons who cannot, in some measure, appreciate its value, (by the way, doubtful whether the same word appreciate were to be spelt as above, or after the latin, appretiate, I took down Johnson's Dictionary, and was surprised to find that he omits it altogether,) for this reason, . . which I wish my parenthesis may not have removed absolutely out of sight, . . I hope that you have not written, or rather have not sent, (for you often write without sending) any answer to my last letter; or, to express myself more plainly, as our post, between Clonmel and Cashel, has been five times robbed, since my return from town, I hope that none of the plunders, which took place within

the last three or four weeks, have swept away any communication of yours. The supineness of our gentry, in these parts, may be tolerably well guessed at, from the fact, that three repeated robberies have not produced a single effort. No reward has been offered ; no remonstrances made to the post-masters-general ; no application to government, for a military escort. The post still is conveyed by a very young boy, on a very sorry hack ; and the gentlemen robbers, whenever it suits their convenience to stroll along the Clonmel road, need only ask for the bag, which they instantly receive. I do not think these things could be so in the north. There, the yeomanry would scour the country, and detect the offenders ; or, at least, the gentry would adopt such spirited resolutions, as would deter them from so very daring a repetition of this outrage. But too much of this.

I passed some days, at the beginning of this month, with — ; and accompanied him to the meeting of Ossorian clergy, at Kilkenny. Much of what I saw gave me sincere pleasure. There was a decency, a regularity, a rationality, and, withal, a true piety, in the proceedings, which could not but impress any candid observer highly in favor of the association. Mr. — preached an excellent sermon, on 1 Cor. iii. 21. . . 23. ; which, with very few exceptions, truly gratified me. After the sermon, a chapter (Jerem. xxiii.) was read in the vestry room, with some observations from Mr. — : next followed rather a desultory conversation, on a doctrinal point ; but, what pleased me most, in the conversations of the vestry room, were several practical hints, wisely and kindly thrown out by —, and properly received by the rest, on the necessity of strict and guarded attention to regularity, confining exertions within the natural sphere of duty, &c. This association, I am told, has not only been the means, under God, of bringing several young men to seriousness ; but, also, of keeping within bounds, the zeal of some, whose first serious impressions were imbibed through communication with sectaries ; and who probably never could have been restrained, by the mere injunctions of ecclesiastical superiors. It was even hinted, that the effervescence of those persons might, possibly, have ultimately settled, into decided separation from our establishment : whereas they are now thoroughly confirmed in attachment to it. All this, from what I have seen, I am well disposed to believe is strictly true.

So much, is a just tribute to truth ; and I am happy to pay it. I must now, *entre nous*, mention what I cannot so much approve. — appeared, that day, the leading man ; and his dicta, seemed to me almost implicitly received. Now, —'s opinions, from a little in his sermon, more in the vestry room, and

still more in private conversation at ——'s, I judge to be highly calvinistic. He is practical, indeed, decidedly pious, and, as far as I can judge, of a temper considerably softened by religion. He, also, has a large share of prudence in his manner of stating things, which is, I believe, the result of much religious experience; but all these circumstances naturally tend to heighten his influence; and, therefore, I judge, that, if his thoughts are not already embraced by the whole body, they soon will be so. —— has them to a great degree: he thinks, I know, that he has received them from the Scriptures; but I fancy there is more of man's teaching in it, than he is aware of. His head is filled with notions, that he cannot rationally support; for, when he attempts to do so, his reasonings uniformly terminate in a *petitio principii*. And to change his views would be a hopeless endeavor, as he has this rooted impression, that God has promised to teach all, who come to him through Christ; that God's promises must be true; that, consequently, all real believers must have, in all material points, infallibly right views of scripture; and as he trusts he is a real believer, the influence which he must draw, as to the entire rectitude of his views, is plain.

The opinions which I could collect as predominant ones with either, were that real christians cannot entertain doctrinal views of an opposite nature, as God cannot teach contradictions; that we are to rest upon no other righteousness than that of Christ. Here —— seems not so decided as ——, limiting himself to this assertion, that Christ's righteousness is the sole ground of justification; and that repentance cannot precede faith (Walker's idea). At the same time, it is but just to say, that both seem zealous to inculcate christian morality; and desirous to have realized within themselves, the gracious fruits of the Spirit. On the whole, I see their association is aware, that prudence must regulate their zeal; and in this respect, I think the opposition they met with has been serviceable. But I can see no prospect of altering, any doctrinal views which they have imbibed; therefore, wishing them every success in the sound and rational part of their scheme, I do not feel very desirous to meet them often, as a body, or, when I meet any of them as friends, to enter much into doctrinal discussion.

I beg my kindest compliments to Miss Fergusson. Many thanks to Michael. I got my books safe.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly

And affectionately your's,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 24.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., March 23. 1805.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

LET me write ever so briefly, I will write something, lest you should think I was forgetting you.

I was obliged for your letter about the passage in Epictetus ; in your remarks on which, I am sure you are generally right, especially respecting *Παις* ; as is, indeed, proved, by the words occurring, in the next chapter, in a connection which makes it mean as you say.

* * * * *

I am ready, sometimes, to say of myself, that I am neither arminian, nor calvinist, yet, I believe, calvinists would call me an arminian. But I imagine the name does not belong to me ; nor did it, I think, belong to John Wesley. He assumed it ; but, I conceive, too inconsiderately. I suspect Arminius had something of the pelagian in him ; and his followers were wholly so, if not worse.

But, I think, of few things I can be more sure, than that calvinistic predestination is not in the Bible : *providential* predestination runs all through it ; and a warm imagination, when once the idea was taken up, made it easy to transmute the one into the other. The predestination which St. Paul dwells upon, I think is that, which brought those whom he addressed, providentially within the influences of the Gospel. And, to them who stood critically within the line, it was a decree of Providence deserving to be cordially felt ; and, indeed, necessarily interesting, as having been born thirty years sooner, might have left them in ignorance and darkness.

That this, and this only, is the predestination St. Paul speaks of (I mean including all which this includes), appears from this obvious fact, that, after St. Paul has described the whole nation as cut off, he still expostulates, in order that, by any means, he might save some. This, consequently, was not calvinian cutting off ; for, after that, there is no place for repentance. Yet this is in the midst of the part of the Epistle to the Romans, which is supposed most strongly to teach and explain, as far as it can be explained, that doctrine.

Yet, how can we fathom the mystery of providential predestination ? What preferences may it not imply ? but surely not,

in any instance, hopeless, inevitable rejection. St. Paul's words just quoted, Rom. xi. 14., prove he had not such a thought, even in the case where he has put forth the supposed system most elaborately. And yet, if St. Paul had clearly no such thought here, how can the doctrine be supported at all? This alone would satisfy. But, does not the whole Bible speak entirely the same language?

There is one thing which these theologists do not, I think, enough consider. If absolute, unconditional, indefeasible election, be that, which makes a man holy here, and happy hereafter; and, if this election, and its results, be, as calvinists say, a mere matter of will, . . . where is the room for divine wisdom? And why so extended and concatenated an intervention of second causes, if their operation was thus infallibly anticipated? Wisdom acts by instruments: will fiats the thing. I will not dispute an infallibility of wisdom, and, of course, a certainty of event, where God sees right it should be certain. But an infallibility of wisdom, is not an overwhelming efficiency of power; which mere will implies: nor can we tell, how many events in the detail, or what events, or of what kind, God wills to be certain. May he not will suspense, and possible failure, as necessary to the illustration of the operative wisdom? I must stop, or be too late.

Always yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, 23d April, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you much, for your timely and satisfactory observations on St. Paul's doctrine of providential predestination. My studies have, of late, been much interrupted, by complaints of the nervous kind: which have altogether precluded any thing like fixedness of attention. Therefore, what little I have read, has been of various kinds, 'here a little, and there a little,' though I cannot presume to say, 'apis matinsæ more modoque.' Thank God, however, I have been much better for these few days back; I hope, by regimen and exercise, soon to be in working order.

I should be very glad to know how you are proceeding, in the matters which were on the anvil, when I left town. Whe-

ther the preface to Hale's religious works is transmitted, and the work itself in forwardness? Whether the communications to H. More are completed, and her treatise will soon be out? Whether you are about making use of the letter to the Archbishop? And whether you have yet furnished a critique on Bates' Rural Philosophy? To all these queries, I do not expect answers. It will, however, gratify me, if you will select such of them, as may suit your inclination to notice. I just took up a little publication, by your friend Nicole, which I purchased from Mr. Walker. It is a selection of epigrams, with a very beautiful and classical preliminary dissertation; on which you may find a high encomium in Bayle's Dictionary, artic. Nicole, note E. From the preface, I will extract a short passage, which, I know, accurately coincides with your modes of thinking; and which, if you think of defending classical study, against Mr. Bates' attack, may perhaps be a little to your purpose. 'Non quæ [quia?] apud ethnicos veritas reperitur, ideo ethnica est, aut ideo veritas non est: semper illa ex æterno et incorrupto defluit sole, qui, licet christianos abundantiori lumine perfuderit, tamen ethnicis non ita se subtrahit, ut illos penitus a luce sua secluderet. Quod etiam, gravibus et eruditis theologis, quando-cunque ipsorum libros attingunt, pias et utiles commentationes suppeditat, dum secum considerant quid ethnici cognoverint, quo progressi sint, ubi substituerint, et quam longe, obscuris illis veritatis scintillis quæ apud ethnicos fulserint, revelatum fidei lumen excellat.' These thoughts, I am well aware, are by no means new to your mind. But are they not most happily expressed? and do they not derive a peculiar force, from being the sentiments of your favorite Nicole? Messieurs of Port Royal, indeed, in themselves, supply a host of arguments, in support of classical learning. Who more assiduous in the cultivation of ethnic literature? and yet who more conversant in the interiora of practical and spiritual religion?

A letter lately received from my friend Mr. G. Sharp, has the following P. S. 'A new monthly review of books is proposed to be published, by a society of gentlemen, under the title of the 'Eclectic Review.' I am not at all acquainted with Mr. Greathead, the chairman of the committee; nor, indeed, even with the names of the other gentlemen, who form that committee; but I am desired by a worthy friend, who is well acquainted with them, to request, that you will favor them with such occasional remarks as you may think proper, from time to time. And, if you desire a more particular account of the intentions, and views, of that society, I am desired to refer you to Alexander Knox, Esq., of Dublin, with whom I understand you are acquainted, as he can give you information on that head.'

The original cause of this application, you well know ; and you are, certainly, the best judge how far it can be complied with. It appears to me very indefinite ; and I need not tell you, that the range is very limited, in which I could supply any thing worth notice. Now, probably, the line in which I would have, either ability, or inclination, to give my mite of assistance, is already filled up. At your discretion, however, I leave the matter. If you think there are any works newly afloat, which would afford me an opportunity of throwing out hints of a useful tendency ; and if, also, you deem the *Eclectic Review*, a fit medium of doing so ; I would gladly endeavor to do my best. I certainly do not think very highly of the work ; but it may mend.

—oo—

LETTER 25.

April 26, 1806.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

* * * * *

I HAVE been proceeding slowly with my review, which is now not far off a close ; at least, I have got through three fourths. I wrought, rather because I would do it ; except where I was giving vent to my own feelings, as in vindicating classical education, &c. In fact, Ely Bates has not risen with me, on closer acquaintance. I still think it a very useful, and sincerely pious book. But it is superficial every where, a very few instances excepted, unless where piety gives it solidity. He has adopted, also, some opinions of a very uncomfortable kind, drawn, as I think, from Locke's principles ; which make him turn out less congenial to me, than I thought him at first. But I manage him respectfully ; and as gently as I can, without sacrificing truth.

The letter to the Archbishop remains finished, but untranscribed. The communications you ask about were long since done ; and as it happened, in the nick of time. I had a letter, marked with some solicitude, just a day or two after I had dispatched the last. The work, I believe, is published this week in London. — vexed me no little, by speaking of it, though I had mentioned it to him in the profoundest secrecy. The author heard of its divulgment ; and wrote to me on the subject : you will judge how mortifying this was. But I neither told the Archbishop, nor his brother —, who has been in town, and went off this morning. I wrote strongly to himself,

and he was vexed sufficiently ; so be you locked up. Hall's preface I could not go on with. The other business, and extra-matters which occurred, made it impossible.

One of these extras, was a letter to Mr. Butterworth, on the usefulness of devout people attending divine worship, when a form was used ; in order to try how mere piety could engage them, without aid from exciting circumstances. Mr. B. was some weeks before he answered me : but I heard of my letter from —, to whom a dissenter in the Isle of Wight, just returned from London, gave such an account of a letter he had heard read, while in town, that —, who knew nothing of my having written such a letter, knew it to be mine. The pleasant circumstance is, that a dissenter should like it so.

* * * * *

I could wish you to write a review of the book which is just coming out.* It would be, I expect, just fit for you. And I think I will mention it to Mr. Greathead, when I write to him ; which will be shortly. Have you read the remarks on Cowper, in the March Christian Observer ? I think they are very judicious. I am endeavoring, at intervals, to new modify my paper on experimental preaching ; and hope soon to have it complete.

On the subject of predestination, I humbly think it is demonstrable, that the calvinistic view of it has no support, either from Scripture, or the course of things. The terms '*elegit in Christo ad æternam gloriam, idque ex amore suo et gratiâ mere gratuitâ, nec fide nec bonis operibus, nec in his illâve perseverantiâ, aut ullâ aliâ re in creaturâ prævisis, ipsum tanquam causis aut conditionibus ad id moventibus, quo totum nempe in laudem cederet gloriœ suæ gratiæ,*' . . are, in my judgment, little short of their own confutation. For, if this were so, why was it necessary to wait for the fulness of time ? What was that fulness, but suitableness to God's design, which his divine purpose, not to force effects, but to wait for events, made necessarily a business of procrastination. But does not suitableness of time, resolve itself into suitableness of individuals ? and did not this suitableness, operate in that analogical sense, in which, alone, we can speak here, as a motive to the great Disposer ? In fact, in their zeal to exalt God's will, they, in a manner, as far as in them lies, deprive him of his wisdom : for wisdom must have something to reason upon, and be guided by ; but, what is there

* Mrs. Hannah More's '*Hints for the Education of a Young Princess,*' in which Mr. Knox took peculiar interest ; having been on a visit with the excellent author, when engaged in the composition of this work, which was materially benefited by his strictures, and enriched by his suggestions. . . Ed.

here, where not only foreseen faith, and good works, and perseverance, are thrown out, but *ulla alia res* must be denied too? Does not this involve as great contradiction as human language can, to all that plain sense would dictate? Besides, St. Paul says, 'whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate.' But this foreknowledge must have had an object, and a purpose. What was its purpose, if nothing foreseen was to be acted upon? Is it not much more congruous with sacred writ, and right reason, to suppose, that God, having subjected this world to certain laws, and, amongst the rest, to that of free agency, or what we call by that name, . . . in his plans of grace, he takes every thing which those laws lead to into the account; and adapts his divine plans to those various results, so that there is the greatest possible distance from that arbitrary system, with which calvinism disturbs the mind.

Yours always,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 6, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I cannot answer your very kind, and very full letter of April 26, as I could wish, I wish to answer it as I can, before I set out on a four days' excursion, to visit two brother clergymen. I am very glad that I happened to hear, both of your illness and recovery, at the same time. This saved me much uneasiness; and I trust that there is now no danger of relapse. The Archbishop assures me, that your health and spirits seemed wonderfully well, the night before he left town.

Your activity in getting through literary business, puts me to the blush. How little have I done since I left Dublin, and how feebly has that little been executed! We must hope that things will mend; and in order to bring this hope in its way towards completion, we must endeavor to have proper vicissitudes of exercise and study. Last week I was employed for two days, in writing a voluminous, but I fear prolix letter, to a brother clergyman, on the subject of preaching. It is not yet finished. But when it is, I will, with your permission, enclose it to you; in the hope that you will point out some of the numerous errors, which I can hardly question it must contain.

The publication which as just appeared in England, I am very anxious to see; and would be highly indebted to you, if

you could by any means procure me an early enjoyment of this pleasure. If you think I could review it, I would make the attempt with pleasure ; it is, indeed, just the thing I could like to do for my private gratification ; though with much diffidence of producing any remarks fit for the public eye. It is very well that you warned me on the subject of secresy ; for certain it is, that I did not before understand there was any such injunction on your part, either express, or implied. I need not say, that I shall now be as close as the grave. I think, to the best of my recollection, I did once or twice casually mention such a thing, with the author's name ; but certainly, it was not to any one in the literary world ; or indeed to any one that will probably recollect the circumstance.

The Archbishop is well ; nor do I recollect ever having had a more comfortable conversation with him, than the other evening. He has some hopes of a visit from you. Is such a thing possible ? It would be good for your health ; it would be highly serviceable to our worthy friend ; and I really think it might be serviceable in no slight degree, to the cause of religion in this diocese. The Archbishop speaks most candidly, and most wisely, on the subject of the Kilkenny association : he, also, expresses a wish, that a well-regulated and modified clerical association, could be formed in this diocese. It would give me real pleasure, to talk over the matter with you and his Grace ; or rather, indeed, to hear your joint sentiments upon it. Were you on the spot, I soberly think, much good might result. There is a substratum of seriousness, in some few of our clergy. There are, also, several of the old school, highly respectable ; and without much dogmatical attachment to their long established modes. Now, do you not think, that good might be done by an association, under this state of things ? I am glad to hear that you like my friend —. The more thoroughly he is known, the more evidently it will appear, that he has a heart deeply impressed with religion of the best kind ; and a judgment, naturally strong, rendered much more sound, by the infusion of wisdom from above. I think that man calculated for a much wider sphere of exertion, than that afforded on the rocks of Carrick-a-Crewe ; which, however, he fills very contentedly ; and, no doubt, with real usefulness to the poor people among whom he is placed.

Were there any difficulties in my mind, on the point of calvinistic, or augustinian predestination, what you say would, doubtless, have great weight in removing them : but the truth is, I am pretty easy on that point. That which most puzzled me, were the views of justification, which I had seen put forward ; and in fact, divines seem, somehow or other, to have perplexed that doctrine, by such a multiplicity of perverse reason-

ing, and strained interpretation, that it is hard to see light through their darkness.

One point I am persuaded of, that the extreme mode of viewing this matter, implies a manifest contradiction, to many plain assertions of our blessed Lord himself. Some good people have had such a horror of human merit, that they cry out 'Heresy,' upon those, who simply use the phrase in the modified, and popular sense: which is fully authorized, by numerous passages of the four Gospels. I purpose, when more at leisure, reading over one or two works, by Baxter, on this subject; but, just at present, I have no wish to worry my mind with doctrinal controversy, being in a better frame for what is practical and moral. By the way, I hope you will be good enough to bespeak for me, from London, 'Nicole,' and John Smith's 'select discourses.' Also to get for me, through the post if possible, two copies of Herbert Marsh's little track on the Pentateuch. It is a very thin octavo pamphlet; and a friend of mine, who is a very hopeful convalescent from infidelity, wishes to see it. He was much struck with the account of it, in my note on the Pentateuch. This person brings the profoundest physical arguments, in defence of revelation; and appears most truly anxious to arrive at full conviction. I must candidly confess to you, that I told the Archbishop of your reviewing Ely Bates: is this a breach of confidence? If it be so, I am truly sorry; and I can promise inviolable secrecy for the future. But I did not, at the time, nor do I now, think, you gave me any warning on that head. The nature of the case, indeed, requires, that it should be very sparingly mentioned. But I was led to conceive the Archbishop, an authorized exception.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and
believe me ever your's,
JOHN JEBB.

—00—

LETTER 26.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 18. 1806.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I WILL put you to the expense of postage, for a short letter. You were so good as to say, you would send me a letter you were writing, when you had completed it. I hope you will not

omit it. I shall be truly desirous to see it: you can enclose to William Taylor.

I happen to have a duplicate of the new work: you shall, therefore, fall heir to the superfluous copy. I hope to send it early next week.

You will, probably, have looked over the Archbishop's copy, before your own reaches you. I hope it will do good: but it still needs revising; there being great inequality in its manner: yet it is certainly a curious kind of publication, all things considered. — writes, that the Bishop of Exeter says he has got more information from it, on the subject most interesting at present to him, as preceptor, or governor,* or whatever it be, than he ever received in all his reading.

As to the review, it is no secret: neither need it be spoken of, except some particular motive should occur. In fact, I know not what that review will turn out; and though, in the mean time, I would not refuse it aid; yet I would aid it quietly, till I know better, what sort of company I have got into.

I am now advanced a little, in an answer to a terrible kind of pamphlet, written against the Bible Society in London; and particularly pointed at Lord Teignmouth, to whom it is addressed and the four Bishops who are members, Durham, London, Exeter, and St. David's. It is such an effusion of high church bigotry, that I do not dislike to have an opportunity, of saying a little of what I have to say, on that subject. With thanks for your last letter,

Always most cordially your's,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 27.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 1. 1805.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I HAVE this morning forwarded your letter to Mr. Greathead; who, I am sure, will be very much gratified by it. There was not a word, which I could have wished to alter.

I am very much gratified, by what you say, and what you quote from the Archbishop, respecting the 'Hints.' I certainly agree with you, in all your drawbacks. And I lament some things, as affecting the sense: but, altogether, I trust it will do

* To the Princess Charlotte of Wales. . . Ed.

good. If the author would adopt the measure of a thorough revisal, previous to another edition, it would be a great advantage to the work ; which certainly ought not to retain any remediable imperfection.

I thank you heartily for your sermon : its matter delighted me. I read it immediately, and handed it to Mrs. —, who was affected with it in the very way my heart could have wished. For the time you had to write it in, nothing could be better ; and I hope and trust, what it contains is sound doctrine.

* * * * *

I could wish to write to the Archbishop ; but I am very much occupied. I do not mean as to time ; for that I could, some way or other, always command : but, when I am engaged in any thing, it occupies my thoughts so, that I must put some force on myself to turn to another subject. I told you, I believe, that I am shaping an answer, to a very perverse attack on Lord Teignmouth, and the Bishops who have taken part in the Bible Society. I take the author to be Daubeny.

Convey my kindest regards to the Archbishop ; whose gratifying wish to see me at Cashel, has as great attractive force on me, as it well can have. And, if all be well after he returns from his metropolitical tour, I almost think I will pay him a visit : but ‘*quam multa inter labra et pocula cedunt.*’

Always most truly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 12. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR speedy, and kindly considerate letter, just received, is in unison with every thing I have experienced from you. And I cannot refrain from answering it immediately. Your partial friendship leads you, unwittingly, to overrate the service I might be of at the Asylum. At the same time, I do feel, that I could, probably, be more useful there,* than in any other situation. And, on this ground, nothing would more effectually meet my wishes, than such an establishment. Nothing, however, can, as I conceive, be delicately said about the non-cure, in the present stage of the business. As the Archbishop seems to have set

* As chaplain to the Magdalene Asylum Chapel, in Leeson Street, Dublin. . . ED.

his mind, on establishing two efficient men in the cathedral, in the room of the present curate ; and as I do not think, that either my own private wishes, or the prospect of resulting good, in the wider sphere of, perhaps, the first Dublin congregation, should be permitted to clash with this excellent man's views, for the benefit of his own diocese. Still, however, might it not be proper, that something should be done forthwith, before matters are too far gone, in Dublin, or here, or in both places ? Now, my idea is this. If you approve of the arrangement, and if the Asylum can be procured, I would accept it, without any other present provision. This would, doubtless, somewhat abridge my income, and mar my prospects of diocesan advancement : but are there not considerations very superior, to any thing of a pecuniary nature ; and might not strict economy, in a college-room, make the Asylum chaplaincy alone, with my own little modicum, adequate to my support ? Should you think this scheme admissible, you might then, perhaps, write to the Archbishop, stating the circumstances which, in your judgment, make it desirable, that I should remove to the vacant appointment in Dublin ; without at all adverting to any thing in his disposal.

The non-cure would, undoubtedly, be a pleasant thing ; enabling me, both with prudence, and with comfort, to remove into a situation, which, of all others, would make me most happy ; because, I hope, more useful, than I could be elsewhere. But then, it should come from himself, of his own mere motion ; and, in this manner, I could gratefully accept it, as my *ne plus ultra* ; and without compunction, because, whilst many circumstances may enable his Grace to make the proposed arrangements in the cathedral, at no distant date, . . perhaps, it might never be in his power to secure me an independence ; and, at the same time, to place me where I should be comfortable.

I rejoice at the popularity of the 'Hints.' I did not think it possible, that they should fail of making a very deep impression : neither did I think it probable, that the author would long remain concealed. The internal evidence was strong indeed ; frequently, the same train of thought, and sometimes, the very turn of expression, which occur in the 'Strictures on female Education.' Of course, as the matter is now public, the Review must notice the author. Many thoughts have been passing through my mind ; and I hope to proceed with some vigor and spirit, when an unpleasant cold and headache leave me at liberty.

Have you read an exceedingly good review in the *Christian Observer*, of Burder's sermon on amusements, and the answer to it ? From some internal evidence ; from the general view given of this important subject, and even from some modes of language familiar to my mind, I should suspect that it was not in

print, that you saw the review for the first time. The extracts from Lord Chesterfield, Baxter, and Leighton, were also, I guess, furnished by a person known to you and me.

Irwin Whitty has been imbibing just such views as we could wish. He is delighted with the review of Burder's sermon.

Your ever grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 28.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 15. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for your confidential communication, which has set some thoughts in motion in my mind.

If it were practicable, I could wish you to have the non-cure at once; and, having that, to take an actual cure in this city. The cure of D—— is, at this moment, vacant. —— has actually entertained thoughts of taking the cure. Then, the Asylum would be vacant; and, if the possession of the non-cure, were to give you the means of living where you pleased, that would be the place for you. Others, too often, speculate on private, and personal grounds. Subordinately, these must not be neglected: but I look farther; and you are the man to look with me. The Asylum would be the place, where, on the best grounds, I would rejoice to see you fixed: for there you would, with God's blessing, do much good.

If the Archbishop and I were talking on this subject, I would tell him all that is in my heart: but I think it would be wrong in me to write to him. Perhaps, however, there may be time for conversation on the subject; as I hope to be at Cashel, about the time of the Archbishop's return from his circuit through the province. And if —— should move, I will endeavor, at all events, to obtain, through Mrs. ——, that there shall be a temporary provision.

Dr. Browne's death, left room for the appointment of a third fellow to day. I heard the examination in morality, on Thursday; and it seemed agreed, that both questions, and answers, were above what had been heard there for a long time. The successful men are Saddler, Meredith, and Wall. Graves goes into morality con amore: and it is, of all sciences, the most important, . . . 'The soul of all the rest.'

Your's always most faithfully,

ALEX. KNOX.

Extract of a Letter from H. M.

Fulham Palace, June 3.

'I MUST tell you, that, to my great regret, the secret betrayed itself; and, from internal evidence, the author was discovered, as soon as the book was read. I declined the avowal, however, as long as it was possible; but the suspicion became so strong, and so general, that it would have led, not only to affectation, but deceit, to persevere in silence. A curious correspondence has passed, between me and the Bishop of Exeter. His candor and politeness to the anonymous author (whom he naturally addressed by the appellation of 'sir'), did him credit. He presented the work, at my request, to the King: also a copy to the Queen, and to the prince and Princess of Wales. He wrote me, that the Queen alone had then found time to read it; that she was very warm in her commendations, and as anxious as himself to know the writer. As he so highly approved the book, I thought it handsome, when the secret could be maintained no longer, to compliment him with the first avowal; and I am expecting a visit from him, in order to talk it over. I believe the book is in the hands of most persons of high rank in London; and it has had the good fortune to please.'

Extract of a Letter from Dr. W.

June 4.

— has just called in, and told me that he was yesterday in company with the Bishop of Exeter: who said, 'I have at last, come at the author of the Hints. H. M. has avowed it to me, and I have had a long conversation with her.'

—oo—

LETTER XXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Monday morning, 6 o'clock, June 20. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

LAST night I received your letter, and the very interesting communication it enclosed; which I cannot avoid acknowledging, though on the point of setting off for Limerick with H. W. We hope to meet the Archbishop to-morrow. Mr. Butterworth's letters I will very soon return.

As to what you say of myself, I most cordially acquiesce in by far the greater part of it. I should be most insensible indeed, if I did not feel, that a kind over-ruling Providence has been

with me, through the course of my past life ; and so feeling, I thank God I can wait, not only quietly, but with perfect complacency, for the guidance of the same good Providence. The best way, then, is to let things take their course. There is only one point, the expediency of which I question ; and that is, speaking to —. Of his prudence I have some doubt : but, besides, I have a stronger ground of objection ; namely, that such a step would, in some measure, be a departure from that entire simplicity of means, which is so desirable. When the apparatus is complex, may not failure, in some measure be apprehended ? In truth, any alteration, in my situation or prospects, which took place through your immediate interference, I should consider to be in the natural course of things ; and would, therefore, view complacently, as a strictly providential event. Now this would by no means be my feeling, were an alteration, even precisely similar, to arise, through the interference of a third person. I must stop, in order to write to my brother.

Your's most affectionately,
JOHN JESS.

LETTER XXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 22. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you Mr. Butterworth's letter, with many thanks. It is full of good sense, and right feeling ; and contains very much, both of interesting information, and judicious remarks. It is truly gratifying to see an English Methodist, so completely raised above sectarian prejudice, by the spirit and power of religion. Essential service will, I trust, be done, through his quiet and wise exertions, to the interests of christianity at large, and of our establishment in particular. I hope I am not wrong in indulging the reflection, for I cannot help indulging it, that you are providentially employed, in sowing the seeds of union between contending parties, here, and in England. Mr. B. is evidently a pupil of your school ; and a few such pupils, might, in a few years, do wonders. The high church spirit is becoming so entirely unamiable, that it is tolling its own knell. Is not this, therefore, the critical period, when good and pious men, of different opinions, may, with the most rational prospect of success, unite together in the promotion of heart-religion ;

in healing the wounds which have been inflicted on our common christianity, through the dissensions of its professors? Much caution and delicacy, I own, are necessary: these Mr. Butterworth appears to possess, in a degree superior to what I almost ever met with; and I hope I shall be the better, in these points, for the perusal of his letter.

I saw the Archbishop, on Tuesday, at Limerick. He is now at Killarney. He, perhaps, never was in better health and spirits: business has gone on with spirit; and without lassitude or fatigue. Not a word about his plans for Cashel, &c.; nor did I wish the subject to be broached. The more I think of this matter, the more satisfied I feel, with letting things rest precisely as they are; and waiting quietly that result, which, I am sure, will be the best; because it is, doubtless, in the hands of the All-wise disposer.

I shall certainly mark what appears to me amiss.* In the review, I conceive, nothing of that kind need appear, except a general notice, that there are some slight occasional inaccuracies: but, in private communication to you, I could even wish to be hypercritical; from an earnest desire, that as few blemishes as possible might remain in a work, which, in very many important particulars, I deem by far the most valuable we have seen, within the last twenty years. Pray, do you think it of importance, that I should complete my review as nearly as possible within this month, or early in the next? I ask, because two severe wettings, have given me a most incapacitating cold; and also because I have just received a third very pressing invitation to visit —, and attend a meeting of the Ossorian clergy; [to decline] which, after the refusal given to the last two, I fear might give offence. My feeling is this, that, on personal grounds, I would much rather stay at home, and at my work; but that to avoid offence, and to show a kindly disposition, towards a man who has been kindly attentive to me, I ought to go. I will be guided in this point by your advice; so that, if, by return of post, you can write but three lines, and tell me whether the review will be very speedily required, I shall act accordingly.

I have had no answer yet from my brother; but doubt not he will apply, with due interest, to Mr. Hans Blackwood.

I am, my dear Sir, with the truest esteem,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. The Bible Society have given 1000 Bibles, through

* In the 'Hints.' . . ED.

Mr. S., to the Ossorian clergy (who procured many subscriptions) for distribution. I long to see a sober answer, to the very bigotted attack of Dr. M.

—oo—

LETTER XXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 25. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

ALONG with this, I send you some very meagre verbal criticism ; which you may either burn, or make any use of that, to you, seems fit. I shall, if you choose, send you a few similar remarks, on the second volume* ; which I hope to make in a short time. I hope that the search for slight inaccuracies, has not withdrawn my mind from the admiration of the very many excellencies, which the work presents. Yet I fear much, that I shall do very little justice to the latter in my review. Next week, I hope to begin writing to Mr. Greathead, the visit to — being entirely out of the question, from the severe illness of the Cashel curate, whose extensive duties of course devolve on me. You mistook, or I perhaps, imperfectly expressed my meaning, as to visiting —. I did not question the propriety of occasionally mixing with — and his friends ; but merely doubted, whether I could fairly suffer such an interruption in my present business. On this point, I am not yet altogether satisfied. You, therefore, would very much gratify and oblige me, by letting me know at what time I should have my review completed. If you write to Mr. Greathead, and think it fit, you might, perhaps, mention, that indisposition, and the accession of unforeseen business, have necessarily caused some delay ; but that I shall make every effort in my power, to furnish my remarks speedily.

A great part of to-morrow, must be devoted to preparing a sermon for the cathedral on Sunday ; as the little discourses addressed to my few rustics, would not suit a Cashel audience. I trust, you hold to your resolution of coming among us here.

Believe me,

Your grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

* Of the ' Hints.'

LETTER 29.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 8, 1806.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I WRITE just a line to apologize for my silence ; and to say, that, my review having appeared in this last number, I wish you to be as expeditious as you can ; it being my conclusion, from their speedy publication of mine, that yours will be made use of as rapidly ; and, when they are thus disposed, it is a reason for the disposition being met as much as possible.

* Last week was a week of unusual movement with me. I dined abroad twice : with Mr. Dugdale* on Thursday, and Dr. Graves on Friday. The former a methodist, the latter a clerical, dinner ; and drank tea out twice, Monday with —, and Saturday at —. I had reasons propulsory, for every one of them ; and reasons attractive, for three out of the four. —'s party was matter of propriety ; the rest, both propriety and inclination. Indeed, the last, was rather reluctantly acceded to ; but I was a great gainer, meeting there a sister-in-law of H. H., A. H.'s wife ; who won my heart wonderfully by her great good sense, and, I do think, piety of a very deep kind. It was to meet her I was asked ; and I did not regret having yielded to their wish.

Dr. Hale's second anti-methodistic (or rather anti- —) pamphlet has just appeared ; and a very strange thing it is. It has several sensible, and candid, and ingenious remarks : but his eagerness to refute that best of all methodistic tenets, christian perfection, leads him into strange modes of interpreting scripture. People ought never to engage in religious, or any controversy, except they resolve, and are able to keep the resolution, that they will quit their ground, as soon as it shall be proved untenable. If Dr. H. were of this disposition, he would not labor to misconstrue scripture as he is doing : and the more is the pity, for he is a good-minded man, and a sincerely religious man, in his way.

I am, just now, waiting for a letter from Dr. W. after he has talked to the Archbishop, to fix my time of movement towards you : for I do not choose to fix a time, until I know what time will be best answer the Archbishop.

Your's always,

My dear Mr. Jebb,

ALEX. KNOX.

* An eminent Dublin bookseller ; and an attached friend and follower of the venerable John Wesley... Ed.

P. S. I had nearly forgot to acknowledge the receipt of the criticisms ; which I dare say are very just : but, from various causes, I have not been able to go through them. I will transmit them, when a proper opportunity occurs, with their history.



LETTER XXXIII.

Cashol, July 10. 1806.

A TRAIN of ideas has been this evening suggested to my mind, which I know not whether it is worth while to preserve, and which may very possibly be never shewn to any person* ; yet I cannot resist the inclination I feel, to commit those fugitive sentiments to paper.

After very close examination of my own mind, not merely under the impulse of strong temporary feeling, but with much coolness and deliberation, during the course of many months, I do not think that a permanent settlement in this country, would conduce, either to my usefulness, or my comfort. That this is not the result of mental unfixeness, I trust I may assume from the fact, that, during six years, I have been steadily, and on the whole not unactively, employed, in actual professional duty : that it is not the offspring of impatience and discontent, I hope I shall be enabled to prove, at least to my own satisfaction, by waiting, quietly and composedly, for the providential guidance of Him, whose gracious superintendence I have experienced through the whole course of my life ; which I gratefully acknowledge as a blessing, far beyond any thing this world can give. My determination is, to make no move ; nor to throw out any, the slightest suggestion, through any other channel, than what I can fairly deem within the natural course of God's providence ; and it is my earnest prayer, that I may be enabled to rest satisfied and happy ; and to employ myself not unusefully, in whatever sphere may be providentially assigned me.

I have, however, very frequently considered the kind of duty, which would be necessarily implied, by almost any permanent situation in this diocese : and the more I have reflected, the more has my understanding been convinced, that, for such duty, I am very ill qualified. My habits, my feelings, my activities, are all rather of the academic, than of the parochial kind. Any little good that I could professionally do, would be rather in the

* Though not addressed to Mr. Knox, this document was found among the Bishop's letters to his friend. . . Ed.

way of public address, or lecturing, or catechetical instruction, than of personal intercourse, domiciliary visits, or similar duties, which come so constantly within the ordinary sphere of a country clergyman's duty. So much, indeed, am I convinced of my deficiency in these particulars, that I much question, whether any arrangement that might place me in an extensive country parish, would not be positive injury to the diocese, as well a source of uneasiness to myself.

With these impressions, I own my frequent wishes, that I might be providentially placed in Dublin; wishes the more earnest, though I trust not anxious, because I humbly hope that there I might be of some service. There is a particular line of preaching, not pursued in any of the Dublin pulpits, which I cannot help believing would be highly beneficial. I mean, the putting forward of experimental religion in such a way, as not to alarm, and even in some measure to attract, the higher classes of society. The views to which, I trust, I am in progress, through the Divine assistance and blessing on my friend's instructions, and my own slight exertions, these views, I hope I might be enabled, in some measure, thus to put forward. How imperfectly, and with what inferior talent, I am well aware. Yet still, even a weak instrument, may be made use of in promoting a great cause: did I see any reasonable prospect, that the very superior abilities of many well known to me, or of any one of those many, would be employed in this particular line of preaching, I should cheerfully retire to that background, for which my knowledge and powers are, perhaps, best calculated: but that prospect not appearing, even in the remote perspective, I should embrace with pleasure the opportunity of doing my best, as a locum tenens, till others, better qualified, might render my slight services unnecessary.

These, I believe, are my primary motives for wishing, that my lot may not be cast in this country: that there are subordinate objects, however, I will not deny. Such are, opportunities of study; mixture with those whose pursuits are similar to my own; the advice and assistance of those, who are better and wiser than myself; and, if possible, a residence in the college, to which I have looked back with a sort of tender regret, ever since I left it in 1799.

Now, entertaining as I do such feelings, I believe it would be but candid and ingenuous to disclose them to the Archbishop of Cashel. His Grace is, probably, forming arrangements in his mind, for this diocese. I have some reason to believe that he may look to me in some of his schemes: would it not, therefore, be right that, by a sincere avowal of my sentiments, I should anticipate the possible disappointment, which might here-

after arise, by my declining, or inadequately discharging, the duties of some situation, to which, in his kindness, he might call me?

There is yet another consideration, which though more apparently of a worldly nature, is not to be lost sight of. In order to remove to Dublin, I should have some decent independence; some professional situation which, without implying any duty, would afford some little income; and thus enable me to take an actual cure, or rather, *preachership*, in Dublin. This, I conceive, would be a *sine quâ non*, on higher grounds than those of personal comfort. To go to Dublin on a mere curacy, relinquishing my present prospects, would bear an appearance of quixotism, which I could not approve; and might even be attributed to an arrogant presumption that I could fight my own way, and rise to notice and patronage by my own merit. Such an imputation could not fairly arise, if I had a clerical income, though it were but a small one. And I can say with truth, that a small income, in Dublin, would be to me far more desirable, than a large one in the country. Now a frank disclosure to the Archbishop, might possibly so divert the channel of his favor, that, instead of calling me to an active situation in his diocese, he might, at a future day, give me a *sinecure*, which would permit my residence in town. His mind, I know, is sufficiently enlarged, to look beyond mere local arrangement; and his kindness is so considerate, as to consult the feelings of those whom he wishes to serve. However, it is, after all, to be considered, how far it would be delicate to look for a preferment through his Grace, which would take me from his immediate inspection. I only trust, that not only my respect and gratitude, but, if I may so express myself, my regard for him is too great, to permit even that I should hint any thing, which would hurt his feelings, or in the least degree thwart his wishes: and this I can safely say, that a removal from his diocese could never be looked at with complacency by me, if it implied a cessation of that intercourse and connection which, on his part, have been attended with the most unmixed kindness, and on mine, have been a source, both of the purest gratification, and the most solid advantage.

LETTER 30.

Nov. 12. 1806.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

* * * * *

* ——— spoke of writing to you. If he has, he has probably said for himself, the substance of what I could say for him. But this I must say, that he has, since you parted from us, given me a great deal of pleasure. I am pretty sure his mind is untrammelled; but, possibly, some clogs still hang upon his habits. His connections with the world are strong, complicated, and tender; and he does not yet see, how he can reconcile that strict course which I plead for, with the duties which he conceives those connections bind upon him. This, I soberly think, is all that now remains; and I trust this last entanglement will be broke through like the others; for, were it not to be broken through, I should seriously fear that all the rest would go for nought.

It is my conviction that, where it pleases God to give a call to any mind, to rise into the higher regions of religion, . . . a disposition to hover in mid air, is one of the most dangerous that can take possession of the soul. In this case, nothing is *little*: the thing most trivial in itself, becomes momentously pernicious, if it ties to earth that spirit, which God requires to soar towards himself. I doubt whether the story of the unfortunate king Saul, was not intended to illustrate to us this very case. I trust, however, that there is not the smallest danger of any such draw-back in our most interesting friend.

On Saturday we went to B——; from whence we returned yesterday. There, he acquitted himself well; taking a decided part in conversation; and delighting Mrs. L——, who is much struck with the universality of the change which she sees in him. There was a good deal of company there; among the rest, Lady K——. Our talk, however, was not spoiled. We were, on the whole, very well satisfied with our visit.

I found here, on my arrival from N. Ross, a letter of five sheets from Mr. Greathead; in which there was much substantial agreement, but a good deal of verbal and circumstantial dissonance. I dispatched one of six sheets to him this day; in which I have sought to show him, that the differences he apprehended were in words chiefly. I now mean to enter on finishing the review; which has advanced little, since I left Ross. Mr. Greathead wishes to make it the first article, in the first

number of the new year ; in which, though of most entire unconcern to me, yet it shall be my wish and endeavor to gratify him.

I must now say no more, lest I should be too late for the post of this evening. I will only add, that I am always, most cordially yours,

A. K.

P. S. Do you not think that Foster, in the first article of the Eclectic for Nov., is, in prose, a match for Shreeve, in verse ? What can be bolder, or more just, than that demonstration of the absurdity of atheism ? Tell me, also, do not you think those two last numbers improved, and on the whole very respectable ; particularly, the beginning of the above-quoted article ? I mean, the introductory remarks ? Surely, the temper is wonderfully good ; and, considering they are dissenters, wonderfully liberal and catholic.

—oo—

LETTER XXXIV.

Casbel, Nov. 21. 1806.

MY DEAR MR. KNOX,

You have, indeed, every reason to look to me for some account of myself, since my return home. Somewhat of bodily and nervous ailment, however, has prevented my writing to you ; because it made me feel I could not write as I wished. Thank God, my spirits are now very good ; and I look forward to amendment, from steady exercise. I mount my horse, at least five days in the week ; and am but just returned from Mr. ———'s, where I dined yesterday in company with the Archbishop and Miss ——— : his grace has been on a tour of confirmation. We met there, Mrs. ———, who appears to me to possess much talent ; and what is better, a desire to be good. She speaks highly of 'the Hints ;' and says Mrs. More is an ornament to her sex, and to human nature.

Your account of my excellent friend ——— delights me. I am in daily expectation of hearing from him ; and were I sure when a letter would reach him, I would wish to hasten his communication of his present views. Such a man, I am convinced, will soon be circumstantially, as well as mentally, unclogged. I cannot but regard him as an instrument fitted by Divine Providence, for the production of most extensive good : and, in this view of the subject, perhaps just so much connection with, and estimation in the world, as have obtained in his case, may have their

use, when he is providentially freed from all entanglements. He may now be as deeply spiritual as he will, without incurring the charge of fanaticism.

Our admirable Archbishop delights and gratifies me more and more. Confident I am, that, when you meet in Dublin, you will find no degree of alteration for the worse, whatever there may be for the better. The very views you could wish have taken deep root, and are producing a most abundant harvest. I know not whether he has written to you. He expressed, at the same time, a wish to preach the thanksgiving sermon, and a fear that he could not do so. All his old sermons, he is determined to burn; and business so presses, that he is apprehensive that he could not prepare a suitable discourse on this occasion. He spoke of writing to you for some hints on the subject: but, at the same time, desired me to prepare. Now, if his Grace does not wish for your hints, they would be most acceptable to me. I do not mean any thing at length, or in detail; but a suggestion of text, topics, and especially how I ought to manage Lord Nelson. Whether any mention, and how: for this I conceive to be very delicate ground, either in the alternative of mentioning, or of omitting him. My view of the subject would lead me, and I imagine you will agree with me, to be rather practical than declamatory. By the way, do you not think the 1st collect, in 'the form of prayer, &c.' and that after the general thanksgiving, admirable? I do not recollect to have met, on any former occasion, an equal expression of humility, and pious feeling.

I preached a sermon on the religious instruction of youth, and two on the Lord's prayer, since I left Ross. The former was tolerable, and I hope had some effect. The second, on the Lord's prayer, was also I trust calculated to convey some useful hints. Still, however, I feel myself awkward in composing. Do you not think it would be a good rule, as much as possible, to talk as if we were writing, and to write as if we were talking? I am disposed to believe that the former practice, would help us very much in the latter. I mean, that the habit of looking for the best and aptest words, in common conversation, would give us ready fluency, when we come to put our thoughts on paper: always provided we meditate in private, at least as much as we talk in society. Dr. Johnson says, that reading makes a full man: but how many great readers are miserably empty; and how few do we find, unfurnished with ideas, that are in the habit of sober collectedness of mind, and frequent meditation on important topics? The truth is, we do not so much want new materials, as skill and readiness in analyzing, combining, and new modifying the materials, that we are already in possession of. Were we to accustom ourselves more to such exercises, I am

convinced that the results would be happily conspicuous, in a copiousness and fertility, both of just thoughts, and apposite illustrations, to which they are entire strangers, who pace round in the same dull track, which thousands have paced before them.

I am so pleased with Foster's Essays, that I have commissioned a friend to buy them for me. I cordially coincide with the criticism of the E. R., both as to its excellencies and defects; I do indeed see with pleasure, an improvement in that publication. I shall now recommend it where I can, as its merits will do full justice to my recommendation.

I must now break off. A quarter of a sheet of hints for a thanksgiving sermon, if sent speedily, will be most useful. A confirmation, and ordination sermon, must very shortly be prepared; and with all these in view, I have got the Archbishop's approbation to Mr. ———'s preaching next Sunday.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate

Friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 31.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 25. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED great satisfaction from your letter of the 21st: but not more than I was looking for.

As to the sermon, it strikes me that good use might be made of Isaiah xxxvii. 33d and 35th verses: 'Thus saith the Lord concerning the King of Assyria, he shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there; nor come against it with shields; nor cast a bank against it: for I will defend this city, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.'

You may begin with stating the outline of the historic fact; in which you will find no difficulty in making out a parallel, between Sennacherib and Buonaparte. The address of Rabshakeh is in the truest French spirit; and the peculiar feeling seems to be that of haughty indignation, that so small a country should stand out against a conqueror, who had subjugated so many powerful nations. This success had evidently made him think that the world was his own; and he conceived, that his very presence was enough to work wonders: 'With the sole of

my feet,' says he 'have I dried up the rivers of the besieged places.'

Briefly, then, go over the wonderful way, in which God was pleased to frustrate.

That the tyrant of France has an indignation against Britain, of not wholly a dissimilar kind, will not be disputed: that, in the pride of his heart, he contrasts the present enormous extent of his acquisitions, with the comparatively narrow limits of Britain, we cannot doubt; and he must be the more enraged, because an island which looks so small on a map of the world, should work him such annoyance.

In many signal instances, has this, hitherto, occurred; but scarcely in any more remarkable, than in the instance which leads to the present solemnity. In all the exultation of a victory, he that day said, that what he wanted was, not conquest on land, but power on sea: in other words, he wanted to be free, from the only adequate restraint on his overbearing ambition. Yet, on that very day, it pleased God to let him see, that he was as far from that desired object as ever: that what he so much longed for, was the very thing which he could not accomplish. He was made to see, at least enough took place to show him, that God, who had given to Great Britain its peculiar ascendancy on the ocean, was determined still to preserve to it that superiority, in spite of all his efforts to obtain it for himself.

Such, we have reason most deeply to thank God, is the present aspect; and, therefore, though our deliverance is neither so extraordinary, nor so decisive, as that of Jerusalem; yet, as we in reason are bound to ascribe our deliverance to the same hand, so, considering the menaces which, for successive years, we have been witnessing, we have every ground for entertaining the same feelings of gratitude, which the people of Jerusalem must have felt on that great occasion.

But the truest method of being grateful, is to learn those lessons, which, we may reasonably believe, are intended to be impressed on us. The prophet says, concerning the judicial visitations of Providence, 'The Lord's voice, &c.' Micah vi. 9.: but, is there not a voice, too, in interferences of mercy? We learn from the Gospel, that there is a most tremendous voice: what our Lord says to the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, St. Matth. xi. 20., because they repented not, is surely most applicable to us, if, after all the distinguishing favor we have received, we refuse to own that hand of our God, which has been good upon us. Neh. ii. 18.

But, if we wish to see our circumstances in the true light, we must examine by the lamp of God's word. When the Psalmist was in a state of depression, 'his feet had well nigh gone; his

steps had well nigh slept ; . . until he went into the sanctuary of God.' And, too probably, we may be in danger of presumptuous elatedness, if we do not follow his example. It has been wisely observed, that, while the New Testament teaches us the methods of God's grace, the Old Testament teaches us the ways of his providence. And the thought is most reasonable ; for, in that earlier dispensation, God was dealing, not so much with individuals, as with a nation. Hence, therefore, all other nations are to collect their duties, and their doctrines, until the consummation of all things.

The passage, in particular, which has been read, considered in connection with after events, conveys much striking, because most suitable instruction.

Jerusalem was most signally delivered : but why ? 'for my own sake,' says God, 'and for my servant David's sake.'

1. This implies the deliverance was utterly undeserved ; and, therefore, to be rejoiced in with trembling. He would do it for his own sake. They were unworthy of such a mercy : but God was a gracious God ; passing by iniquity, transgression, and sin : because he was such, they were delivered.

2. But it implies, farther, that he would do it, because the plan of his providence required it. The Jews were a nation set apart, to serve the most extended purposes of divine benevolence. Out of them was to come that true seed of David, the holy leaven, that was to leaven the whole earth. Let their unworthiness, therefore, be ever so great, God's glorious designs were not to be frustrated. The ten tribes had, already, been scattered over many countries ; but the remnant of Judah must not share their doom : not because it was more innocent ; but because the truth of God, and the religious interests of mankind, were so deeply connected with its preservation.

3. This is particularly intimated in the expression, 'for my servant David's sake' : for to David had the promise been made, that his seed should inherit an eternal kingdom ; and, therefore, what casualty threatened the stability of that decree, must be warded off : for the words seem also to imply, that God's love to David, (who, whatever faults he had been guilty of, had retained, through all, an undeviating resolution to have no other God but the God of Israel,) was the source of the entailed blessing being continued to his people ; and chiefly operated in preventing that total rejection of them from God's holy covenant, to which, had their national conduct only been considered, they might have been justly liable.

That the first of these observations applies most strictly to us, I need not spend words to prove : that God has aided us, not because we have been deserving, but because he is gracious

and full of compassion, every one of us will allow. In every sense may we, indeed, say, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be the praise.'

But it may be asked, how do the other meanings of those words belong to us? They teach us, that most awful and interesting truth, that, as then, so now, God has reasons for his conduct, far beyond the common thoughts of man; that all events, on this earth, are regulated and directed, in subservience to the interests of that spiritual, and invisible kingdom of the Messiah, which the carnal eye recognizeth not; which, like its divine Founder, when he came at the first to establish it, 'hath no form or comeliness,' to them who love the world, and the things of the world: but which, notwithstanding, has existed in the hearts of all genuine christians; will at length, the word of prophecy assures us, subdue all hearts; and is, indeed, that, for the sake of which, the world continues; and to which, kings and emperors, in their successive generations, are nothing more than subordinate, though, too often, unconscious servants. Dan. ii. 44., vii. 13, 14.

Let us not, then, deceive ourselves, by calculations of human force; or by precedents drawn from common history; or by suppositions, that the little concerns of states and kingdoms, as they regard, merely, the present life, are any thing in the view of him, before whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers, and the nations as a drop of the ocean, or as the small dust of the balance. It is on far other principles, and for far other purposes, that the great events on this globe are directed and overruled. Little as the religion of the Scripture is thought of amongst men, this it actually is, to which every thing else is subservient. If we are chastised and corrected, it is to compel us, by our necessities, to reflect on our true interests, and betake ourselves to our only refuge: if we are relieved and consoled, it is to lead us to acknowledge the hand, which hath delivered us out of the snare of the fowler. If signal judgments come upon the earth, if God rebukes many nations, and smites in sunder the heads over divers countries, it is, though we may not always see the distinct purpose, . . it is, I say, to remove some obstacles, or to bring into operation some means connected with that kingdom of the Messiah, which God has sworn in his holiness to set up in the hearts of men. And, again, if particular nations are signally protected; are repeatedly rescued from menaced calamity; it is, because such deliverances, are, in that instance, fittest to promote the same infinitely glorious design. If Jerusalem was delivered from Sennacherib, and if Great Britain be preserved from the no less overbearing tyrant of to-day, it is for God's own sake, and for his servant

David's sake ; that is for the sake of the kingdom of the Messiah.

And may we not, with all humility, conjecture some reasons, why the British empire should be thus distinguished? Has not God made great use of it, even already, as exemplifying to mankind a state of society, and a form of the christian religion, more truly worthy of imitation, than any others that are, or, perhaps, ever have been? Why God thus distinguished us, we know no more, than why he distinguished the Jews: but this we know, that in comparison with other countries, we may, in great degree, apply to our islands, what God, by his prophet, applies to the hill of Sion: 'My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine.' Yes, God hath, as it were, taken much pains with our empire; and, by many a complicated plan of providence, has brought us to what we are: . . . both in our religious faith, in which rationality and spirituality are harmonized; in our public worship, in which simplicity and dignity are united; in our national government, in which efficient authority goes hand in hand with genuine liberty; and in the prevalent manners of the country, in which, amid many painful instances of open vice in some classes, and as open folly in others, still good sense we may hope has, on the whole, a more powerful check, than in most other countries in the world.

But why has God given us these benefits; and why does he still continue them to us? Most assuredly, for this alone, that we may improve them, not only to our own advantage, but to that of the world. We have, as a country, we have, as individuals, more ready means, probably, of glorifying God, than any other people on earth. There is not a time that we assemble in the house of prayer, that we have not a fresh entry, as it were, made against us in the books of heaven: for, not only our entire service, but many single collects teach us, distinctly and impressively, the nature of that religion to which God calls us; and to which we, favored as we are, should, by our example, be calling the world. Where no such pure service as ours has been presented; or where the whole is at the option of the minister, and, therefore, falls as he falls, perhaps into wrongness of faith, as well as coldness of heart, then the case may be very different, and the account to be rendered much less. But to us, by virtue of our apostolic liturgy, vital christianity is continually held forth, in all its fullness, its depth, its beauty; and is it not peculiarly in order to the continuance of this blessing, that we have been spared so long, and delivered so frequently? But, if we continue to neglect this blessing, . . . to

improve it no better than we have done, or are now doing, . . what have we to look forward to? God, surely, expects from us, that we should not remain barren or unfruitful, under so permanent a provision for conveying the good seed into our hearts. 'The earth, &c. &c.' Heb. vi. 7, 8.

The excellent writers on religious subjects might be alluded to, who certainly excel all other writers in the world : but that, I only suggest.

The liberty of doing as we please, which we peculiarly enjoy, is a talent which God expects us to improve. We may, in this land of liberty, regulate our conduct by reason ; because the authority of law and government is, with us, congruous with reason ; and the consequence is, that even fashion, with us, is not that despotic thing, which it is in less favored countries. Personal and domestic conduct is unfettered by any considerations, but those of good sense and conscience.

It is not, therefore, wonderful, that so favored a land as the British empire, should be guarded, still, by that hand that formed it : but, if we bury our talents ; if we do not shine as lights in the world ; if we do not honor to that religion, the fullest knowledge of which we may have, if it be not our own fault ; . . what have we to look to, but the fate of the barren fig-tree ?

This impresses itself the more strongly, when it is remembered, that though God delivered Jerusalem for his own sake, and for his servant David's sake, when menaced by Sennacherib, he nevertheless, soon after delivered it into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar ; and though, in the one case, not a bank was permitted to be raised, in the other, its walls were laid low, and levelled with the ground.

Can there be a more awful warning, or one more suitable for us to lay to heart ? Their deliverance, was far more signal than ours ; yet that was no security against a speedy change, in the conduct of Providence toward them, when, instead of being instructed, they grew more careless and hardened by mercies.

And what was their chief fault ? 'Cursed is he,' saith the scripture, 'that trusteth in man ; and maketh flesh his arm ; and, in his heart, goeth from the Lord.' They had, as we have, peculiar grounds to make God their refuge ; but of the rock which begat them they were unmindful, and forgot the God that formed them : 'therefore, thus saith the Lord, forasmuch as this people refuseth the waters of Shiloah, which flow softly (that gentle brook, the stream which flowed fast by the oracle of God, and made, by the appointment of Heaven, an emblem of that noiseless energy of omnipotence, which was their invaluable portion) and rejoice in Rezin and Remaliah's son, therefore, be-

hold, the Lord bringeth upon them the waters of the river, strong and mighty, even the King of Assyria, and all his glory; and he shall come up over all his channels, and go over all his banks.'

And is not this our fault? and may not Divine Providence have indicated it to us, in the death of our most successful warrior? We may, indeed, mourn for him, as the Jews for Judas Maccabeus. 1 Mac. ix. 20, 21. But may not we, and our countrymen ask, whether, by trusting in him, and in our hearts going from that God whose gift he was, we may not have provoked our heavenly King to take from us our champion? It is surely worthy of most awful reflection, that, at the same time, we should gain a victory, and lose him who gained it, and had gained many. Surely, this mixes admonition with mercy, warning with deliverance.

Would we, then, secure to our country a continuance of the blessings, so long, and so singularly vouchsafed to us, let us deeply lay to heart what these words convey. God delivered Jerusalem, for his own sake; that is, for the sake of religion: and for his servant David's sake; that is, because David's love to God, was remembered in behalf of his nation. Let us, then, set ourselves, in good earnest, to be workers together with God; both in promoting religion in our own hearts, and in the world: by the first, we shall ourselves add to the safety of our land, as ten righteous persons would have procured the deliverance of Sodom; by the second, we shall increase its happiness, and insure its well being. And let each individual lay to heart, that, let events turn out as they may, he will secure his own [safety], when sinners in Zion are afraid, when fearfulness, &c.

—oo—

LETTER 32.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, Dec. 9. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM going to ask a favor of you: which is, that you will, on receipt of this, send me your sermon on 'They that sleep, sleep in the night', &c.: that is, that you will enclose it to Mr. Taylor. I will safely return it to you, in the course of the ensuing week. The fact is, I wish to have it to read here, in the chapel, on Sunday evening next.

This may strike you as a whimsical kind of request: but you will consider the painful dearth there is of good sermons;

and you will, also, have no objection, thus to elongate your faculty of doing good ; besides, from the honest report I will make to you of the effect, you will be a better judge how far you may hope to profit the public, by sending out some of your discourses.

I naturally wish to hear from you about your thanksgiving sermon, and whether my hints were useful to you. I was pretty well employed, as I was obliged to write an entire sermon for one person, and part of one for another. The person for whom I wrote the entire sermon, modified, and I doubt not, improved it. The part was delivered in my own hearing, one or two errors excepted, verbatim.

I hope you are pretty well at present ; for I am going, with your good leave, to enlist you into a service of some magnitude. It is, to preach a charity sermon for the Orphan House. Mrs. — had looked to — ; but he wishes to decline it ; and on grounds, which convince her she ought not to press him. He, therefore, being out of view, she next looks toward you : for her object is to have, if possible, a christian sermon. I own I wish you to accede to her request, and if you do, I will furnish you with a text, which you will love to enlarge upon ; and some hints, which, I hope, you will not dislike. You have time enough before you, as it will not be till some time in May.

I hope, earnestly, to hear from you continued good accounts of your health and spirits ; to which, I am well assured, no earthly means can be more conducive, than your steady perseverance in riding. But what I also once more mention to you is, the desirableness of your taking the beginning of the week for your sermon. This would leave your mind so disengaged, in the latter part of the week, that exercise would be doubly serviceable to you. I am afraid I may be in danger of teasing you on this point : but, indeed, I am impressed so much with its importance for you, and I consider it, also, as so good an opportunity for you to acquire self-command, that I cannot, consistently with my deep concern for your health and happiness, omit to mention it.

I must now break off, as the gentleman who is to carry this to town is on the point of going. My cordial love to the Archbishop.

J. D. has probably written to you before this. He perseveres in writing most happy letters to me, and to Mrs. L. That is, one to each of us, since he returned home.

Always yours,

A. K.

LETTER XXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 17. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

ALONG with this, I send you a copy of my ordination sermon; which I was under the necessity of making later in the week, than you would recommend. The truth is, that, between preparing my examination, the examination itself, and some indisposition, I found myself, pretty late on Saturday, without any other provision for the next day, than an arranged plan in my head, and, on trying to write, that evening, I could compass no more than the introduction (p. 1.); being really exhausted, by the prelections I had been giving for three days. In this dilemma, I thought it best to go to bed at eight o'clock, and rise very early. Accordingly, at one o'clock, A. M., I rose, and put to paper what I now send. It gives me much pleasure to think that Mr. —, the new priest, is under very serious impressions. He is certainly, just now, rather ignorant; but his dispositions are excellent. He took hugely to all that was said; and has this morning gone home, with a gig full of books, and a very thorough resolution to give himself up wholly to his profession. M. was present at the examination; and I think received some information which gave him pleasure.

In the sermon I now send, you will recognize a sentiment from Ogden, about 'all the distinctions of morality.' It came forcibly to my mind; and though I had not the volume to refer to, I put it down, possibly much marred in the expression. You will also recollect Seneca's sentiment 'Spiritus Dei res delicata,' &c.; but you will, perhaps, still more easily recognize ideas, which I have imbibed from yourself and from 'the Hints.' I know not whether I have, in any measure, made them my own, by the phraseology; but whether they be deemed stolen goods or not, they were too much to my purpose to be set aside.

I fear this letter is incoherent, for I have been hurried; and I am sure it is ill and crookedly written, for I have been almost in the dark. But you will excuse errors. Pray do write very soon to

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JERR.

LETTER 33.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Bray, Dec. 20. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a line or two to say, that your sermon reached me safely on Sunday morning last ; and the only drawback that I have had, in my pleasure respecting it, is, that I did not read it myself in the evening. I thought I had drilled — sufficiently ; but still it was not what it should be. It was liked, however, by all ; and it delighted —. Mrs. L. has begged permission to have it transcribed, which I was sure you would not refuse, and I therefore did not oppose.

I am trying my own hand at a sermon ; and have got two thirds through it. If I succeed in such things, I, too, may meditate giving a volume of Sunday readings. My text is that verse in Habakkuk, 'But the just shall live by his faith.' I find it a pleasant subject ; and you know it is a copious one. I mean to stay here, till towards the beginning of the new year. It is a lovely place ; and I even become more and more attached to it.

You must preach that sermon ; and you need feel no difficulty about it. As soon as one or two matters are out of my thoughts, I will furnish you with the hints I spoke of, for your consideration. Your letters have given me great pleasure. I cannot but be ever interested in what concerns you ; and to hear from yourself what satisfies me, is a very great comfort indeed. Your liking to ride alone, and finding your faculty of solitary thinking improve, is just what I could wish. I know from a little, but not enough experience, that nothing tends so much to make one, both agreeable and useful in company, as finding solitude agreeable to oneself.

The fact is, there is a certain inward strength, a self-possession, a self-command, and, therefore, a self-satisfaction, which is the happiest of all possessions ; except that which gives it (the knowledge of God, and of him whom he hath sent). But this frame is not to be had at once, nor, perhaps, at all, if we do not labor for it. But we can do this, only by continued endeavors to practise it. And we can do so to purpose, in solitude only. Self-command must, indeed, be most essentially exerted in society : but it must have been got in private ; in perpetual efforts to live upon ourselves, and be, under God, our own bank, from whence to draw comfort. Growth in this, is growth in common sense, in usefulness, and in happiness. And to find in myself

any satisfactory proof, that I am thus strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man, does delight me. I soberly ask, what can I want further in this world, but to be still more established, and still more settled, in this essential felicity. The bell has rung for prayers, I must, therefore, only add, that

I am always yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER XXXVI.

To H. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 23. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

THIS morning brought me your letter ; and, with it, brought me much comfort which I stood in need of. This bad weather has affected me with a severe cold and headache : the latter, indeed, was probably helped on, by the necessity of framing a very bad-dish confirmation sermon, for yesterday : but, whatever be the cause, I so feel the effect, that I have made a provisional engagement with Mr. —, that he shall preach on Christmas day.

Still, however, my engagement is but provisional ; for I have been thinking of a discourse on St. Matt. xi. 4, 5. ; which, I conceive, may be so managed, as to suit Christmas tolerably. I know not whether you recollect my differing from you, on the subject of St. John's doubts : formerly, I followed Atterbury, Doddridge, &c. &c., in the opinion, that the Baptist merely wished to remove the scruples of his followers. Lately, however, I have come over to the other way of thinking. Our Lord never used words, without a depth of meaning : but what force or spirit would there be in ' Go and shew John', if St. John had no doubt ? Our Lord commonly shaped his answers, so as to meet what was in the heart of those who addressed him. If, therefore, the doubt originated with St. John's disciples, can it be supposed, that he would have omitted so fair an opportunity of censuring their unbelief ; and is it probable, that he would have used expressions which convey an indirect reproof to St. John, if St. John did not deserve it ? I do not attribute much weight to the argument, which dwells on the full evidence that St. John had, and the direct testimony he bore. Those earlier impressions might have been considerably effaced, when the special purpose of his mission was at an end : and besides, would it not be attributing too much, to him who was inferior to the least in the kingdom of heaven, to suppose, that his faith

remained unshaken, amidst greater trials, than any of the Apostles were exposed to, before their Master's death?

All this, however, is little to the purpose of my sermon. I would, then, first put briefly, the evidence arising from the miracles performed : this evidence, in itself, does not go to prove the point in question, that Jesus was the Messiah ; because, miracles might have been wrought, by a person with an inferior divine commission ; but when it is considered, that the very miracles wrought, were those which the Prophet Isaiah attributed to the Messiah ; a prophet who must have had peculiar weight with St. John ; then, indeed the probability of our Lord's messiahship becomes very strong. But more conclusive evidence remains behind. 'To the poor the gospel is preached.' This is the distinguishing characteristic of christianity ; the point in which it differs, from every heathen, and every jewish system. The gospel is preached. 1. To the poor in condition. Contrast with all philosophical systems, which were exclusively adapted to the wise, to the learned, to those of superior stations in life. 2. To the poor in spirit, (which though not commonly adverted to, I take to be the grand point,) : in Isaiah, it is '*to the meek*', which is rendered, in our Lord's quotation, '*to the poor*.' St. Luke, iv. 18. Now, that the poor may signify the poor in spirit, is evident from a comparison of the first beatitude, with the parallel place in St. Luke. These passages, taken along with 'Come unto me all ye that labor, &c. &c.' 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, &c.' ; and, indeed, compared with the whole tenor of the gospel, leave no doubt on my mind, that the answer to St. John Baptist, has a direct reference to what I deem the highest branch of internal evidence, the adaptation of the gospel, to all those who are consciously 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked', in a moral sense. The preaching good tidings, to persons thus spiritually poor, is a fine contrast to jewish theology and morals ; which afforded comfort to those only, who thought themselves righteous. On the above, then, and other grounds, I shall not scruple to take that spiritual view, which the common interpretation very imperfectly affords.

All this, I fear, is meagre, common-place stuff. I was willing, however, first to satisfy myself, and then to satisfy you, that I can think a little, under the pressure of bodily ailments, which would, some time ago, have prevented me from thinking at all. I am very glad that my sermon could be of any use as a Sunday reading : and happy, on higher than personal motives, that it gave satisfaction to the congregation. You judged quite right, in not objecting to its being transcribed. Surely, it must ever be most gratifying to me, to afford any kind of gratifica-

tion to Mrs. L——. But who, indeed, has a better title than you, to dispose of that, or any sermon of mine? Pray have you since received the inclosure of an ordination sermon? I sent it to Mr. Taylor, with a request that he would forward it to you; but did not mention B——, as I was uncertain whether it would reach you there.

Since you are imperative about the Female Orphan Asylum, I have nothing to say in the way of objection. You know you may freely and fully command me. And as, in this instance, you promise me much useful aid, I know not whether the matter may not be as well thus settled, as in any other feasible mode; since our friend is out of the question. It is certain that, however I may partake of the perfections attributed to himself, by Shakspeare's clown, 'Marry, and I can mar a good story in the telling of it', your hints will at least come forward with this advantage, that I can promise they will be cordially received by me. I wish I could be equally certain of feeling their influence upon my heart.

And now, my dear sir, let me return you my best thanks for your letter: it was a cordial to me, and has actually contributed more to support me through a day of illness, than you can, perhaps, well conceive. Will not this be a stimulus to you to write often, though it be but half a page? My temperament is such, that a little sound wisdom, thrown in at a needful time, cheers my spirits far more, than any thing which society can afford. Happy as I am in conversing with you, I doubt whether, in the hour of nervous depression, a letter from you would not tend more to calm and compose my mind, than even a whole day of actual conversation with you. Must not this arise from hence, that the letter inspires me with the wish, and solitude affords me the opportunity, of looking at home for comfort? I have often wondered, why hours of your wise, instructive, delightful talk have so frequently failed '*mihi me reddere amicum.*' May not this have been the cause, . . . that I was seduced, by it, to transgress that sage moral maxim, *Ne te quæsieris extra*?

The Archbishop called on me just before my dinner. I talked over with him the substance of what I wrote above, as to the poor in spirit; at first, he differed altogether; but, latterly, was coming round to me. I hope I have not been wrong in my view; for, probably, I shall have preached on the subject, before an answer from you could reach me. I was much struck, some weeks back, with passages from Seneca and Lucretius, graphically descriptive of the *tedium vitæ*: one from Lucretius I will transcribe for you, lest you should not have the book to refer to:

Si possent homines, proinde ac sentire videntur
 Pondus inesse animo, quod se gravitate fatiget,
 Et quibus id fiat causis cognoscere, et unde
 Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constet ;
 Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus.
 Quid sibi quisque velit, nescire, et querere semper,
 Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.
 Exit saepe foras, magnis ex sedibus ille,
 Esse domi quem pertaesum 'et, subitoque revertit ;
 Quippe foris nihilo melius qui sentiat esse.
 Currit agens mannos ad villam hic precipitanter,
 Auxilium tectis quasi ferre ardentibus instans :
 Oscitat extemplo, tetigit cum limina villæ ;
 Aut abit in somnum gravis, atque obliviam querit,
 Aut etiam properans urbem petit, atque revisit.
 Hoc se quisque modo fugit : at, quem scilicet, ut fit,
 Effugere haud potis est, ingratis hæret, et angit.

Is not this a masterly description? The whole carries the impression of real life; it is no fancy piece. Some of the touches describe the very manners of to-day. 'Currit agens mannos.' There, we have precisely the curricles and ponies of Bond Street; for, happily, Bond Street has monopolized our Dublin loungers of the first rate, . . . one of the best results of the Union. But, indeed, we have, throughout, an almost living picture of the miserable shifts and expedients, by which the world is trying, 'onus deponere.' Lucretius knew the malady right well; unhappily, he did not know the cure. His remedy was suicide; and after that, an eternal sleep: for these he actually proposes, as the only refuge of the miserable. Who that deeply considers this, must not, from his heart, bless God for the gospel?

I do believe the Archbishop acquits me of laziness. Since we parted, I have preached every Sunday but two; and in lieu of them, there has been a thanksgiving sermon; besides the examination for orders, and extra preparation for the confirmation, in the course of which I have catechized on Mondays, as well as Fridays. It would, however, be a small matter to be acquitted by the Archbishop, if I could not acquit myself: this, I trust, I can. I own I should be very thankful, if I were to rise to-morrow without a throbbing head; in that case, I might do something for Christmas day.

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

J. J.

LETTER 34.

Bellevue Bray, Dec. 23. 1806.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I THANK you much for sending me your ordination sermon* ; which I think most substantially good : and what I particularly like in it, is that easy flow of composition, to which I was solicitous to see you come. The time in which you wrote it, makes it appear to me a wonderful little discourse ; and Mrs. L—— thinks it one of the best discourses she has ever read. I do not go thus far : but I am highly pleased with it indeed. There were one or two places in which, had I been near, and had there been time, I should have suggested a short addition, in order to prevent your meaning being mistaken. For example, where you say, that ‘the word of God would enable’, (I quote from memory, for Mrs. L—— has not yet returned the sermon,) I should have expressly added, ‘when impressed by the Spirit of God.’ You may be sure I conceive you to have had this fully in your thoughts. And, where you speak of the Bible furnishing such rich, and diversified materials, I should have recommended the express recognition of the utility and necessity of human learning, as both philologically, and philosophically, aiding the due understanding of God’s word. This, too, you feel just as much as I. In fact, my good friend, your style of preaching seems to me to be wonderfully what it should be ; and its being so, and its obvious improvement as to manner, even in this last discourse, gives me most cordial gratification and satisfaction.

I must only add, that I am always yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 35.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Written at B——, Jan. 4,

Dated from Dublin, Jan. 7. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I OUGHT, before this, to have acknowledged the receipt of your pleasant letter. It was a cordial to me. Every sentiment

* This discourse was published in the following year. See Jebb’s Sermons, on Subjects chiefly Practical, Sermon. XI... Ed.

and observation in it, relative to yourself, and to human nature, I cordially agreed with ; and am obliged to you for the passage from Lucretius, which is most remarkable. But, as to the meaning of the text there, I do not so fully, accord with you. I say, so fully, because I have no doubt that your sense is really in the text : but, in my mind, not as the immediate meaning, but as that which the literal meaning leads to, or rather (what is very near your own idea) involves. I would object only to its being supposed, that our Lord meant those to whom he spoke, or even John, so to understand him. The frame of mind John appears to have sunk into, made it peculiarly expedient to present to him proofs, sensible and palpable ; therefore, our Savior says, 'Go, and tell John the things which ye hear and see.' Now, what did they hear and see, respecting the particular point you speak of? Not, I think, the spiritual, but the literal fact : our Lord was, at the time, working miracles, and surrounded by a multitude ; for, as the messengers of John 'departed, he began to say to the multitude', &c. He, therefore, made an appeal to their own senses ; and, as their senses were not yet so exercised, as to discern spiritual things in themselves ; nor, probably, to apprehend much about any thing inward ; they would, of course, explain our Savior's words, by what they saw ; and give the same literal meaning to the poor, as to the blind, the lame, the lepers, the deaf, and the dead. In which terms, however, there was, generally at least, if not particularly, a spiritual purport, as well as in the other ; as appears from St. John ix. 39, &c. &c.

Yet I must allow, that the last particular involves a spiritual meaning, more necessarily than the others : because, in whatever sense we are to understand the poor, the evangelizing them is, ipso facto, a spiritual blessing. This, however, does not, I conceive, make at all against the primary meaning of *πρωτος* being literal. I rather think there is a peculiar propriety in so understanding it, because, in this view, I think this last fact becomes the uniting link, by which the old dispensation, and the new, are connected together.

Isaiah prophesied of the Messiah all the things here enumerated, and particularly the last. He prophesied under an outward, and miraculous dispensation ; under which dispensation, also, the Messiah was to come. The prophecy, ultimately, pointed to spiritual blessings : the Messiah came, substantially, for spiritual purposes. But, as the prophecy must speak the language of the existing dispensation, so, the Divine personage, whom the prophet described, must literally, as well as spiritually, fulfil the prophecy, in order to fit the circumstances under which he appears. His divine course commences, under the outward

system of judaism : outward miracles, therefore, must attend that commencement, to show that he is the consummation of that system. He, therefore, does literally, all that Isaiah predicts, as the necessary introduction to his doing the same things spiritually. But, as the prophet had remarkably added a spiritual blessing to all the rest, so our Savior adds to his outward miracles, from the very beginning of his ministry, this completely spiritual function ; that is, he engages, professedly and ostensibly, in the instructing of that part of society, who, until now, had been comparatively neglected. And he does so, not only from divine benevolence to those whom he commiserated 'as sheep having no shepherd', but to show, by an impressive and intelligible act, the complete spirituality of the system he was about to introduce.

You justly observe, that this is the point, in which the gospel differs from every heathen, and every jewish system ; and you add, that the preaching to the poor in condition, forms a contrast with all philosophical systems. But I would add, that the difference does not lie merely between every philosophical and every jewish system, and christianity ; but between the divine dispensations of judaism, and christianity : for judaism, being a system of temporal blessings and promises (I speak not now of the spiritual and moral influences, which ran on, latently, from the patriarchs, and preserved, throughout the jewish economy, a kind of subterranean course, . . 'If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures', says Solomon, . . though bubbling up every now and then, in the Psalms and the Prophets : but I speak strictly of the Mosaic dispensation) this, I say, being as it was, there was actually no text to preach to the poor upon ; no open, no warrant, for evangelizing them. Some scintillations of such a thing, appear in the prophetic, and devotional parts ; but, in the law itself, absolutely nothing : but rather the reverse. The Jewish poor might certainly pick up much, to cherish the virtues fit to yield them comfort ; but they were no more expressly provided for, than the heathens themselves were.

Nor could this be otherwise, until a 'more excellent ministry' should come ; 'a covenant established upon better promises' : spiritual promises, applicable to man as man ; and of course extending to the poor, as well as to the rich : yea, more applicable to the poor, as being the only prospect, by which they could be rationally invited to take comfort. Here, then, lay the propriety of our Savior seeking the literally poor, as his most immediate charge : not only because he, for the first time, offered them rational consolation ; but also because, in doing so, he ev-

idenced the sublime novelty of his character, and the peculiar nature of his mission. Many prophets, in former times, had wrought miracles ; this being perfectly congruous with the then state of things ; but they did not collect around them the forlorn classes of society : because they had no good news for them ; no blessings applicable to them. Nothing, therefore, could so distinctly and unequivocally manifest the opening of a new state of things, as this particular conduct of our Savior : by no act could he, in the first instance, so aptly have cracked the shell of judaism, if I may so speak ; in no way so strikingly indicate his real object, or so directly disabuse those who entertained secular ideas of the Messiah ; and, in a word, in no other manner so fitly make a transit, from the one system to the other. I would add, that, of all possible predictions, this was the most remarkable, for the reasons just given : it being in fact a prediction, which, when fulfilled, must imply the passing away of a temporal, and the establishment of a spiritual dispensation. It, therefore, on the whole, was, as I already hinted, the very fittest for our Lord to lay stress upon, or to conclude with, on such an occasion.

You see, then, that, in my mind, the word was used by our Lord literally ; but that, in this literal fact, the spirituality of the Gospel began signally to unfold itself : and doubtless it was hereby mainly intimated, that, in this new dispensation, the rich, in order to be profited, must come down to the same level with the poor. But there was a poverty inherent in human nature, alike extreme in all. And, as the blessings of the new dispensation related wholly to this poverty, they were first addressed, who were most likely to acknowledge their want of that, which

'Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus seque.'

I am inclined to think, that the discourse in St. Luke, is not the same with that in St. Matthew ; but a repetition of the substance of it, on some other occasion. And while the expression in St. Matthew, fixes the term to a spiritual sense, that in St. Luke might safely have a more literal bearing ; because it is not, blessed are *the* poor, but '*ye* poor :' ye, who have made the right use of your outward circumstances, and are become my disciples, so very few of whom are to be found among the more affluent.

Yet, if you preached what you intended, you have nothing to repent of : for, most assuredly, you have said nothing, into which the text would not unfold. I mean only to say, that the fullest scriptural meaning, is aided rather than [hindered], by the fullest literal interpretation.

I sincerely hope I shall not lose sight of your wish to hear

often from me, however briefly. You have, I assure you, furnished me with as strong motives for doing this, as you well could ; not only by the expressions in your letter, but by the very physiognomy of it. I think I see in it the very hilarity, that I myself was the means of exciting ; and believe me, to make you cheerful, will ever cheer myself.

I mean to return to town on Tuesday the 7th, after a very pleasant time. I more and more think, that my visits to this place are in the order of Providence ; and I seem to myself to perceive consequences actually arising, from my being here, which gladden my heart. It is a place which seems to have had the Divine eye peculiarly upon it. And appearing to myself to observe growing proofs of this, I more and more enjoy myself here.

I presume you have, ere this, heard from ——. I know he meant to write to you : and I think must have done so, if something has not retarded it. I certainly get charming letters from him.

I feel that I have not written as often, or as largely, as I should have done, to the dear Archbishop. I am sure it is not from want of disposition, for he lives in my heart of hearts : but I find it peculiarly difficult to me to be a regular correspondent, when there is not stimulating regularity in the post. In Dublin, the hour of seven makes me sit down at six, and work for fifty-five minutes ; which leaves room for one tolerable letter. My natural indolence requires all this : for, were there not something in me to counteract bodily disposition, I should be as torpid an animal as goes upon two legs. In fact, I believe I could not exist at all, and, therefore, I may well give thanks in every thing ; for every ray of consolation I have ever felt, has emanated from, not merely the providence, but the grace of God. And were the influences, which have distinguished my last eight years from former years, to be, for one day, wholly withdrawn, that setting sun would see me the wretchedest of human creatures. I shall very shortly endeavor to talk to you, about the text I propose to you. In the mean time, believe me always, most truly and entirely yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER XXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 8. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS not without hopes of hearing from you before this ; but, perhaps, my hopes were somewhat unreasonable. Our last letters passed each other on the road ; and, therefore, as the strict matter of debt must remain in doubt, I feel that it is my part, to provoke you to a renewal of that instruction and delight, which I never fail to receive from your communications.

It gives me heart-felt pleasure, that the little ordination sermon affords you any gratification ; especially, in point of style. But I am sensible that much, very much requires to be corrected and acquired : more, indeed, than I can hope will ever be accomplished ; for, both in matter and manner, I fear I am doomed never to rise above the ‘non contemnenda mediocritas’ of Quintilian, if, indeed, I ever get so far. However, it will be very well if I am enabled to do what I can ; though I should never attain the power of doing what I would. You will, perhaps, be well pleased to hear, that I did not meddle with St. John the Baptist’s message. In order to make a useful discourse upon it, I think it would be necessary to give that spiritual turn, to that part of the gospel being preached to the poor, which a congregation might not be prepared to acquiesce in. And, as plain and unquestionable tests are not wanting, from whence to derive the instruction I wished to communicate, it is surely best to avoid setting out, with prejudices against one. The Sunday before last, I gave a little discourse on that passage of Isaiah, ‘The voice said, Cry’. ‘All flesh is grass,’ &c. I connected the introduction with the season of our Lord’s first advent, as leading to the consideration of his second ; and I made full use of Lowth’s striking comment on the whole passage. The body and close of the discourse, was occupied by reflections, suitable to the close of the year, with a short reference to the sudden death of Mr. Mansergh, the curate of Tipperary, who was carried off on Christmas-day, after an illness of only three days. He was well known to most of the congregation, and nearly connected with some of them. The awfulness of the subject, and the train of thought which that very pregnant text naturally produced, did, I think, deeply impress ; but whether permanently, remains yet to be decided.

— has written me a most happy letter. The very senti-

ments your heart could wish, flowing forth with spontaneous liveliness ; coming from the heart, and speaking to the heart. In truth, my dear sir, he has got S. Chrysostom's wings. He is now a hawk, or an eagle ; and, I trust, untethered, or at least without any other incumbrance than a few tags, or threads, which will soon crumble into dust, and mingle with the thin air. I do, with my soberest judgment, expect great things from him. All the ardor of his fine spirit still remains ; only that he is now directed to loving, more than to doing. And we know that the progress, in the one case, is infinite ; while, in the other, it is bounded in very narrow limits. Why should he not have been urged to accept the orphan Asylum sermon ? I conclude there were some urgent reasons, or Mrs. L. would not have let him off. But do you not think, that, by preaching a christian discourse on that occasion, he might have done much good ? There is something so attractive, so gentle, so winning, in his manner, that we may say of him, in a qualified sense,

‘ That truths divine come mended from his tongue.’

If you could give me a text for a Cashel sermon, and a very short paper of hints, I would be very glad to write from it : such a thing might, perhaps, be here in time, to enable me to have it against Sunday, 19th inst. The shorter the hints, the more acceptable ; because my object is to be led into a train of thought for myself. When you send anything at length, I find your words so good, that from a consciousness of inability to supply better, I use them more than it is perhaps honest, or serviceable to myself to do. If, however, you are otherwise employed ; or if you do not find half an hour, which may as well be employed this way, as any other, I beg you may not think of troubling yourself.

—oo—

LETTER XXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 30. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR note was handed to me by Mr. Torrens*, for whom I had before been looking out ; and whom, from character, I was well prepared to receive as a friend. The character I had heard of him, and his own interesting manners, would have warmly re-

* The late Rev. John Torrens, master of the diocesan school of Cashel.

commended him to me : but what you say, binds me to him still more closely ; and makes me regret only, that it is not in my power to serve him substantially. But what I can do, I will do.

Your letter of hints reached me, and found me well prepared for it : as I had been conning over Isaiah iv. with a view to a sermon ; and reading Vitranga and the Critici Sacri, from whom I was deriving some light. Your text, therefore, fell in altogether with my train of thought : and I have since written much of a sermon, and hints for more of it, pretty much on your plan. I hope to preach it next Sunday ; and, but for circumstances, would have had it prepared for last Sunday. Your suggestions have been most useful, and you just left as much as I could have wished for ; enough to lead me into a train of thought, or to continue the metaphor, to give me food for reflection.

I direct to Dublin, but if this find you at B—— I beg you will offer my kindest and most respectful compliments. Farewell my dear friend, and believe me your most obliged and faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. Thank God, my health, spirits, and faculties are pretty well.

—oo—

LETTER XXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 17. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your account of the decision. I am glad that it has taken place even by a casting voice, which all things considered was perhaps as much as could be expected against an influx of party men, who were determined to act blindly on Dr. Magee's ipse dixit.

It is pretty clear that we are committed with the anti-fanatics, and if a battle must be, it is better they should show themselves openly ; though for such matters, I am now very weak. The strange weather has produced in me an inflammatory cold, of the most incapacitating kind. It was hanging on me some days, without my knowing it ; the consequence was, that working as I did for the orphan Asylum, I produced some wretched stuff ; and am obliged now to give up till I reach town, unless I should prove wonderfully convalescent to-morrow and next day.

Please God I shall set off on Monday. It would mortify me deeply were this most interesting institution to suffer, through my illness. I can hardly describe to you what have been my feelings these two days; and now I feel it my duty, in every point of view, not to be careful in the matter, but to pray to God, if it please him, to remove my complaints, and to give that aid without which I can do nothing.

The eleven days I hope to be in Dublin, will afford me more than time enough. You will believe that I do not postpone from laziness.

Farewell, my dear sir, we shall I trust meet on Wednesday.

Your most affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

Thursday.

—oo—

LETTER XL.

To A. Knor, Esq.

Cashel, June 23. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I ENCLOSED you a letter, which I received from the unfortunate —, on my return here. Possibly you might have it in your power, to convey him, for me, a couple of guineas, which I will thankfully repay you: Mr. Bourne can most probably let you know where he is to be found. I wish some little subscription could be set on foot for him: for whatever have been his faults, the poor man seems deeply sensible of them; and it is a shocking thing to see a clergyman of our establishment, reduced to the deplorable state he is in. Should you think well of a subscription, I will write about it to my brother, who I am sure would aid it; and I would then try and give somewhat more, than I have commissioned you to give for me. The fact is, I fear it would not be of any service to trust more money in his own hands, than the little pittance I speak of for the present. Were there a subscription, I think it should be in some person's hands for his use.

The easterly winds, and the alternate hot and cold, have continued to affect me. Still, however, I live in hopes of getting better. My landlord has taken down almost the whole front of his house, to make alterations; and I am driven to the library*, to take refuge from the most deafening noise. I must, I

* Archbishop Bolton's library, adjoining the palace, at Cashel. . . Ed.

believe, accept the invitations of some friends, for these ten days to come, as there is no prospect of quietness at home.

I had a long conversation with S——, in town; which gave rise to a long cautionary letter, against the pernicious influence of philosophy and poetry. It is well meant, but far from judicious. I shall briefly thank him for it; and reserve to myself the power of replying more at large, in a more convenient season. So far as good S—— is concerned, an apology for the use we would make of philosophy, can, I apprehend, produce little effect. But it might not be amiss, to have some arranged and methodized arguments on the subject, ready prepared for those who may be jealous of one's system.

I hope you received the sheet of your letter, which I did indeed detain an unreasonable time; and I hope, too, that you have dispatched the whole to its destination. Good may be done by it; for were H. M.* decidedly of your way of thinking, with the high character she has acquired, and the weight which attaches to her sentiments, among evangelical people, she might be an instrument of great good.

Pray have you got Whichcote's Aphorisms, with a correspondence annexed between him and Dr. Tuckney? In this latter, there seems to be much to the purpose, on the great controversy, whether justification be *moral* or *forensic*; but I have yet only glanced my eye over it, having but just procured the book when leaving town.

Has any progress been made in Dean Kirwan's sermons? I wish much that they were collated with those of Massillon and Bourdaloue, on similar topics: for lately reading Massillon's sermon, '*sur le mauvais riche*,' I thought I recognized several of the very thoughts with which we were so much pleased, in the Dean's sermon, on the same subject. Should my apprehension have any foundation, which I hope it has not, this would at once put an end to the project of publication.

Are we to hope for the pleasure of seeing you here? Pray, my dear sir, do write me a few lines; and thereby do provoke me to send you something less vapid, than this most stupid epistle.

Believe me, most gratefully,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

* Mrs. Hannah More. . . Ed.

LETTER 36.

June, or July, 1806.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I HAVE actually begun something, with an eye to a more digested exposition of my sentiments, which, if I succeed in it, I shall most probably publish. I have not seen the work you mention; but shall look out for it: though, probably, I should not find the excellent Whichcote expressing himself just as I should like. I conceive him to be the head of two stocks: the great leaders of the one, our well known friends*; those of the other, Wilkins and Tillotson. Burnet was not aware of this twofold character: and, therefore, ascribes to all of them, what belonged to one class only. For instance, he says, that 'they read *Episcopius* much.' This was clearly true (as I conceive) of such as Wilkins and Tillotson; for no writer, I imagine, is more un-platonic than *Episcopius*; nor, probably, did any more contribute to spoil English theology.

I have this day engaged Keene to reprint Mrs. Barbauld's essay on devotional taste; and promised, if he should lose by it, I would indemnify him. I will next try to engage him in reprinting Cudworth's two sermons.† And shall lose no time in setting Dugdale upon Smith.

Yesterday, at the visitation of the country part of this diocese, a parish clerk and schoolmaster was displaced, for being a methodist. This was most impolitic, considered as a voluntary act; and most strange, considered as an event: most impolitic, because the secession ought not, on any account, to be either accelerated, or made appear excusable; not accelerated, because, left to themselves, they will every day become less formidable enemies, and can be formidable only from being thrust out, while they retain some portion of their original energy. Besides, while they continue in the church, their non-methodist children continue professing members of the church; but once make them dissenters, and the schism will absorb their children, though the [*part torn away by the seal.*]

But it is strange as an event. It is a new symptom of the times being out of joint: such a thing has not been done for many years, perhaps, never. In England, most certainly, the dissenting interest increases: and not only a disrespect for, but

* The platonists of Cambridge, as Mr. Knox usually styled John Smith, Cudworth, &c. . . Ed.

† Since republished by Bishop Jebb, in the Protestant *Kempis*. . . Ed.

an ignorance of, the establishment, seems to spread. Even this might not ensure the downfall of the established church, if matters were left in quietness. But if, while dissenters are multiplied, they are also exasperated, what can be looked for, but some such thing as Bishop Laud brought about, an actual pulling down of the church and the hierarchy.

Believe me most cordially yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XLI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, July 12. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WISH I had an excuse for not answering your last letter, which it would give you pleasure to receive; but this not being the case, I must plainly state the fact. I did not write, because sunk as I was in mental power of exertion, while we were at B —, I have been much more so, since my return to Cashel. 'I know,' said poor Cowper, 'and know most perfectly, and am, perhaps, to be taught it to the last, that my power to think, whatever it be, and consequently my power to compose, is, as much as my outward form, afforded to me by the same hand, that makes me, in any respect, to differ from a brute.' Now, what Cowper said, I can say, with no less truth. The visitation of God, which has been, and which still is upon me, I trust is not suffered to pass unimproved. I feel that I strictly hold every thing from Him: and that, when He is pleased to withhold his influence, I can do nothing. A feeling, which I hope may pluck up by the roots, every working of pride, every undue complacency in the fruits of my own exertions. I am, however, aware, that there may be another danger; . . that, so wonderfully are we disposed to deceive ourselves, it is possible to shelter ourselves, from the self-accusation which must accompany wilful indolence, under the idea, that exertion is put out of our power. On this point, I have taken myself to task; and think, that, notwithstanding occasional misgivings, which I believe attributable to nervousness, I can fairly and honestly acquit myself of a disposition to be idle. The truth is, some kind of mental activity is necessary to my enjoying any comfort; and were I well, no manner of exertion would more fall in with my tastes and wishes, than preparation for the pulpit. But I feel that the hand of God is upon me; and, so feeling, I submit in patience. Since

my return, I have been obliged to preach a segment of my last charity sermon, somewhat modified ; to give two borrowed ones, and an old one. And to-morrow I am obliged to give one, preached the 4th of last August. Could you furnish me with a text and hints ? I will strive to begin a sermon on Monday.

Under this malady, my spirits have, thank God, been less depressed than formerly ; and though not able to *give out*, I have *taken in* a little. Reading has been my great resource, with some exercise, and the variety of a little active duty as rural Dean.

I most thoroughly coincide in opinion, as to the displacing of methodist clerks. I trust this measure will not be followed up, in other cases : should it so happen, then I would seriously apprehend a secession of the whole body from us.

I had a letter last night, from ——. He warns me that I am verging to excess, in my view of contemplation being the great nurse of wisdom. I am truly obliged to him for his friendly caution : but, as he neither gives the ground of his opinion, nor enters into reasoning on the point, I cannot say that he has produced any revolution in my mind. I suppose his apprehensions for me, are founded, chiefly, on the letter I wrote from B—— ; as we had very little conversation since, and no communication by letter. Now I, on the other hand, fear, that he has too great a hankering after the activities, as ground of comfort, and means of self-improvement.

I am very glad you are re-publishing : and hope that, ere long, you will give something of your own to the world. Pray are we to hope for you here ? The entire want of society, has been a damper to me : but indeed I have not been well enough for society. The variable weather affected me. I had a greater inflammatory cold, with more feverish, and more languid symptoms than even pending the orphan sermon.

A line from you speedily, would be an act of real kindness. It would relieve my spirits ; and besides, I almost uniformly find, that such letters as I have from you, and one or two others, set me a thinking, and, by doing so, render an essential service.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
JOHN JERR.

LETTER 37.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 15. 1805.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

WERE I to write to you but six lines, I will not let this post pass.

I have been much with methodists these eight days past. There are most excellent persons amongst them; and, I will add, the truest churchmen in the world. But this is not, perhaps, the prevalent character. The great detriment is, that the majority of them (I speak, you observe, of preachers,) have been bred dissenters; and are still too much so at heart: but I am confident, that, if we are properly kind to the well disposed part, they will carry it above the other, though I fear more numerous part; for a good cause is itself a counterpoise to number. They, I hope, have behaved tolerably at their conference. I will send you their minutes, to-morrow or next day.

In order to do some good, if I can, I am republishing Mrs. Barbauld's essay on sects and establishments. I read part of it to my cousin Averell to-day (he is actually my relation); and he was so impressed with it, as to satisfy me I was doing right. I think of prefixing an address, and adding some notes. When it comes out, I shall send two or three copies to you.

I began with the impression that I should be able to write only a few lines. I must stop now; and am, my dear Friend,

Always most faithfully yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 38.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WISHED to have acknowledged your most gratifying letter, by return of post: but I was obliged to write, on the day I received it, to J. D.; and yesterday, I was equally obliged to go out, at my letter writing hour, which is the interval between dinner and seven o'clock. The reason of my going out was poor Mr.

Brooke's* death; who yesterday, at four o'clock, was released from all his pains.

I will not say much to you at present: but I could say a great deal; and every thing of a pleasant kind. Yes, my good friend, I can venture to assure you, that all the *desagrémens* which you refer to in yourself, are solely the result of corporeal indisposition; in which the poor mind may be a fellow sufferer, but without deserving it. I trust, however, even this will not long afflict you: but that the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, under the efficacious influence of a yet better physician, will soon, that is in due time, get the decided ascendancy; and indemnify you for all your foregoing sufferings, as I, thanks be to my great Benefactor, am indemnified at this day. I doubt not but, in the mean time, 'all things will work together for good.'

Truly, all you say is pleasant to me, however you may see very little matters magnified, through the medium of a kind heart. Yet I will not, after all, call them little: for surely there was the stamp of cordiality on the least of them. And this is what you value. 'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is; than a stalled ox' . . . I will not merely say with the text, 'and hatred therewith' . . . but, where love is wanting.

I am pleased with all you tell me; and pleased with your most interesting quotations. That is a very ingenious, as well as very just distribution, of the powers of the mind; and it holds good, peculiarly, in the instance to which he applies it. It agrees pretty much with what Geo. Gainden says of Forbes.

—oo—

LETTER XLII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

July 16, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

My ailments still continuing to unfit me for business, I thought it right to state fully to the Archbishop, the manner in which I have been affected for the last three months. He expressed himself on the occasion, like a father and a friend. He thinks it my bounden duty to take care of my health, in the first instance; and his own bounden duty, not only to sanction whatever may appear necessary, but to advise me to it. And the re-

* Henry Brooke, Esq., nephew to the author of '*Gustavus Vasa*,' and '*The Fool of Quality*,' and of kindred genius and goodness. It was the privilege of the editor to witness almost the last hours of this eminent christian . . . 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.'

sult of our conference has been, that I should request of you, who know my maladies better than almost anybody else, to consult Dr. Perceval immediately for me, whether change of scene, and relaxation of mind, would not be advisable; and whether any, or what kind of regimen, would be needful.

I need not tell you, who know so well, what my general habits both of body and of life are: but it may not be amiss to mention, that I awake every morning with a parched mouth, and generally with a head-ache, which continues through the day; . . . that I am often low in spirits; and that, for the last three weeks, I have had a stoppage in my head, of a more annoying and inveterate description, than what is commonly called a cold in the head.

What I wish is, for a general opinion, what mode would be best for me to pursue; especially, such an opinion as would enable me to arrange with the Archbishop respecting my absence, if it be needful.

If you could conveniently see Dr. P., on the receipt of this, so as to answer by return of post, it would be a great convenience; as I wish to have both his opinion, and yours, to lay before his grace, previous to his departure; or even, could you write on Saturday, I might have your letter to shew him on Sunday night. He sets off early on Monday.

If a migration is recommended, I have thoughts of first visiting J. D.; then, B., if the family could receive me without inconvenience; then, my brother, at Richmond, and the Heylands*, in the county of Dublin. England, I do not think would be within the reach of my purse this year.

Mr. M. is with me, so I must conclude.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN JESS.

—oo—

LETTER XLIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 4. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I left your room on Wednesday, with a full heart, much more rushed into my thoughts, than I could give utterance to; and, as I passed along in the carriage, I had many feelings, which, notwithstanding the weakness that unavoidably mingled with them, I should be sorry ever wholly to part with. Time

* Rowley Heyland, Esq., the Bishop's brother-in-law.

has since been given, for calm and sober thought ; and I am, therefore, now able to state, as well from rational conviction, as from actual feeling, that I never, till this last visit, had a full opportunity of knowing the value of your friendship. Your wise and good advice ; your calm forbearance, under various importunesses, more I trust the result of malady, than of any inveterate mental warp ; your minute consideration for me, in many little points, which I could not, or would not, consider for myself : these, altogether, have cemented my regard for you into a feeling, for which I cannot find a name ; but which I know, I have not towards any other human being ; and were this the only effect produced, it would, surely, be very cheaply purchased, by a two months' absence from my duties at Cashel. But this is not all. I do firmly believe, that I have got hold of your whole system ; so as, at once, to understand, and to love it ; but, indeed, can it be understood, without being loved ? Sed virtus conspiceretur oculis. The love of it, however, is not of the frothy, foaming kind : if I at all know myself, it is sedate and steady ; capable of rational explanation ; and, I trust, founded on some incipient experience that our schemes are not theoretical, but substantial, practical, and divinely influential. The fact is, that our system addresses itself to man's real faculties, as distinct from those shadowy, fictitious, imaginative powers, which too many, indeed almost all, the theologians in the world, are, one way or other, employing in the manufacture of images, which they may fall down and worship. Our objects, have their archetypes in nature ; and their correspondent analogies, in the whole system of God's providential, moral, physical, intellectual, and spiritual government. Whilst the objects of most others are mere entia, *phantasias*, resembling nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath ; and which, consequently, though they may afford matter to talk of, and argue about, can neither be substantiated by sound reasoning, nor illustrated by matter of fact. It is curious to observe, how fond people are of disporting themselves in a sort of moral moonshine ; which has just sufficient light to lead them astray, without possessing either penetration, force, or vital warmth. Happy it is that there is another kind of theological system ; and most happy are they, who are led cordially to embrace it. To them, God is not only a shield, but a sun ; and every object which they view, is gilt by the rays of his divine benignity, while they feel within, a steady, and equable ardor of devotion, which, of itself, evinces its heavenly origin. Occasional obscurations, indeed, I do suppose, are the inevitable lot of humanity ; but may it not be hoped, that, as we advance, these will gradually become less frequent, and more transient, so as to resemble the light clouds of a summer day ?

I find that I have run on, I fear almost into rhapsody; but my pen has been seized with a fit of fluency, which to me is a novelty; and rather than check it, I am willing to trust to a quality, which I have already tried in you times without number, namely, your patience.

And now, that I may, in some sort, endeavor to indemnify you, I shall quote for you a passage from a preface to a work, which I picked up in town, and have been delighted with, since reaching home . . . *Petri Poiret Bibliotheca Mysticorum*. He says, 'Non semel monui atque explicui duorum generum esse in nobis facultates pro objectis quibusvis, sive spiritualibus, sive corporeis; facultates videlicet reales, quæ objectum ipsum ejusque verissima influvia (ut sic dicam) reipsa suscipiunt. Deinde facultates umbratiles, quæ, absente objecto, ejusque influviis remotis, ideas imaginesve horum suscipiunt solas, imo et fabricant. Hanc facultatem rationis humanæ esse ostendi, quam et propterea cum ejus actibus et exercitio, vocavi activam; illas vero passivas, utpote quæ non efficiant objecta sua eorumve influvia viva, sed patiantur ea ac recipiant; quales vero facultates, pro spiritualibus objectis sunt desiderium sive fames quædam animæ intimæ, atque eadem immensa, item et intellectus passionis, oculus animæ spiritualis (in quibus fidei sedes est), multique deinde spiritualiores in intimis sensus a Deo, divinis eorumque effluentis realiter, vive, solide affici idonei: *quando contra, anima a RATIONIS ideis affecta superficialiter, UMBRATILITER, mortuo modo ac EVANIDO prorsusque PICTO afficitur solum, siquidem ipsamet idea PICTURE duntaxat quædam mortua sunt ac steriles, et prorsus EVANIDÆ.*'

Does not this passage, and especially the part of it that I have marked emphatically, furnish a wonderful comment on what we witnessed at —? Have we not here, totidem literis, our friend's pictures? And could there be a more faithful description of that self-deceptious, rationalizing system, whose evil influences we so entirely agree in lamenting? I cannot resist my inclination to transcribe another portion of this remarkable preface.

'Male pergunt multi qui bene inceperant, at quanto magis qui non satis bene inceperant. Non bene satis inceperant qui pro scopo habent acquirere ideas ac cognitiones rerum spiritualium, uti illas sciant, invocato etiam ad hoc divino auxilio. Melius incipiunt, qui pro scopo habent ipsum quærere Deum, ejusque operationes vivificas et reales, ut cum ipsis tandem mirantur: qui tamen, cum infirmi sint adhuc, ac capti crassioris, adhibent simul, uti subsidia quædam, non res tantummodo aliquas externas sed et ipsius rationis suæ ideas atque industriam, occupando illam quanto fieri potest circa spiritualia objecta

sibi idealiter representanda, adjunctis simul desiderii sinceri ad Deum precibus, uti realitatem ille ipsam, divinasque sui effluencias non rationi modo, sed cordi, et intellectui passivo, et totis intimis nostris benigne largiatur. Quo vero in exercitio facultatum realium et umbratiliū simul, si se illi gerant ita ut potiores partes tribuunt rationi, eam magis circa ideo per ratiocinia exercendo, quam cor, intellectum, desideria intimaque omnia, Deo ejusque operationibus ardentius et sæpius offerendo; tunc, vel nil promovebunt omnino, vel facultate ideali activaque superiores partes tandem obtinente, degenerabunt in ideales, superficialiores, &c.

‘At si, in facultatibus realibus exercendis Deoque offerendis sese magis ac magis exerceant, quam in sonitandis, discutiendisque rerum divinarum activitate rationes suæ ideis; si circa has, earumque partes, casus, difficultates ratiocinationibus examinandas atque perpendendas se indies minus minusque occupent, ut ex occasione eorum quæ velut præcipua iis representantur, ad Deum elevent solidum illum suum et sincerum mentis, facultatumque realium et intimarum fervidum (quem Petrus *την σιλὴν τὴν διαβολῶν* nominat . . 2 Pet. iii. 1.) tum vero versantur tutius in recta proficiendi via in qua, ubi Deus eorum sinceritatem ac perseverantiam satis exploraverit, auxilium proculdubio mittet suum, lucis suæ, sapientiæque divinæ participationem aliquam, quæ rationis activitatem corruptam, ejusque imperfectas et umbratiles ideas magis magisque supprimat, ipsa agentis dirigentisque partes suscipiente et hominis animam præparante ad receptionem magni et adorandi Hospitis illius, qui dixit ipsemet, Ego et Pater, ad eum veniemus, et mansionem cum eo faciemus.’

I am particularly pleased with his distinction, of active, and passive intellect. Does not this latter seem to identify with that child-like temper, or habit of mind, which our Savior has pronounced a necessary qualification, for his spiritual kingdom? And, if these things be as Poiret represents them, must we not pronounce that divines are, too commonly, walking in a vain shadow, and disquieting themselves in vain? Not, however, I am convinced, in vain, with respect to the final developement of divine truth in the world; for truly, every erroneous system, and even every erroneous system-monger, contributes a quota towards that analogical, or comparative theology, which we are so fond of. And, besides, when we consider the various ways, in which men may and do go wrong, it is matter of deep and humble thankfulness, that we have been led to views, which, the more they are scrutinized, the more conformable will they appear to scripture, to nature, and to immutable fitness.

I have now only to request that you will give my kindest

compliments to Miss Fergusson. It will not be easy to forget the good treatment I met with, under her hospitable roof; or the unaffected, but cordial attention, which she had the goodness to show me. It was not without its share, in producing that ease and quietness within me which I feel, in spite of a cold contracted on the road; and which gives me cause to hope, that I shall be enabled to pursue my reading and writing, this winter, with renewed alacrity. I rather feel a desire for sermon-making; and if health permits, I shall try to-morrow to make an incision in the visitation discourse.

Recollect how much I love to hear from you,

And believe me, my dear Sir,

Your most grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER XLIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 17. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEIZE half an hour's respite from the bustle of our visitation (having been, as you may suppose, in a crowd all yesterday, and having been levied, from 7 o'clock this morning, by various friends,) to let you know, that my troubles have terminated, in a manner far beyond my expectation. At the beginning of last week, I was incapacitated from all exertion, by attacks, half nervous, half bilious. On Friday and Saturday I was able to work to my satisfaction, though the toothache reinforced the enemy; but this last of the confederates kept me awake, all Sunday night.

Monday I got the tooth drawn, and the effect of the violent pain, coming along with feverishness from want of rest, and biliousness, threw me into a fainting fit. All that day I kept my bed, wonderfully weak but pretty easy. Tuesday or Wednesday, though weak with headaching, I was enabled to work with comfort; and yesterday I got over matters, as I said, far beyond my expectation. This journal, to another, would become tiresome and impertinent; but I think it will not be wholly without interest to you.

The Archbishop thanked me publicly, before the clergy, for what he was pleased to call, 'the best sermon he had ever heard, whether at a visitation, or on any occasion whatsoever; and expressed his strong wish, in which he was sure the clergy

would join, that it should not be confined to those who heard it, but that I should make it public.' The clergy joined in the request and . . . *Ecce iterum Crispinus!*

How far the Archbishop was right, I cannot presume to judge. You will be able to draw your own conclusion, when I send the sermon to you. I stand amazed, however, at the general acceptance it has met: the clergy unanimously and cordially approve; and yet it unequivocally puts forward, some of the very deepest truths of our system. I am happy in feeling that this has not been my own doing. Under such illness, I could not have so written; and I must, therefore, be enthusiastic enough to conclude, that I was borne through by a higher hand. I was even enabled to deliver it above myself, as Forster* tells me, who heard me preach for the orphans. My feelings, on this matter, are such as I cannot describe. I hope and trust, they are neither vain, nor selfish; for I verily believe that the work is not mine; and I rejoice more, in the success of our cause, than of myself. I shall soon write, and send the sermon prepared for the press; and shall beg of you to put it into Watson's hands, having first corrected it.

Believe me, your most affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.



LETTER 39.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Oct. 20. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

JOHN Torrens' account of your sermon yesterday, enlarged upon most satisfactorily in your letter of to-day, has given me cordial gratification. I reckoned on something good and comfortable: but, I own, the event has exceeded my calculation. I believe you view it exactly as you ought to do; and I trust it is but the first-fruits of a harvest of consolation. I shall have real pleasure in attending to the publication; and will do what I can to expedite it; knowing, from experience, that printers are a species of creatures that need the spur, as much, almost, as an ill-conditioned horse. I shall be ready, however, to retract my censure, if they go on *jugiter* with me, on this approaching occasion.

* The late Rev. George Forster, afterwards rector of Thurlow.

Have you yet sat down to the Oct. edit. of Cowper's Life ? if you have not, take to it ; as I do think Cowper's letters, as far as I have gone, (which is as yet but half way through the 2d vol.) are wonderfully interesting. The difference, between the letters written to Mr. Newton, and to his friend Unwin, is particularly striking. There is regard and estimation in the one : there is friendship, genuine and vivid, in the other. In fact, I suppose there are not in the world, letters equal in merit, as compositions, to those of Cowper to Unwin. When I read to you what I had written, in the commencement of my review, respecting Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin, you thought me rather severe on the former. My continuous reading of Cowper's life does not lead me to entertain the idea. I rather have a severer idea of Lady A., than I should wish to put into writing for publication. I almost suspect, she was a very artful woman. But I need not enlarge. I wish you only to read the book continuously, if you have not read it yet ; and tell me what occurs to you.

I should, probably, have been a little advanced in that review, had I not been diverted to another subject. I have, this day, been copying a letter to the Christian Observer ; which, probably, will require three days to transcribe. It contains remarks on what is said in the paragraph that begins on the 2nd column of the 529th page : you will probably guess, on reading, why I animadvert on it.

When you send me your sermon, put up with it the one I gave you, on your going away : as I have an inclination to read it over again. I know not how it is, whether with, or without reason, but I am impressed as if my faculty of writing were diminished. I have nearly as much clearness and copiousness : but I feel as if I had less energy. It will comfort me against this, even were it to prove a reality, to see you grow, as I decline. I could add many things, but the post will not wait for me ; therefore, I must be content to tell you, that I am

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER XLV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 25. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,
I SEND you my little sermon, and your very good one along with it : and believe me, while you can write such, you need

entertain no manner of apprehension, that your talent for composition is leaving you. With respect to what you say of energy, any apparent declension, may arise from the accidental circumstances of ill health ; or, very possibly, it may proceed, from having the mind so full of matter, so desirous of not letting any important truth escape, that there is a comparative negligence, as to manner. I believe, among writers in general, it will be found, that the anxiety about mere style, is inversely as to the quantum of solid, and substantial ideas, with which the mind is stored.

The Archbishop has asked me two or three times, with evident interest, whether it would be possible to prevail on you to make a visit here. I heartily wish it could ; for good might be done. I am persuaded that —— is in a happier frame of mind, than he ever was before in the whole course of his life. He has most happily gained ground, in resignation to the divine will ; in quietness, under circumstances that could, once, have fretted and perplexed him ; in a relish for domestic life, and a disrelish for mixing much in the common society in the world ; and in that which is the fountain and source of all the rest, a spirit of prayer. These things being so, I do think you have a call to come here, if, (which how much I hope it, you will conceive,) your health permits. ——, too, would be delighted to see you.

* * * * *

My judgment of the sermon I send, is, that it has neither brilliancy, nor eloquence ; but that it announces some very radical truths, with tolerable clearness and succinctness ; and in a manner not likely to alarm the anti-fanatics. The arrangement, I conceive to be good, and pretty well followed up ; and all the subordinate branches, pretty fairly traced up to the root. You will perceive that I had in view, your thoughts on analogical preaching ; presenting, as well as I could, some ramifications, not detached from the parent stock. After all, I am very doubtful whether it will please in the closet, as much as it did from the pulpit ; for, somehow or other, I was so aided that day, as to be, at once, more solemn, and more animated, than I was on any other occasion.

You will be so good as to tell Watson to employ Graisberry ; as he did the last little sermon complete typographical justice. You will see two or three little marginal references and quotations ; these, according to your own judgment, you will either retain, or suppress. I own, in spite of Doctor Stopford, I have

a hankering after classical illustration; and conceive that it may answer two useful purposes: 1st, remove the idea of my being a mere religionist, i. e. a fanatic; 2d, possibly induce young divines, to read the authors referred to. I know, a striking quotation from the philosophers, or poets, wherever I meet it, sends me to my book-shelves; and seldom have I cause to regret being thus led to the *exemplaria græca*. However, as I said before, suppress, if it seem right to you to do so.

I propose sending the title page early in the week; and along with it, a brief inscription to the Archbishop and clergy; which Mr. Graisberry can dress up for me in the lapidary style.

The best mode of publishing it among the clergy of these parts, would be, to send some copies to a bookseller in each of the following towns: . . . Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Clonmel.

I must now conclude. It is 10 o'clock A. M., and tomorrow's sermon not begun. I have been ill this changeable weather, and had much work in transcription and emendation.

On the subject of your letter to the C. O., I cannot help making a quotation from Nicole. His horror against the mysticism of the quietists, led him to adopt the very opinions you are combating. '*La règle la plus sûre, que l'on puisse suivre, pour éviter les surprises, et à laquelle ceux même qui ont, ou qui s'imaginent avoir, quelque chose d'extraordinaire, devroient s'attacher, est de ne juger de la vertu que par les actions et les œuvres, et non par tout ce qui se passe dans l'esprit.*'*

I have a good deal to write to you, at a more convenient season, about the filiation of English platonism; especially, that branch of it, which leans towards mysticism; and a very noble quotation to send you, from Cardinal Petrucci, whose work I had the good fortune to pick up at Archer's. In some parts, it must be confessed, he is, what I would join with Dr. Magee in calling, transcendental; but, in other places, he has the true philosophy of the Gospel: and, throughout, is wonderfully free from the peculiar mischiefs of popery. Certainly, the mystics are the most catholic of all popish writers. The jansenists, excellent in other respects, are bigots compared to them.

The mystics spiritualized so much, that they had little relish for the anthropomorphisms of the church of Rome.

Your most affectionate friend,

J. J.

* *Préface de la prière.*

LETTER 40.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Monday, Oct. 27. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM in possession of your manuscript, which I have read over with sincere pleasure. It seems, really, as if your mind had not flagged from beginning to end. I will put it into the printer's hands to-morrow; and I cannot think of suppressing one of your quotations. I feel with you entirely on that subject.

I suppose Nicole meant to combat, something different from what I mean to maintain. The Roman catholic pietism had a very methodistical turn; looking for raptures and illapses, . . . gushes of joy which, possibly, could not be analyzed. I leave every thing of this kind to itself: and contend merely for the happiness of loving God, and of exercising that love in devotional intercourse with him: happiness, not merely in the good effects which these habits produce, but in the sweet, rational, self-complacential, yea, direct, disinterested, delight, which they involve. To these sensations, I think religion owes its energy. We are made to love pleasure: and it is in virtue of a delectatio victrix, that christianity makes us its own. There may be sincere servants without this; but, as you show, it is love, which, alone, gives liberty and power. These principles, the C. O., I conceive, does not enough attend to; and even Nicole's language overlooked them. I conceive they cannot be too much dwelt upon, if they are dwelt upon soberly.

But to return a moment to your sermon. What peculiarly gratifies me in it, is, progress. If you wrote thus, under much morbid pressure, you will write much better still, when that pressure is removed. In fact, I am full of hope about you.

—oo—

LETTER XLVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oct. 31. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I MOST cordially thank you, for your minute attention to my sermon, and for your valuable criticisms. I readily adopt them

all, with the exception I stated in my last letter, and another that I must now make. I rather wish that the cancelled clause, 'of gentleness in manner, and firmness in act,' should be restored: for, I candidly own, the objections you urge, fail to produce conviction in my mind. Possibly, however, the objection which remains unstated may be very strong; and, then, I should not have so much firmness and decision, as to oppose you; though, perhaps, I may forfeit the praise of prudence and gentleness, by the battle I am making. I conceive the obnoxious clause is by no means expletory, but adds, substantially, to the idea of prudence and decision; gentleness, being more of a moral quality, than prudence; and firmness in act, not being, like decision, confined to the scire and the velle, but, evidently, including the posse. The clause, as you justly observe, is obviously proverbial; but I do not see that it is, therefore, necessarily quaint; and I am rather glad to have an opportunity of naturalizing a good aphorism; which I do not recollect having ever met, in any other than a foreign garb. But I have another reason for wishing to retain it, partly rhythmical, and partly philological. The period, as it stands in my MS., has a fulness, which it wants, as abridged by you; and I candidly own, that, in its curtailed form, there appears to me a disagreeable leanness and tameness. But, besides, the 'above all,' in the next sentence, requires to be ushered in, by a fuller enumeration of particulars than you would leave; and I do not think I can well spare my 'gentleness and firmness,' though they were to be retained only as running footmen, to the more important personages that follow. Still, however, your unpleaded reason may be strong. Yet, not even a surmise that it is one, which has some personal bearing as to myself, inclines me to give up the little clause: the upshot of the whole, therefore, is, that, according to your judgment, you will act for the best. It is very far from my wish to be pugnacious; all the rest of your criticisms I cordially approve; but, when I am not convinced, I think it right to say the truth.

Omit, if your private reason is forcible, and I will take it on trust.

The note about 'Judgment to come,' which I sent in my last, was most hastily, and therefore, I fear, lamely and incorrectly written. I have no copy of it by me: but have conned it over again in my mind, and will give it in an improved form on the other side; so that you may, if you see no good reason to the contrary, send it to the press. I own I think the quotation *ad rem*; and of a nature which one would like to put forward in these times, when we should accumulate every image, from every quarter, that may, even remotely, tend to make that

which is unseen, predominate over that which is seen. With this view, I have added a translation for English readers; the best I could make, but a very poor copy of the noble original.

I hope you did not write by yesterday's post, as our mail was robbed to-night. Believe me your most faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

Suppress the note if you think proper.

Note.—It may, perhaps, appear, at first sight, that 'judgment to come,' is not strictly 'a topic of natural religion;' and it must be acknowledged, that both the terrors and mercies of that day are adequately declared in the gospel alone. Still, however, we have the united evidence of sages, lawgivers, and poets, to convince us, that, on this awful subject, wonderfully just and sublime views presented themselves to the heathen world. One specimen from Diphilus, or Philemon, for the author is not fully ascertained*, may prove not uninteresting. It is preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus . . Strom., lib. v. p. 721. Edit. Pott. by Justin Martyr, also, Eusebius, and Theodoret. See the text revised, and metrically arranged, in the Excerpta of Grotius.

Οἶσι σὺ τοὺς θανόντας, ὦ Νικηράτε,
 Τρυφῆς ἀπάσης μεταλαβόντας ἐν βίῳ
 Περφυγεῖναι τὸ Θεῖον ὡς ληλθότας;
 Ἔστιν δίκης ὀφθαλμὸς ὃς τὰ πανθ' ὄρα·
 Καὶ γὰρ καθ' Ἀθῆν' δύο τριβούρους νομιζόμεν,
 Μίαν δίκαιων, ἧ' αἰτῶν ἀσεβῶν ὁδόν.
 Εἰ γὰρ δίκαιος κ' ἀσεβῆς ἰξουσὶν ἐν,
 Ἡ γῆ δὲ καλύψει τοὺς δύο τῷ παντὶ χρόνῳ,
 Ἀρπαγ' ἀπελθὼν, κλεπτ', ἀποστερεῖ, πυκνὰ·
 Μηδὲν πλανηθῆς· ἐστὶν γὰρ Ἄδου κρείσις
 Ἦνπερ ποιήσει Θεὸς, ὃ παντῶν δεσποτὴς,
 'Οὐ τ' ὄνομα φοβερόν, οὐδ' ἀν' ὀνομασίμ' εἴω·
 Ὁ τοῖς ἁμαρτανουσι, πρὸς μῆκος, βίον
 Δίδωσι.

Thinkest thou, Niceratus, that the dead, who have partaken every luxury in life, shall escape the Deity, as it were, by stealth? There is a just eye, that seeth all things. We believe, also, that, in Hades, are two paths; the way of the right-

* Whoever be the author, the high antiquity of the passage is undoubted. Philemon flourished about 300 years B. C.; and Diphilus was nearly his contemporary.

eous, and the way of the wicked. For, if the righteous and the wicked are to inhabit a common abode, if the earth is to conceal them both for ever, then go, plunder, steal, defraud, destroy. But be not deceived. There is a judgment even in Hades, which God will execute, the Lord of all, whose dreadful name I dare not utter; who giveth to the transgressors a protracted life [of misery.]

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LETTER 41.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SHORT as it may be, I will say something to you this afternoon, lest you should entertain one day's doubt of my entire pleasure, at being the depository of your interesting researches. Your extracts may, possibly, have some qualities, which your own thoughts and expressions would not have. But, though the latter will always gratify the most, I think I may engage, that what you transcribe, . . much more what you translate, . . I shall always be glad to have.

I will look at Plotinus, and will get Macrobius. Thinking, as I do, that platonism was prepared providentially, not only as preliminary to christian piety, but as a kind of fermenting principle, to act occasionally in reinvigorating it; I see much congruity, in its latterly assuming such a form, as fitted it, more than ever, for the use to which it was to be put. The passage, of which you have given the substance, is in as great readiness for being usefully applied to christian purpose, as any piece of heathen philosophy could be.

Your observations on the mystic writers, are to me highly interesting; and do not hesitate in communicating all that strikes you. I will carefully lay by your letters; and they will of course be, hereafter, if it please God, for your use, as well as for mine. It is most curious, and I own, to me, very satisfactory, that such a line should be drawn between fathers who were, and who were not, mystical. I feel a sensation of pleasure, that such a line can be clearly drawn. For, much as I value the use mystics have been, I own, I no more relish *them* for myself, on the one hand, than I do *calvinists* on the other. We may use them with much information, and innocent entertainment; though, now and then, with a touch of regret: . .

'The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of those who blindly creep, or sightless soar:'

but we cannot but be pleased, to have it distinctly made out, by unprejudiced arbiters, that *we* belong to neither class ; neither creep with dogmatists, nor soar with mystics. By the way, are not the predestinarian class, the same transcendentalists, on the philosophy of Aristotle, that the mystics are, in that of Plato ? And have they not both, in their several ways, been efficient out-guards, the one of truth, the other of love ? I wonder had mysticism any connection with the belief of transubstantiation ?

One would think it might have disposed minds to receive such a system ; if it were only by its misty indistinctness.

The tendency of the lutheran church to mysticism, strengthens my idea of its being the successor of the ancient Greek church. But I must now say no more ; as our clock has just struck seven. How excellent are Petrucci's Remarks ; and also that passage from the *Theologia Germ.* : *si sic omnia !* I will attend to all you say ; and shall find some way, Castle or otherwise, of forwarding your several presents. With your leave, I would only add Keene, Dugdale, &c. to our own publisher ; as, though I am no bigot, I have no great relish for making such a use of R. C. booksellers, except they were farther from the characters in S. Matthew vii. 6., than either — or — have ever appeared to me to be. But this shall be just as you say in your next, after receiving this.

Reason acts too much without love, in dogmatists. Love acts too much without reason, in mystics. Happy, that, even in ancient days, there was a Chrysostom, in whom love and reason were blended and attempered. I love Macarius, and Ephrem Syrus, as far as I know him : but I rejoice in Chrysostom and Poiret's leaving him out, is to me highly gratifying.

Never talk about pedantry, when you are talking to

Yours always, most cordially,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 42.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 21. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for yours of the 17th, all of which is worth attending to, and some parts striking ; particularly your view of the connected effects of mysticism and school divinity. The quotation from Thomasius is very remarkable ; but I do not see

clearly, that the conclusion proves a regard to truth, in the lutheran church. I believe truth was provided for, by its formulae; but I am not inclined to think, that John Arndt was much concerned for any thing but piety. What is said, 'Alii scholasticam reformare sunt adgressi,' I think, belonged rather to the dry high church lutherans, than to any class of pious men in that church; which had its pharisees, while the mystics were its esenes. Look at Mosheim's account of the rise of the pietists. However, probably you mean, just what I have been saying; and that I have [taken] what you say of the conclusion of the quotation, too limitedly of the last few words. I like much your researches; only, be cautious of letting them have more of your time, than their just proportion. Use every thing; but do not let yourself become fond of any thing. Go on, however, I intreat you, to communicate to me your thoughts: they are truly interesting, and I think they will be more so.

I have sent you no gilt-edged sermon. Watson thought it superfluous, as scarcely at all done; and, I own I think the same; so much as (though you desired it) not to order them. As I sent them yesterday, the character of their outside is 'simplex munditiis.' And when I think what is within, I own I think this most suitable; excepting you were sending one to the Viceroy, or to the King.

I wish I could aid you in the Advent business; but I cannot tell you how difficult I should find it, to conceive a continued subject; except such a thing were to open on my mind of itself: which *has* happened. Were you much indisposed for composition, you might obtain materials for four Advent sermons, from Nicole on the four last things: Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven: and, then, you might write a good Christmas sermon, on, 'For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil,' . . in which you might look back on all you have been saying, during the week preceding.

I feel that four connected, and yet sufficiently pregnant subjects, would not easily present themselves. I do not know, but, considering Advent as referring, prospectively, to the advent to come, even more than that past, you might draw four good sermons, from the 25th of St. Matthew; two, from the parable of the virgins; one, from the parable of the talents; the last of the four, from the account of the Day of Judgment, in the last verses. Then, for Christmas-day, I think various good subjects would present themselves; and, perhaps, none better than S. John i. 14.

The two parables, and the statement in S. Matthew 25., and particularly the 1st parable, are exceedingly fine. Only, on re-

flection, I doubt whether that of the virgins, could be fairly divided. If it could not, a fourth excellent subject might be, the marriage feast. *Perimus licitis*. In all this, however, I seem as if I were saying what would not be of much use to you; and it so happens, that I can do no better, as my mind is thickened with morbidness, not at all on my spirits, nor distressingly on my body, but still, enough affecting the latter, to make the mind dull, but not uncomfortable. And besides, I have my occupations too. I am writing a letter to Butterworth, which has spread out with me. And this day, I was obliged to write an address to the public, for the charity sermon of the roman catholic Female Penitentiary, in Townsend Street; which I visited yesterday morning, in company with two priests; and was so much pleased with what I saw and heard, that I am their zealous advocate. Piety, is positively, to appearance, more cultivated there, than it would be likely to be, in any protestant place, of the same description, I know.

Tell the Archbishop, that I shall be so impudent, as, without further communication to him, or any from him, to mention him as a subscriber to Hayley's edition, of Cowper's translation of Milton. You know the case; you zealously urged me; and you are to be named too. You can tell the Archbishop that it will be two guineas; but, being to aid an orphan, the son of one of Cowper's kindest friends, poor Mr. Rose, he will think it well given. I need not send my love to the Archbishop, for I do so in stating the above; as I must truly love one I take such a liberty with.

If you have within your reach, Boyle's Advantages, rather, Excellency of Theology, compared with Philosophy, read carefully the first section; and particularly from the 41st page of my edition, i. e. from the paragraph beginning 'And on the occasion, the greater reverence, &c.;' and tell me if you perceive any thing striking in it. I wish you, also, to turn over, with some attention, Dr. Clarke's 1st theological work, 3 essays on Baptism, Confirmation, and Repentance. I will say more about this last, again; but, can now only say, that I am

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 43.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 23. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHALL possibly give you this evening but little for your money, but I will treat your pocket as I treat my own; that is, with very little of what the wise of this world would call discretion. I have an inflamed eye, which makes me somewhat economical in writing; and I have the review of Cowper's *Life* put afresh upon the stocks, which demands all I can at present muster, of ocular, or intellectual ability.

In Clarke's 3 essays, look particularly at Baptism, chap. iii. sec. 5., and also chap. iv. secs. 5 and 6. Mark, how, in the former of these sections, he enters his strong testimony against all Taylorites. Alas! for our friend at——! And observe, in the latter, how he sides with us, against Drs. S——, M——, &c. Look also at Confirmation, chap. i. sec. 1., and chap. xiii. secs. 6 and 7. I suppose there are many other passages worth attention; but these are what have struck me: and I think you will agree with me, in regarding them as very remarkable and valuable.

But the most painful thing is, that so little of the same spirit should remain, in his other writings. There may be many crudities in this early work; but it is animated, direct, cordial, and primitive. He was yet unbiassed by any thing in the world; lived in the family, of an honest, worthy, Bishop; had in his mind a strong germinating principle of piety; and his studying the Fathers, placed him, for a time, as in a hot-house. Under these circumstances, he wrote what I am now referring to. What he wrote afterwards, seems to imply other habits and feelings; as Whiston used to tell him, not better ones. I think the comparison will be useful, and interesting to you. Look, particularly, at his sermon on the Love of God; my strictures on which, our friend at ——, would not wholly allow; indeed, if I remember, hardly at all.

Yet, I am not sure, whether, even this man might not be, in one respect, a greater aid to you, than more evangelical sermon writers could be. What I mean is, that some of his sermons might aid you considerably, in composing yours; because he would often give you a sensible, clear, well digested skeleton, while it would be a skeleton only. Look, for instance, at the Discourse on Gen. xv. 6., and see whether you could not put some

flesh on those bones ; as far as thought could proceed, without feeling, . . the umbratile, without the real apprehension, . . few men could out-do him. In some cases, however, there might be the mould of truth so laid, as to admit of, and require, only the pouring in the melted gold of love ; and this done, as I think you might sometimes find no great difficulty in doing, might body forth a good sermon. This, however, is quite an extemporaneous fancy, which I thought of within this hour, and have not been able to consider with any deliberation.

Dr. N. seems to go on well ; and I think will be a good preacher, when his mind is more fully regulated, and his habits more established. Dr. W. gives me a good deal of satisfaction ; and he and his brother T., are getting into the best possible understanding with each other, about interior matters. — is clearly set on being what he ought to be ; and Mrs. —, now at F—, has written to me from thence a delightful letter. Having just time, I will copy part of it :—

‘ We are here a very large family party of twenty : and I can be more retired, more given up to serious thought, more collected, and I think I have enjoyed more comfort, in my devotions this day, than I have experienced for some time. I cannot but admire the goodness of God to me in this ; that, in a situation where there is every thing to distract, he should so keep me, so guard me, and show such wonderful love toward me, who have been so cold and faithless ; indeed, so much so, that, of late, I have often feared I was deserted, and have often wondered what prevented my being in despair, from feeling myself so lifeless, so heartless, so completely dead, unable to form an ardent wish to be otherwise. In this situation, my only comfort, in examining myself, and, I conceive, a very solid one in want of better, was, to find myself equally inanimate to the things of this world ; and that I would gladly relinquish any thing, or every thing, for a more assured and experimental love of God. I do not think I have so opened myself to you for some time ; and yet I have not been without the desire frequently to do so ; and I know not how I have been hindered ; nor can I account for it in any way, than by being in such a state as I have now described.’

How sober, how deep, how excellent, and if I may add a less matter, how well written is this ! You know I had uneasiness ; and you see there was apparent cause ; but this letter shows me, most satisfactorily, that there was no real cause. I could not withhold it from you ; you, of course, are at liberty to show it to the Archbishop, with whom I have the comfort of thinking I have no secrecy.

Farewell : most truly and always yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 44.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You never were more erroneous, than in supposing, that my objecting to the *suaviter in modo fortiter in re*, had any thing to do with you. Most truly such an idea never presented itself. No, no, my thought was of a very different kind, and possibly a very groundless kind. Therefore, without requiring from me any thing like a relinquishment of an opinion, or exposing you to the suspicion of any thing like pertinacity, your expression will be retained. I am sincerely glad the other observations have your concurrence. The long Greek quotation is a very fine one; and, on the whole, I think it deserves insertion. You disregard little imputations of pedantry; and I own I am not sorry to see Greek quotations, in the margin of a Hibernian visitation sermon.

Lancaster and his moorish friend, Ombark Boubi, visited me yesterday. The quaker is a clever fellow, I suppose with some excitement of brain: certainly, with great capacity to talk about religion, as of every thing else that he knows any thing of. Possibly, the mechanism of his system may be useful; but of his plans altogether, and especially as far as religion is concerned, I greatly doubt. But not being called upon to act, one way or other, I found it easy enough to pass through my conversation with him: and shall leave others to countenance him, or not, as they think proper.

N. dined with me on Sunday; and spent six hours and more with me: conversation did not flag. He left me at ten, and professed he thought it had been at eight. This was, to me, right pleasant, who would, I assure you, ever wish to send off my guests with an appetite. It was more, however, his sound state of mind, than my management, which made him think it an earlier hour; for I talked copiously, as I am, I fear too often, over-disposed to.

One part of my talk was perfectly extempore; and, therefore, I should like to mention it to you. It is usual to apply the epithet of abstract, to what is metaphysical. In one sense it is just: metaphysical entia are abstract from all matter. But, in another sense, abstraction is not used in metaphysic, because, in metaphysic, you think of what is strictly intellectual; which you find in its own simplicity, and have not need to separate, from any thing in which it inheres. Not so in physics, or in mathe-

matics : here, you strictly abstract ; for you think of things speculatively, which are inherent in objects of sense, so as to have no kind of existence out of them. Squares, circles, angles, have no existence without matter ; therefore, you literally abstract, when you speak of them. Again, in moral matters, something of the same kind takes place ; for as, in physics, you speak of objects of sense, or their inseparable properties, so, you here speak of objects of interest or feeling ; and, in merely thinking of them, you abstract the idea from the sentiment, as in physical matters from the sensation. The mere thinking faculty, therefore, can exercise itself on physical sensation, or perception ; on moral sentiment ; or on its own simple, indifferently applicable power. But, in this last instance, it has nothing to exercise abstraction upon ; itself is its object ; but as it can act only abstractedly, in physical matters, it can do no more, in moral matters. And, therefore, mere abstract ratiocination might as well warm one, by its shuffling about the idea of a fire, as make one good, by the exercise of the same faculty on goodness.

Yours most cordially,
A. K.



LETTER XLVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 10. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I cannot fully enter into all you said, last Sunday se'n-night, about abstraction, and metaphysic, I cordially agree in your conclusion, that abstract ratiocination might as well warm us, by bandying about the idea of a fire, as make us good, by syllogizing about goodness. And here, I conceive, lies the main difference, between the aristotelic, and the platonic philosophy : the former, frequently, going as far, as precise definition, accurate discrimination, and subtle reasoning, can go ; while the latter has a certain nameless charm, which makes us feel, and love virtue. The one has a genial warmth, which penetrates and melts our hearts ; while the other is ' cold and clear,' like Robinson's sharp frosty night.

Dr. Gillies, Dr. Enfield, and the whole corps of rationalizing utility men, are drawn up in battle array, against the Alexandrine school of platonists ; whom they pelt with pebbles, stolen from the German magazine of Brucker, Mosheim, &c. - For

I am convinced they have never read, the writings of the men they vilify. In these days, it has been found very easy, to procure a stock of second-hand learning; and dressing it up with some terseness and flippancy, to exhibit it most ostentatiously, to the bewilderment of the ignorant, and the bedazzlement of the superficial. If you wish for an exhibition of this nature, you may find it in the dissertations, which accompany Gillies' Aristotle; who, because he had learning enough to translate the Nicomachian Ethics, conceives himself entitled to malign writers whom, as I said before, I am sure he never read. If we are to believe his account, Plotinus was the veriest wronghead that ever breathed; an arrogant, self-sufficient, fanatical declaimer. Whether he deserves this character, we may form a tolerable judgment, from the quotations given by John Smith: but some continuous reading of his own original work, has lately raised him highly in my estimation. In parts, indeed, he takes some transcendental flights; but even when he is least sound and sober, we discover a noble principle at bottom: which he that reads eclectically, is able to separate, from the excesses to which it is carried. In his Greek, from an extreme density, and a frequent use of platonic technicalities, he is often 'obscurorum obscurissimus;' and his translator and commentator, Ficinus, is himself so deeply initiated in those Alexandrine mysteries, that he often adds new perplexities, to those of the original. Still, however, I do not mean to be discouraged from digging in that mine, which was explored to such noble purpose, by Cudworth, Smith, and the rest of our beloved latitudinarians. For, I verily think, making every allowance for mysticism, obscurity, and an excess of austere discipline, that Plotinus has more of the *θεσπίδες νοῦς*, than any of the heathens I have yet looked into: and in this, he, assuredly, excels his master, that he would turn with abhorrence, from the impurities tolerated, in Plato's fanciful Republic.

If you have Plotinus, I could be glad you would direct your attention, to the second book of his first Ennead. He there divides, or rather distributes virtue, into four stages of progression. 1. The civil or political. 2. The purgative. 3. The purified. 4. The exemplary. Beyond the first and lowest of these stages, it appears to me, the aristotelic school, with its offset, our utility men, Watson, Paley, Search, &c. have seldom, if ever, advanced. Along with this, which occupies only a few pages, should be read, Macrobius in Somn. Scip., lib. i. cap. 8. This is a very brief, animated, and satisfactory abstract, of Plotinus' scheme; I think you will join with me in admiring, it as one of the noblest specimens extant of eclectic philosophy: carried indeed to a greater height, than mere philosophy ever could

arrive at, except theoretically ; but still, exhibiting that, which should be the object of every christian, that which christians are divinely enabled to attain. Whether you look at Plotinus or not, do, by all means, procure Macrobius.

I have been just reading, and with deep interest, the 6th book of Plotinus' 1st Ennead : it is a treatise *περι καλου*. It is not very long ; and many of its views, wonderfully harmonize with your own. Perhaps, a little specimen of it, not literally translated, but, I believe, pretty fairly represented, may interest, or at least amuse you. He resolves corporeal beauty, into a communication of reason from the divine artificer : giving shape, order, and harmony, to that matter, which would, otherwise, be shapeless and deformed. *Το καλον σωμα, γιγνεται λογου υπο θεων ελθοντος κοινωνια*. Of this beauty, we judge, by comparing the external object, with a certain innate internal formula, which is the pattern of the beautiful : as an architect judges of a building, by its conformity to the plan in his own mind ; or, as a good man is delighted with the rudiments of truth and goodness in a promising youth, because they agree with the archetypal picture of virtue in his own soul ; or, as sweet sounds, awaken latent harmonies, within us, and thus produce a vivid idea of the beautiful.

Moral beauty, can no more be relished by an impure soul, than a man born blind, can conceive and describe the beauty of colours. They, cannot do justice to the brightness of virtue, who do not internally perceive, how beautiful is the countenance of righteousness and temperance, so that the evening or morning is not so lovely ; and, who do not contemplate moral excellence, with an admiration such as the beauties of nature excite, in the tasteful eye. What, says he, is the nature of your feelings, respecting things invisible, when you contemplate generous studies, correct manners, chaste morals, virtuous habits ; in a word, the beauty of the soul ? What emotions, what transports ! How ardently do you desire, to be freed from every bodily incumbrance, to commune with your own spirit ! It is thus that true lovers are affected. And what is it, that excites such marvellous affections ? It is not form, nor color, nor magnitude : but it is the unembodied soul, decked with no other ornaments, than simple modesty, and the native brilliancy of virtue. It is, when you behold, either in yourselves or in others, magnanimity, firm principle, pure chastity ; manliness with undaunted countenance ; seemliness and modesty, with intrepid gait, and undisturbed tranquillity ; and a deiform mind, shedding its lustre over all these great qualities ; *επι δε πασι τούτοις τον θεοειδη ρουν επιλαμποντα*.

He had before stated, that the best mode of arriving at the

true nature of moral beauty, was, to lay down the nature of its opposite ; and I think you will join with me, that his description of a base, degenerate soul, is masterly.

The base soul is intemperate, unjust, teeming with desires, overwhelmed with fears, envious, grovelling, mortal: the slave of impure pleasures ; hurried away by the impulse of animal passions ; accounting turpitude, enjoyment ; a turpitude, which insinuates itself under the semblance of adventitious good ; which contaminates the soul ; agglutinates it to evil ; deprives it of spiritual life, and pure perception ; mingles it with manifold death ; precludes it from seeing any longer, what the soul ought to see ; forces from it the privilege of self-possession ; ever dragging it to outer, and infernal darkness ; *τη ελκεσθαι ασε προς το εγω, και το κατω, και το σκοτεινον.*

He, is not the unhappy man, who possesses not those objects, which are beautiful to the external senses ; or who fails to obtain power, dominion, or kingdom : but he, that is destitute of the sole, and single possession, for which universal dominion, the empire of earth, and sea, and heaven, might worthily be rejected and contemned. But, by what dexterity of contrivance, can we gain a sight of this inestimable beauty ; which remains enshrined, as it were, in a holy sanctuary ; and never comes forth, lest profane eyes should behold it ? Whosoever can, let him enter, and proceed to the inmost recess : leaving behind him, his very sense of common vision ; not casting a look or a thought, on that corporeal beauty, which before enthralled him ; or, if he do meet corporeal beauty, let him consider, that it is but the image, the outline, the shadow of substantial good : and let him fly to the (divine) reality. For, if he pursue any object of the senses, as a real existence, his fate will resemble that of the victim in the fable, who, reaching after a beautiful shadow in the water, plunged into the stream ; and disappeared for ever. It being most certain that he, who devotes himself to mere corporeal beauty, plunges, not his body, but his soul, into dark and dismal depths ; where he must blindly wander, conversing only with shades, whether in Hades, or in this present life. Here, then, any one may cry, (with more truth and justice, than Ulysses in the *Odyssey*), ' Let us fly to our dear country,' *φευγωμεν δε φιλην εις πατριδα.* But, how shall we fly, how escape the magic of Circe, or Calypso ? For this is the real meaning of the fable, which represents Ulysses unwilling to remain, though solicited by every thing, that could enchant his eyes, or fascinate his senses. Our country, is that, from whence we originally came ; and there, we have a Father. How, then, shall we escape ? Where is our fleet ? It is not on foot we are to go ; for our feet could carry us only from

one part of this earth, to another. We need prepare, neither chariots, nor ships : by laying all these aside, and not looking, (to any thing earthly) but as it were, closing our eyes, we are to exercise another vision, and to awaken higher senses ; which all possess, but few employ.

But what does this interior eye behold ? When it is first awakened, it cannot behold objects of dazzling lustre : the soul is therefore to be gradually advanced ; first, we are to contemplate fair studies ; then, good books ; then, the interior of those virtuous men, who perform those good works. But, how are we to inspect the beauty of a holy soul ? Retire within thyself ; examine thine own interior ; and, if thou dost not find it beautiful, imitate the statuary, who pares off this, planes that, renders one part smooth, another pure, till he, at length, produces a beautiful countenance. Thus, do thou, remove whatever is superfluous ; rectify whatever is perverse ; purify whatever is dark ; till it gain lustre : and cease not laboring thy statue, till the deiform splendor of virtue, shine forth in thee ; till thou seest a sound mind enthroned in holy purity. If thou arrivest at this state ; if thou seest thyself thus, and inhabitest thyself in purity, freed from every impediment to becoming thus one : having nothing foreign, mingled with thy internal essence, but being thyself entirely one true light ; not measured by size ; not circumscribed by figure ; not bounded, even, by immense magnitude ; but altogether immeasurable, as being greater than all magnitude, and fuller than all quantity : if thou seest thyself arrived at this pitch of good confidence, concerning thyself ; and so far advanced, that thou needst no longer a guide : here steadfastly fix thy mental eye ; for it is such an eye only, that beholdeth consummate beauty. But, if thine eye be disordered by vice, or not purified, or through cowardice, unable to behold exceeding splendor, then it will be dark, and incapable of viewing this glorious vision, even though it were pointed out to thee. He that will see, must bring a visive faculty, congenial, and similar, to the object contemplated. Eye never yet beheld the sun, that was not soliform ; neither can a soul contemplate beauty, except it be itself beautiful : and so, he must become all deiform, and all beauty, who is to see God, and (archetypal) beauty ; *γενεσθαι δη πρωτον θεοειδης πας, και καλος πας, ει μελει θεασασθαι θεον τε και καλον.*

I have now brought my prolix transcript to an end : it grew upon me, and amused me ; and I could not deny myself the

pleasure of proceeding ; though perhaps, that which was interesting to me, with the noble original before me, will to you appear very flat, stale, and unprofitable, through the dusky medium in which I have enveloped it.

My studies have, of late, been pretty vigorous ; which is, in a good measure, owing, to my being better provided, than hitherto, with books that have served as a sort of ecclesiastical heralds ; especially, so far as greek philosophy, and experimental religion, are concerned. Poiret's *Bibliotheca Mysticorum*, Fabricius' *Bibliotheca Græca*, and Buddeus' *Isagoge Historica, Theologica*, have answered, and excelled my expectation : and with a few more such indexes, and a tolerably ancient library at my command, if my health is spared, I do hope I may become somewhat better qualified, for an under workman to you. At present, I think I can trace the chrysostomian school, to Philo Judæus ; who was, merely, the patriarch of later platonism, as it was modified by the Alexandrine eclectics ; but, I also think, that, Ephrem Syrus, Macarius, and other fathers of the desert, drank deeply of the same fountain ; though their platonism assumed a more mystical form, than that of Clemens Alexandrinus, Chrysostom, or even Origen himself. The platonism of the former, (Ephr. Mac. &c.) cannot be questioned, on an inspection of their writings ; and, so far as Macarius is concerned, it is well illustrated, in the preface to the english translation you have. But the gradations of mysticism are curious : in which, I just find, I am borne out by Poiret. He does not include either Clemens Alexand., or Chrysostom, in his catalogue of mystics. To Origen, he does assign a place, styling him, ' *illuminatus a Deo* ;' Macarius, he characterizes, as *theodidactus, solidus, realissimus, penetrans*. And Ephrem Syrus, he calls ' *totus affectiones, et viscera*. ' The mixed character of platonism, and mysticism, is, perhaps, better exemplified in Dr. H. More, than in any other modern. For, while he was deeply read in Plato, Plotinus &c., it is remarkable, that the book to which he attributes his deepest, and happiest views of religion, was the *Theologia Germanica* ; a work, which may be deemed the parent source, of German pietism ; which was edited, for the fourth or fifth time, by John Arndt ; having, long before, been re-edited, by Luther. Poiret gives this character of the work : . . . ' *Antiquus, celebris, maxime radicalis, et exquisitissimus libellus ; qui nil fere quam mera, Christianæ maxime interioris, et practicæ theologiæ, principia continet. Deum esse omnia ; hominem esse nihil ; malum appropriationis ; abnegatio sui, et reliquorum omnium : tum discrimen veri et falsi luminis, veræ et falsæ libertatis, puri et mercenarii amoris, consti-*

tuunt argumentum, de quo ibidem agitur, sine notabili quidem methodo, attamen tali ratione, quæ intimæ soliditatis, et ab anima a Deo illuminata profecta esse sentitur.'

Now that I have got into the subject of mystics, I feel disposed to give you a specimen, which I promised you some time since, of Cardinal Petrucci.

'It is certain, by the testimony of the Apostle, that all who are predestinated, must be made conformable to the image of the Son of God. It is, therefore, equally certain, that it must be the chief care, and principal endeavor, of one who earnestly desires to be reckoned amongst the number of those, to keep the eye of his soul closely fixed, on the most holy original, Christ: to draw in himself, as resembling, and perfect a copy of it, as possibly can be done, by Divine grace. We have, then, thus far, foreseen the conditions, that have embellished, and graced all the works of Christ; and we must do what in us lies, to adorn our own, with the like qualities. Christ was the noblest of all agents; and the most perfect nobility of the soul, proceeds from his virtue and holiness. Let, therefore, the inward purity and candor of our conscience, be the fundamental condition of our acting and working: . . . 'And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offerings; but unto Cain, and his offering, he had not respect.' Respect, from God, is, his approbation and love; but he never approves, or loves the gifts, unless he has first, in his mercy, accepted the giver. Abel and his oblations, were accepted by God; and the cause of his being so, came from his innocence; and because he was upright. We should not have so great a regard to what we *do*, as to what we truly *are*. For, were we good in the inward man, our actions would be likewise good; and, if we were righteous at the bottom, our actions would be so too. Many place holiness, in good works; but never so much as dream, that it consists, in being possessed of a principle of sanctity. Let our works appear never so holy, yet they do not satisfy us, so far as they are works: but, in proportion as we are godly; and as they spring from the centre of a holy soul. It is a holy heart, which sanctifies every thing we set about; and that man is holiest, whose soul is best replenished, with the grace and love of God; and his works are still the better qualified, the greater respect he has to the glory of God. Our diligent endeavor, therefore, should be, to keep this secret ground and centre of our soul, undefiled and enlarged; seeing, without all question, man's essential happiness is rooted and placed in it. It is the mind that is good, and well experienced in the pure love of God, which makes our actions perfect and accepted, in the sight of the Divine majesty. What may be drawn from this heavenly doc-

trine, is this, that, seeing the true godliness of human actions does not consist, in the natural, or material goodness of them only ; but, in that which is supernatural also, proceeding from sanctifying grace, and from love ; then, human actions shall be proportionably good, by how much the more fervent love, and abundant grace, they are advanced to the glory of God. Hence, it comes to pass, that very oft, a poor, godly woman, who receives the sacrament with earnestness of love to God, deserves more than the priest who consecrates it : and a poor, provided he be a devout man, has a greater interest in reward, than many great and learned doctors, who shine, by their preaching and ingenious performances, like so many suns in the church of God : and that, because the greater measure of love, makes the action, that is meanest of itself, become the holier of the two : and, therefore, the sanctity of the agent, is the root and foundation of holy actions.'

On reviewing what I have written, I entertain strong suspicions that this may fairly be styled, a very pedantic letter. You will, however, take in good part, and make candid allowance, for my prolusions. When a person lives much alone ; and has far more converse with the dead than the living ; it is perhaps impossible, not to catch somewhat of the manner of his associates ; and of course, to talk and write, when he can do it freely, like those of 'olden time.' It would be a desirable faculty to be able to give, rather the spirit, than the body, of these ancient gentry ; to imbibe their views, sentiments, and divine enthusiasm ; and, then, to pour it forth, in one's own words. This, I have not yet, even partially, attained ; but may I not hope, that, when more fully charged, I shall be enabled to appear less pedantic, and more original ? You know what Horace says.

*Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,
Verbaque, provisam rem, non invita sequuntur.*

Now, I am, at present, gleaning my *rem*, from philosophy, and from the scriptures ; and do trust, that, through higher influences than Horace knew of, words will follow. It is not, however, to be forgotten, that it is not the most diligent and laborious study of the ancients, that will do : for you know,

..... 'who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.'

The *sapere* must be the principium et fons : . . the living prin-

ciple, in comparison with which, all the rest sink into mere mechanical instruments ; which are useless, and even dangerous, unless they be guided by sound wisdom and discretion.

As this is a letter of quotation, I must give you something to the present purpose, from the above mentioned *Theologia Germanica*.

‘*Quamvis bonum sit inquirere, aut explorare, atque etiam cognoscere, quid boni sanctique viri scripserint, aut passi fuerint ; aut quomodo vixerint, quidve Deus in eis, et per eos egerit et voluerit : tamen esset centies satius, ut homo exploraret, et cognosceret, quis, qualisve sit status vitæ suæ ; et quid Deus, in eo, sit, et velit, et agat ; et ad quam rem Deus eo velit uti, vel nolit. Itaque hoc quoque verum est, quod dicitur : Nunquam tam bonum est exire, quin sit intus manere melius.*’

And now to descend to business. You must know, that my authorship begins to look out for some tidings of his sermon. Methinks, if the printer and publisher were decently active, it might be out by this time : whenever it is ready, I wish it to be properly advertised, and, perhaps, it might be well to have some copies sent to the other booksellers, Keene, Dugdale, Archer, Mercier, and Mahon. It is only by seeing them lying on a counter, that people will be led to think of purchasing such light ephemeral things, as my sermon : and yet, if it do contain any important truth, it is desirable that it should be bought and read. I shall, also, be glad to have copies sent to the people in town, whom I shall specify in the envelope ; and through the castle, if it would not be trespassing, to certain other people, whom I shall likewise mention. I shall myself want 30 copies, which you can probably send me by post. My friends among the clergy must be presented with copies ; and the Archbishop wants to send one to the Bishop of London, with a particular note accompanying it. Besides, my friend — wishes to send copies to the Bishops of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick.

I presume I have fairly tired you, so believe me,

dear Sir,

most cordially and gratefully yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 17. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE encouragement you have given me, emboldens me to offer a few more observations ; which, after all, are perhaps not worth being communicated. The mystic, and scholastic theology, which flourished, at the same period, in the Latin church, appear to have served that very two-fold purpose, for which, we have seen, so many providential provisions were made. This is distinctly adverted to, by a most unprejudiced witness ; Jac. Thomasius, (quoted by Buddeus. *Isagog. Hist. Theol.* p. 687.) He thus writes, ‘*Duæ partes sunt Christianismi ; vera fides, pia vita. Illa ad intellectum, hæc ad voluntatem refertur ; illi scholastica, huic mystica theologica subvenire conata est olim, sed ita, ut plurimum labis adspergeretur. In utrâque repurganda laboraverint nostri, cum exemplo illis prævisset Lutherus. Huic enim bella fuere, non cum scholasticis modo doctoribus, sed cum enthusiastis quoque, et fanaticis. Post Lutherum, quasi partitis operis, alii scholasticam, alii mysticam, magis magisque reformare sunt adgressi. E quibus, Joannes Amdius maxime negotium sibi sumpsit mysticæ theologiæ refinendæ in faciem saniozem.*’ I have extended this quotation so far, because the latter part of it goes to show, that, even in the Lutheran church, (though I agree with you in deeming it, the succession of the ancient Greek church) there was a provision for the two-fold function, of guarding truth, and exciting love.

Buddeus, following the opinion of many other learned divines, (*Isag.* p. 681.) attributes the rise of mystic theology in the Latin church, to the dominion of the scholastic, which was, at last, felt to be oppressive. The dry, thorny disputations, and, often, frivolous questions of the schools, were ill suited to satisfy, the natural appetite of the human mind and heart, for divine truth and love. They became disgusted with the insipidity of this system ; and hence, when food of another kind was provided, by the translation of Dionysius the Areopagite, and the writings of St. Bernard, it was received with avidity ; and was soon digested into a system of mystic theology, which became a counterpoise to the subtleties of the schools. A curious confirmation of which fact, may be drawn from the circumstance, that the great schoolmen of the 13th century, Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas, felt them-

selves obliged to call in mysticism to their aid ; a union, which was afterwards more completely formed, in the writings of the celebrated Gerson. Must we not say, that, in this process, there evidently appears at work, that principal of providential compensation, which so frequently by the collision, and sometimes by the alliance, of opposite extremes, guards the central truth, till circumstances are ripe, for its being brought forward with safety and effect. That mixture of scholasticism and mysticism, which prevailed in the Latin church, for two centuries prior to the reformation, we know, was deformed by grievous errors ; but probably it was, on the whole, the purest system, which the times could bear. On this hypothesis, you will observe, that your idea of the final cause of the Canticles, comes into play : they being, as it were, a pleasure-ground, for mysticism to disport in.

I know not whether the facts I have thus gleaned, and the observations I have made upon them, will appear to you to have any substantial value. But, I confess, the impression on my own mind is, that there appears in this place, a nice adjustment of weight and power, of ballast and sails. Had there been only mystic theology in the Latin church, the whole west would have been out of its wits : had there been only school divinity, it would have produced a mere race of cold, yet disputatious quibblers, without an ignitable particle in their composition ; if, indeed, we except those angry passions, which commonly are in pretty full force among logomachists. And, in either case, what materials would there have been for the Reformation, and for all the beneficial effects that have followed ? Luther, it is probable, was as much indebted, on the one hand, to the practical warmth of the *Theologia Germanica*, as to the logical acumen of *Acquinas*, on the other.

Am I fanciful in supposing, that one end of mysticism was, to keep alive the idea of distinct stages, and gradations in religion ? It being chiefly occupied about what was not cognizable by the senses, about interior sentiments, and feelings of spiritual religion, . . . was of course led to make for itself some variety, in this abstract sphere of operation ; and those who cultivated it, must, necessarily, have been anxious to determine, the degree of proficiency they had attained. And, hence, distinct stages would be marked out, which individuals might readily know whether they had attained. A proceeding, not necessary among those, who are in the habit of determining pretensions to christian virtue, either by external acts, or by doctrinal opinions. Certain it is, that Philo Judæus, Plotinus, and all the new platonic school, Clemens Alexandrinus, St. Bernard, Cardinal Bona, and all the mystics of the middle ages, and of modern times, have enume-

rated distinct, and clearly distinguishable, stages of internal religion. And yet, I do not recollect that, among fathers or divines of early date, who were not somewhat mystical, such discriminative stages have been clearly marked. Some moderns, such as Baxter, our platonists, John Wesley, &c., do thus discriminate; but may they not, in this respect, have copied the mystics? If all this be not fanciful, then, we are indebted to mysticism for comparative theology; for that branch of it, at least, which follows up St. John's idea, of little children, young men, and fathers.

Could you propose to me a promising subject, for four Advent, and a christmas-day sermon, *in serie*? If you can do it, (and observe, I merely want the general hint, and not the outline,) it would be of great service to me. It will not be too late, any day this week. I have not been well enough to do much in the sermon way; hardly any thing, in truth, since the visitation. I could, indeed, both read and write; but, then, it was necessary, not to lead, but to follow the workings of my mind. When I attempted the former, (for I have repeatedly attempted,) I was unsuccessful: but I still live in hopes of doing better. I think a continuous set of discourses, would be likely to engage my mind, and keep it in activity, much time being absolutely thrown away, in its present stage, of casting about for independent subjects, which, one after another, I am obliged to relinquish.

I shall only hint, that, if it would not be intrenching upon your time, I would always rather wait one or two posts, than that you should hurry off short letters, merely because the post is going out. I do not, however, wish to interrupt the distribution of time you are in the habit of making; nor to do any thing like prescribing the length, or manner, of these communications, which are always most highly valued by, my dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully and cordially,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER XLIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 24. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Archbishop desires me to tell you, that he is much obliged to you for putting him down as a subscriber to Cowper's posthumous work; and wishes to be named for three copies, as he

would like to give it to his daughters. You will, of course, name me.

What you dignify with the title of researches, are by no means entitled to such a name. It has been to me very slight, and desultory reading; only, perhaps, in books not easily procured, and therefore, not much known. But I cordially thank you for your kind and wise caution, about not letting it have too much of my time. It will not be unpleasant to you to hear, that all you could wish, on that head, passed through my mind several days ago; and that I feel tolerably conscious, that though I do, and probably ever shall, rather range from subject to subject, than read very continuously, I am not run away with by any particular hobby-horse, but am always ready, so far as health and spirits will permit, to apply to the proper business of the day and hour. Last week, I was more than commonly unwell, and obliged to keep the house through the whole of it.

You judged quite rightly about the sermons: those sent first, were just as I could wish, except that the marble paper dirties one's hands, which, however, is but an accident. I have given up the notion of continuous Advent sermons, having made some way in a discourse for next Sunday on Ps. cxix. 165.

Farewell, my dear Sir,

Ever most cordially yours,

JOHN JESS.

P. S. I shall attend to what you wish me to read.

—oo—

LETTER L.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 2. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST break in upon your more interesting pursuits, though apprehensive that I have it not in my power to indemnify you, for the minutes I may steal from Cowper; not to speak of the sevenpence, which, I presume, you have just sent out to the post-man: so that, you see, you leave me far behind you in the article of discretion, as you do in every other desirable article that I know of.

I have read over with great pleasure, and shall again read more carefully, the passages in Clarke. They are, indeed, most remarkable, and every way to our purpose; especially compared with other parts of his writings. I did not fail to

look again, at his sermon on the love of God ; and must say, that I still more fully acquiesce in your strictures at R—, than I did at the time. Truly, his case appears to me to be a lamentable one ; a man, certainly, with prodigious powers, and I believe thorough honesty, daily advancing in all knowledge, and, at the same time, too visibly declining in love. That was, probably, an unfortunate day for him, that brought him to London, to preach Boyle's lectures, and acquire reputation as an able metaphysical theologian. What Hoadly says of his earliest works, the three Essays, and Amyntor, is remarkable enough. 'I mention them here, not to put them on a level with his other performances ; but only, as having upon them the plain marks of a christian frame of mind, &c.' The same Bishop Hoadly commends his wisdom, in not attempting to move the passions, in his preaching ; adding, that, 'if this was his defect, it was a defect in his original frame and constitution.' I think I could prove the reverse, from different passages in the three Essays. To my knowledge, *one* has drawn tears from the eyes of young persons, in more than a single instance. It is Confirmation, Chap. IX. § 6. I rather fear, that Clarke's 'original frame and constitution', was *not* in fault ; but that he had, somehow or other, 'left his first love.'

I look forward to using Clarke, in the way you recommend ; and this day looked out for his sermon on Genesis xv. 6, but could not find it in the edition I have, that in 5 vols. 8vo. I often feel the want of solid matter, or rather topic, so thrown into skeleton, as to set me a thinking ; and thence, by further process, to excite me to methodized feeling, if I may so speak. This most severe weather has much upset me ; it has interfered with any thing like regular study. However, I got through a sermon, last week, on 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, &c.' ; for which, Nicole on death, afforded some valuable hints, and the rest came into my own mind. There are, I believe, some good ideas in it ; but there is a defect in arrangement, and other defects too, which I was conscious of at the time, but unable, from illness, to remedy. What you call my researches, have been much at a stand : they will, however, I trust, at a more favorable season, be renewed in moderation. Meantime, I strive to amuse and improve myself, as far as morbidness will let me ; and have taken to the plan of noting down my little reading in a diary ; which I find satisfactory, as it not only enables me to look back on what I have been doing, but leads me to note down observations, which would otherwise be lost.

What a charming extract from our excellent friend's letter ! She is, in very truth, one of the excellent upon earth ; and, in

reading what she says, I could not help looking, with deep humiliation, into my own bosom; for the very best I can say of myself is, that, for a long time, I have been suffering under a deadness, and a religious torpor, I fear much worse than her's, without the consolation that I feel as deeply sorry for it, as I ought to be. I am often doubtful whether I do, or do not deceive myself, by laying it too much to the account of morbidness, and bodily malady. This much, however, I am, after all, willing to believe, that, when well, there is nothing I so much delight in, as the predominance of cordial religious feeling; and that, when ill, I am not able to delight in any thing.

I showed the passage to —, with which he was highly gratified: but then told me smiling, that he believed, if all were known, you have now the same uneasiness about him, that you had about —; and that he should be sorry for it, being conscious there is no cause. I ventured to assure him, that you have no such uneasiness; and regretted afterwards, that I had not thought of reading him what you say; 'that you have the comfort of thinking, that, with him, you have no secrecy.' The reason why I did not show him this was, that it happens to be written at the top of the last page, in immediate connection with what you say about N.

I wrote, last week, to — requesting information about — charities; for we wish to do something of that kind here. This night I have had an answer; but I should just tell you, that I had slightly mentioned my studies, but, I rather believe, without naming the books; at least, without naming Plotinus; and, now, I wish to give an extract or two, which I think somewhat curious.

'I was particularly glad that our good Archbishop is setting you at work in a way (the charity schemes), that must often draw you off from that sublime gentleman, Plotinus; who would soon make you soar out of sight of us dull mortals.' Again, at the close: . .

'I have been looking impatiently for your sermon; which, I assure you, touched the weather-beaten feelings of the veteran Dr. A——, whose praise as much bespeaks the powers of the charmer, as when

'Fell Charybdis murmured hoarse applause.'

Your studies are likely to make you a sublime and persuasive preacher; but do not think it presumptuous in me to say, take care that these philosophers don't make you in love with fairy land; and, with their heroics, make you look down on the humble, contrite spirit, with which God delights to dwell. However, in saying this, it is under the full conviction, that whatever be

your studies, they have made you manifestly useful ; and I often wish you could infuse some of your rich thoughts into a friend. I think, at the same time, these platonists have a strong tincture of enthusiasm ; as, indeed, it must be impossible for uninspired man, to discuss such themes, without running a little wild.'

In this, there are very handsome compliments, more than I merit, much more ; but such as his good-natured friendship leads him to make : but there is also an evident persuasion, that I am on the high road to the wildest enthusiasm, and to a romantic and proud abstraction, ill-suited to the condition of man. This does not, I confess, make me uneasy, on my own account ; because I trust I occupy no fairy regions, but the terra firma of plain good sense ; and because I never, perhaps, in my life, was led to estimate more meanly, my own talents, and acquirements. I feel that, for my time of life, I am rather an ignorant man ; and I am too repeatedly visited by the hand of God incapacitating me, I doubt not for my good, to be vain of my powers of writing. In truth, they are not worth being thought of. But I do feel uneasy about our friend : for, I think I see, in this letter, deeper evidence than ever of a rooted anti-fanaticism.

I forgot to tell you, that, in my friend M——, I continue to find a most pleasant and satisfactory companion. He, Torrens, and I, meet in my room, every Wednesday evening, to read the New Testament. We began, only last week, with St. Matthew ; but are to begin harmonizing the Gospels to-morrow. We refer to the Greek text, and to such commentators as I have. This we keep entirely to ourselves ; as, from one quarter at least, this would be liable to misrepresentation, and might get us a name.

Not having the key of the Library, I have not yet looked at Boyle ; but hope soon to do so.

Yours most entirely,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 45.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dec. 10. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may begin to wonder, why I have been so long in acknowledging your last letter. The truth is, I have been unfitted for writing or reading, by an unusual complaint in my eyes.

* * * * *

Your letter found me just able to read it ; and I read every part of it with interest, I believe I may say, with fellow-feeling. Your way of thinking and speaking is a great comfort to me : not because you agree with me ; that would be a wretched, miserable satisfaction. But because I believe you agree with immutable truth ; and are brought, by the good hand of God, within the harmonies of the universe. I soberly rejoice in witnessing such a fact : for, if there be joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth, I cannot but think, that there is exceeding great joy, when a mind is attracted by the magnetism of divine grace, that has been previously fitted, by nature, for imbibing the influence (and for communicating it too) ' with the spirit, and with the understanding also.'

I have just been able to look over the two Reviews ; which, I believe, we both take, the Eclectic, and the Christian Observer. I am pleased with many things in the Ecl. Rev. There is a good deal of sound sense, and wonderful liberality. Mark, particularly, the Review of Thornton Abbey, and of Gordon's Hist. of Ireland. That Temple of Truth, must be a great book. The writer may be now isolated ; but he was not always so : as such opinions as he conveys, I imagine, are seldom, if ever, the indigenous growth, of the *ἡ ἀνθρώπου* of the human mind. There must have been some seed, if not some scyon, from a calvinist nursery, in order to produce these fruits : but what I mean to observe is, that the reviewer makes some good observations. The quotations, however, contain some things, that make me wish to see the volume itself.

The C. O. goes on in a strange way : cautious, almost to tepidity, in what concerns feeling ; and stiff, to a scholastic fidity, in what concerns doctrines. And, in reviewing books, strangely praising, where I think little praise is due ; and dwelling on supposed doctrinal defects, with so exclusive an anxiety, as to imply a sort of opiniative pharisaism. I wish they could dwell more on the weightier matters of the law ; and talk in less technical language.

I think I have not omitted any particular, in either your directions, or wishes, about sending the sermon, Mr. Greathead, and Hannah More excepted ; to both of whom I must write with it, and, as yet, my eyes have disabled me. I gave one to M., telling him I was sure you would wish it. I gave one, also, to Dr. Perceval.

I am glad the Archbishop is soon coming to town. I have several things to talk to him about : and I love to talk to him, because he is uncommonly right ; a *rara avis*, both in head and heart.

I must only add, that I am, always, most

truly and affectionately, yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER LI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 15. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THAT unpleasant complaint in your eyes would make me sincerely uneasy for you, if I did not think I could account for it, by the almost unexampled harshness of the season. Every one that is delicate, or ailing, has suffered in some shape; and I trust that your suffering is at its close. I have been, myself, far from well: some days, worse, perhaps, than you have ever seen me; though that is saying a bold word. But I am thankful that I now feel convalescent; and, if there should be a continuance of such bracing mornings as this, I trust we invalids may look forward to a speedy restoration.

By last night's post, I received a present of Dr. Graves's consecration sermon. I like the spirit it displays in many parts; especially the truly catholic compliments to Doddridge, p.p. 14. and 29. The historical sketch of God's providential dispensations (p. 20. 25.) appears to me neat, and, in some places, eloquent; and the concluding passage of the whole, is, at once, serious, animated, and pathetic. Yet, my general impression is, that the world must be easily pleased, if this production adds much to our friend's fame. There is no lucidus ordo; the topics are almost uniformly common-place; and neither enforced with energy, nor made attractive by graceful composition. There is, evidently, good and pious intention in what he says (p. 38 . . 41.), about the practical effects, which a sincere reception of christian doctrines should produce; but is it not talking about the matter, and about it, in a crude, unphilosophic, uninfluential way, without tracing the connection between principle and practice, and especially, without insisting upon the necessity, and divine efficacy, of that master principle of love? It is not, merely, the bare reception of truth, however sincerely it may be received, that is adequate to produce genuine christian tempers; yea, or even consistent outward practice. To this mode of talk, I am the less friendly, because I think it tends to keep up in the world, an indistinct, and cloudy view of christianity; which is, perhaps, one of the most operative hindrances, to a progress towards perfection. Throughout, there appear to me, evident marks of haste; and I much doubt, whether, in a single sermon, so long a transcript as that from Doddridge, is admissible. I think I can trace your correcting hand,

in what is said about episcopacy ; especially in p. 18. But in p. 17. it strikes me, there is an inaccuracy, in saying ' the protestant church, &c.' ; inasmuch as a very large portion of the protestant church, is positively chargeable with ' the anarchy of indiscriminate equality.' I was pleased with the introduction, of rationalizing semi-christians, into the borrowed passage from Doddridge, p. 30. ; naturally enough, as the same sentiment is given in my own little discourse.

* * * * *

I had lately a most cordial letter from Dr. Hales, from which I will extract for you, the commendation of my sermon : considering the quarter it comes from, I think you will be gratified ; and you understand my motives too thoroughly, to impute my sending it to vanity. ' I have read,' says he, ' with great pleasure, and I trust some profit, your excellent visitation sermon ; which reflects equal credit to the head and the heart of the composer ; who must have deeply felt himself, what he so forcibly and pathetically, and I will add, elegantly as well as learnedly inculcates, without unnecessary dilation. I wish the public was more frequently edified by such compositions, on such occasions ; which are generally considered as the order of the day, and an opus operatum on the part of the preachers. The barrenness of the press here, in the important article of sermons, is truly deplorable ; and tends much to the decay of religion and learning among the priesthood : and I commend the Archbishop, and your clerical brethren, for engaging you to print your discourse. While you are thus usefully employed, for yourself, and the public, you cannot fail to attract the notice of the public, and strengthen the esteem of your friends. This, I chiefly value, as affording a testimony to our ways of thinking, from a person, whose views are certainly very different, and who is too honest to say more than he feels.

I coincide with your remarks on the Reviews. But I must observe, that in the C. O., there every now and then appears, something very ably written : for instance, in two of the late numbers, are some masterly strictures on the Edinb. Rev. : though doubtless there is something strangely romantic in the supposition, that, without some next to miraculous conversion, the Edinburgh reviewers could become powerful advocates of christianity. The Eclectic is evidently gaining ground, and manifests an excellent spirit ; some things, however, do not please me. In the last two numbers is contained a review of Carr's *Stranger in Ireland* ; which seems to proceed from some very sour secretary ; from one, too, who harps in with the general cry about the state of Ireland, without well knowing what he says. His general censure on the clergy of our establishment,

with the exception, I suppose, of the Ossorian clergy, is far from liberal ; and there are, in the first part of his review, some not very goodnatureed observations on the charity of a lady in the county of —, whom I strongly suspect to be our friend ; nor do I think it becomes a christian, and a strict one too, to pronounce so unqualified an eulogium on Mr. Curran.

I have been much struck, much gratified, and set not a little a thinking, by a re-perusal of Foster's Essays. That man is, surely, of a very peculiar mental frame. See what he says, in his fourth essay, about Lucas's Episode of Vulteius, (I have not the book now by me, to refer to the page) and then turn to the passage, in the sixth book of the Pharsalia. It is, indeed, tremendously sublime : but, then, what must be the temperament of that soul, which could, even for a moment, *sympathize* with such sentiments, as are there expressed ? For instance, a thousand men, about to devote themselves to death, and to become mutually the executioners of each other, wishing that their parents and children were added to the sacrifice, in order to strike a deeper terror into the foe : and this savage heroism, the result of a mistaken principle of honor, which disdained captivity. If Mr. F. could feel all this, it is not wonderful, that he expatiates on the anti-christian tendency of classical literature. But I am much mistaken, if, not merely the decided christian, but even the generous young student, who has not yet begun to think of religion, however enthusiastic his admiration of sublime poetry, would not soberly congratulate himself, on reading this terrific passage, that he lives in an age, when sounder views prevail, even amidst the horrors of war. . .

(Unfinished.)

—oo—

LETTER LH.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 10. 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

I have been reading some of Macarius' homilies, and think them truly wonderful for his day and circumstances. The manner is not always judicious, and there is perhaps too great a fondness for allegorizing : still, however, the introspection, the spirituality, and, if we may so speak, the heavenward views which one

meets with in every page, make me esteem it a treasure. Its very defects have had to me their use, for every failure I observe in his allegorical illustrations, made me more deeply sensible of that divine wisdom which contrived the parables of the New Testament, with such matchless aptitude, at once, to individual cases, and to the condition of the christian church.

I learned, two days ago by the newspaper, that the day is fixed for the sermon. Your omission I can very readily excuse, and indeed feel that I did not deserve to be thought of, as I should myself have written before to you. The truth is, I was not very well, and when in that state, you know, I cannot exert myself.

Notes and ideas have somewhat increased for the sermon, but I have not yet begun its composition. I fear I shall do hurt in the cause, and discredit to myself; both which I should deeply regret, on other than selfish grounds. However, I shall endeavor to proceed to do my best, with a calm reliance on aid from a higher source. I purpose leaving this for town on Monday se'nnight; not liking to leave my journey to the week before, lest I should get cold, which I generally find travelling gives me, and not have time to recruit before the dreaded day. I hope to bring up my sermon quite finished, or nearly so. Pray do write me an early account of the proceedings of this day, and I should not be sorry to know what has been the opinion, of those whose judgment I would respect, as to my little sermon.

Farewell, my dear Sir,
Ever your most grateful
and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER LIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Dublin, April 20. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE you have escaped the fit of illness, that you apprehended; though certainly the state of the weather, makes me fear the reverse. I have come in for my full share of depressing influences; but I am beginning to look up; and hopeful, that, on my return to Cashel, which I now rather look to with pleasure, I shall be able to pursue my interrupted studies with new relish; and to write you something like, 'Extraits raisonnés

de mes lectures.' There is, assuredly, much of what is 'flat, stale, and unprofitable', in a lounging life; yet such a life, have I been lately, constrained, I hope by malady, rather than reduced by inclination, to lead. Your removal to B——, has made this fact stare me in the face; for I must say, that, without you, Dublin appears a blank to me; and hence, I have been made to feel the necessity of deeper, and more internal sources of present enjoyment, than illness has often left in my power, of late weeks, I may almost say, months.

The most desirable effect of returning health, I take to be, the power of having the faculties gently exercised, and the affections happily employed, even under the pressure of malady; if it were once thus with me, I should feel myself transported, as it were, into a new element; and may I not hope, that this will be the result of prayer, and of a patient course of dependence on him who careth for me? * I do hope, my good friend, that it will: and so hoping, I am disposed, rather, to look forward cheerfully to the future, than with despondency to the past. At this moment, indeed, I feel cause for encouragement. My bodily frame is far from well, yet I am writing a letter to you; an exertion, I am sensible I could not have made, at any time in the last six weeks. You know how I was distressed, in writing sermons which were indispensable; but the voluntary exertion, necessary in writing a letter, was more than I could have commanded: but what is now happily begun, I trust will gradually improve.

Of course you will offer my best and warmest remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. L. I felt, at leaving B., far more than I could express; and, though sensible that something should be said by me, the power of utterance was almost taken away. You, however, know the extent of my feelings; and on you I depend for saying that, which I trust something better than awkwardness, disqualified me from expressing. Might I hope for a few lines, in the course of this week? Early in the next, I think of taking my departure for Cashel.

Your's always most affectionately,

JOHN JESS.

* The last seven years of the Bishop's life, serve as a delightful comment on this passage. Never was the prayer of 'an honest and good heart' more signally answered. . . . Ep.

LETTER 46.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, April 28. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter gave me heartfelt pleasure. I enter into your feelings, perhaps, as much, as any one human being, can enter into the feelings of another; and while I cannot but feel sympathetic pain, on some accounts, I do assure you, I am more than indemnified by pleasure, on other accounts. You and I, pleasantly for ourselves, have certainly an uncommon agreement of mind, for two such independent thinkers. I actually anticipated some of your leading observations, respecting yourself; and I parted from you with less abatement of satisfaction, because I thought it likely your comparative solitude, might lead you to useful reflections. We all need the instructions of Providence; and may we not believe, that it is particularly grateful to Divine goodness, that we should receive, with such readiness, the mere intimations of Providence, as to leave no necessity for resorting to severity with us? I do rejoice, that I see, in you, the very disposition I speak of; and the more, because I conceive no surer mark could be, of 'all things working together for good.' Yes, my good friend, there is no hope you entertain, in which you are not, as it appears to me, most justly, I would almost say, irrefragably founded. Indeed, I believe the sun is not more surely fixed in the centre, than you are warranted in the matter and substance, of all your consolatory anticipations. I trust you will be made great use of, in this world; but the nobler the purpose any instrument is destined to, the more elaborate must be the preparation. The uses you are to serve, may require, not only a discipline for your heart, which I do think, you are happily advanced in (though neither you, nor I, nor any one, can ever so advance, as to have any less urgent motive for advancing, farther and farther); but a discipline for your mind, for the purpose of giving you, what, perhaps, you naturally most need, a certain suppleness in your mental powers, by virtue of which, they will bend to all occasions and subjects, with an ease and readiness, beyond what you have yet experienced. In my humble opinion, this is what, hitherto, you have most wanted; but, at the same time, what you have already a comparative portion of. You will, however, I conceive, have much more; and the possession of it, will richly remunerate

you, both in self enjoyment, and in increased usefulness, for all you suffer, during the season of training.

What you say of our common acquaintance, I fear I must subscribe to. But it is a subject for, I would say for want of a better word, curious inquiry, how he will go on; for his look shows an unsettled, and dissatisfied mind. He has had feelings, which from the motives that made Demas forsake St. Paul, I fear he has not yielded to. But, after such feelings, no man is exactly the same thing. 'If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!' I cannot but think, that the strictness of the plan, which you and I think the right one, has disposed him to listen to doctrinal objections to it, which, had 'his eye been single,' as our Savior expresses it, he would have seen to be foundationless, as, 'a dream when one awaketh!' 'And you that will sleep on', Archbishop Leighton, says, 'may; but sure I am, when you come to your death-bed, if possibly you awake then, then shall you look back with sad regret, upon whatever you most esteemed, and gloried in, under the sun. As that luxurious king caused to paint on his tomb, two fingers, as sounding, one upon another, with that word. All is not worth so much, *'Non tanti est.'* I know not how men make a shift to satisfy themselves; but take a sober, and awakened christian, and set him in the midst of the best of all things that are here; . . . his heart would burst with despair of satisfaction, were it not for a hope, that he *hath*, beyond all that this poor world either attains, or is seeking for!' How infinitely true! and, therefore, how emphatically miserable is he, that has felt any of the dawning of this day-spring from on high in his heart, and, from some baseness of soul, yielded to, instead of being instantly suppressed, shrinks back from the light, and strives to shroud himself in darkness! I suppose it is a case so deeply dreadful, supposing the fact, which in the particular instance I presume not to affirm, that few are capable of fathoming it. Where we have any reason to think it does occur, we may observe and examine, without any undue judging; and may exercise our reason as on any other fact, without the least unkindness to the party; but with solid instruction to ourselves, and, perhaps, benefit to others.

Now think, and tell me candidly, without hesitating to say one word of all that shall be in your heart; would you prefer going to England, by yourself, and so being without clog or hindrance, which way soever you might chuse to turn? or would you, in preference, wish me to think seriously, on what I was talking of. Before I set myself to weigh the question of convenience, which I suppose I may manage some way or other, I desire, first, to fix the previous question, . . . eligibility. And,

therefore, I wish you to consult all your feelings; and answer without fear, favor, or affection. Most cordially do I wish you thus to determine it.

Believe me, always,
most faithfully and affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER LIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 13. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may, by this time, be somewhat curious to know, what is become of your pupil; and perhaps, not a little apprehensive, that his old complaints have stopped his hand, by overwhelming his mind. I am, however, thankful, that there has been no unusual cause for complaint, rather, indeed, the reverse; as, notwithstanding some very searching changes in the weather, I think I have more than maintained, the ground I had gained when I left town.

My studies and pursuits have hardly been resumed. I have yet done little more, than dilate my first liturgical sermon, into two. The introduction was given last Sunday; and I find, was better understood and relished, than I had any expectation of. To-morrow, I am to give a general view of the liturgy; and I am doubtful whether to give two, or four discourses more; it may be best to decide by the reception I meet with, in the attempt of tomorrow.

I have turned over in my mind, and with some care and thought, the question of visiting England, this year. If it were clearly necessary for my health, all counter-considerations ought certainly to yield; but, as I trust this is not the case, I must think it right, to relinquish, for the present, what would be doubtless a high gratification. Whitty's settlement in Cashel, will not only give me pleasant society, but relieve me from an anxious oppression of mind, about a weekly duty; and who knows, but that the removal of this weight, may enable me to preach every Sunday? At all events, should I now occasionally feel unwell, I may, with ease and satisfaction of mind, consult my health, and change the scene for a few days. Now, things being so, after an absence of between four and five months, I think it will gratify the Archbishop that I should remain till next winter, on the spot of duty: and I, too, shall feel, 'mihi carior,' while

among my books ; and endeavoring to pursue with regularity, a course of moderate mental exercise, in which the exercise of the body shall not be neglected.

—oo—

LETTER 47.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 19. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WISHED to have replied sooner to your most acceptable letter ; but I have been variously impeded : in the first instance, by its following me to B——, after I had left it ; and since, by avocations not easily to have been surmounted.

As to the deanery, I most entirely accord with your own thoughts, on the subject. I think that, unless something were to come along with it, it is not for you. As to the Archbishop's wish, no one could respect it more than I, but he would not intentionally wish your discomfort, and should he unintentionally do so, his radical disposition will be best consulted, by your declining the overture.

I am sincerely glad that your health is in such a state, as to make Cashel the place of your preference for the summer. This being so, I most entirely approve of the motives on which you pronounce yourself stationary ; only, if I should go to D., which he kindly wishes, and all things occurring favorably, I will not unkindly refuse, and he should, which is morally certain, wish you to meet me there, you must not derange that plan. The other, I own to you, I had so deranged myself, as to have resolved that you only, or some other unforeseen, and greatly strong consideration, should take me to England.

— sets out on Tuesday. I cannot help saying, ' I put him under your wing.' He is, if I do not greatly mistake, worthy your notice and attention ; and as he will be ' a stranger in a strange land,' he will need it in a variety of instances. He is an innocent, good youth, with excellent sense ; solid judgment ; true teachableness ; and, I trust, sincere piety. I rejoice that the Archbishop is his patron.

I thank you sincerely, for the reference to Nicole. I had got Priestly, the day before I received yours ; and I, too, turned to those sermons. I began with the second, and have read it. What surprises me, is, that, with respect to devotion, the right frame of mind, self-conquest, &c. &c. he seems to me, to talk much better, than the whole school of unspiritual orthodoxy.

The truth is, I think that Priestly, in his youth, had something experimental; from which he afterwards departed, erroneously, not wickedly. He, therefore, only dimmed, (greatly, to be sure,) but did not, I am inclined to think, extinguish the fire which had [once burnt]. To this, specially, I attribute that raciness, which [he must] have felt; and which, with good reason, suggested your remarks, on the blessing implied in revealed religion.

* * * * *

Most truly yours, at all times,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 21. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH this is Sunday morning, yet, as I mean to write nothing *unserious*, and do not know when I shall have time to write again, I must break through an ordinary rule, to reply to your letter. It gives me great pleasure, that you coincide with me. I was wavering, through something which came from —; but I had determined, that nothing should be said upon it by me.

My health, thank God, is obviously, and most comfortably mending. I feel a returning relish for composition, such as I do not recollect to have experienced, for a great length of time. The Liturgy has already swelled in my hands, to four sermons; and will, I think, afford two more.* When you see what has been done, I know not whether you will agree with me, that division and expansion, have much improved the original stock. What is most comfortable, is, that I am now actually a sermon before-hand, having last night finished one for next Sunday: this is the first time in my life, I had so much to say. Next Sunday's sermon is on the baptismal service; and is almost entirely new. The Archbishop told me, that last Sunday's sermon, 'was the best he had ever heard.' It was little more than the second half of my first Dublin discourse, with a peroration added. All that I have now been saying, would, to any other than yourself, be rank impertinence; but I know how you will receive, and feel it. The truth is, I am full of gratitude to a good and gracious God, for these glimpses of restora-

* These Sermons on the Liturgy, have been since published by Bishop Jebb, in 'Practical Theology,' having received his final revision. . . Ed.

tion ; at the same time, that I do not wish to be over-sanguine : if he sees fit, he doubtless may suffer me to be again afflicted, and that soon. But I trust he will, also, enable me to endure with patience and cheerfulness, in that case, as I hope he is now enabling me to rejoice with moderation.

I shall have great pleasure in a trip to R., if all matters answer. — engaged me to pay him a visit, some time in the summer ; and, of course, he would wish that time to coincide with your visit. As matters are now arranged in the cathedral, I shall have no scruple. I shall be most happy to serve and cherish — ; on my own account, this will be an advantage ; for I do believe he is truly estimable. As a young man for whom *you* are interested, I must feel him to be a kind of brother ; and I myself, have been ‘ a stranger in a strange land.’ I have many things to say to you ; but I do not like needlessly to secularize this day. My reason for writing now, is, that I expect to be fully occupied the next four days, by preparing a course, in which to examine the candidates for orders.

Farewell, my dear friend,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER LVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 25. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are, possibly, somewhat anxious to hear from me : I mean, at this present writing ; for I presume that the appearance of this letter, can leave little room for anxiety on that score. The fact is, my health and spirits have not been such as to qualify me for correspondence ; though I have not been confined, even for a single day. I have, however, towards the close of this week, experienced something of revival ; and have been enabled to read with alacrity : upon this, you know, writing is an advance ; and my pen turns, as it were instinctively, to you.

The duties of Cashel, I have found somewhat oppressive. A cold disabled Mr. W. from affording aid, either in, or out of church. The service of the cathedral, is more than my strength is equal to, and the regiment quartered here, is, in itself, a parish. I do not, however, wish, that W—— should know I have suffered any inconvenience. It was absolutely his duty to follow Dr. Perceval's advice ; and of all persons, I, surely, should

be the last to complain of any little additional burthen, who have myself been obliged, from a similar cause, to throw so much duty on my friend Whitty. You may conclude that I have been unable to compose sermons. I have been repeating some of a year old ; but such as I think not only bear, but require repetition. The sermon on Trinity Sunday, so far as I can collect, gave great satisfaction.

Do you remember P——'s question, about St. John xiv. 28., in the garden at B—— ; and your dissatisfaction with my answer, . . . that the inferiority was in the human nature merely ; and my apprehension that, in your resolution of the difficulty, you approached too nearly the camp of the Arians ? All this lately so came into my thoughts, as to put me upon inquiries, which I trust are making me a still more decided Athanasian than ever ; and on far more solid grounds. I have seen enough to convince me, that your mode of explaining the superiority of the Father, is the true and catholic mode : and that my answer, sanctioned though it be by great names, and, among the rest, by John Wesley, would 1. expose our Saviour to the charge of egregious trifling ; for, could it, for a moment, be doubted, that God the Father is greater than the man Christ ? To say that the expression, *greater*, says Gregory Nazianzen, 'is to be understood with respect to the human nature, would be true, indeed, but trivial. For what wonder, if God be greater than man ?' 2. My mode of interpretation, would deprive us of the power of overthrowing the Socinians, on their own ground. 'Christ,' say they, 'is not God ; for none can be greater than God.' To this, we answer, 'Christ could not here speak of himself, as man only : for who can doubt that God is greater than man ?' 3. To say that Christ speaks merely of his human nature, in this passage, would, I conceive, savor of the nestorian heresy. For, would it not militate against the article of the Athanasian Creed, 'He is not *two*, but *one* Christ.' 'The Father is greater than I :' that is, evidently, 'than I, the one Christ . . . God and man, *Θεανθρωπος*.' He could, to use the illustration afforded in our Athanasian Creed, no more reasonably say, 'than I, the man Christ,' than a man could say, such a being is greater than I, that is, 'than my flesh,' not 'than my reasonable soul.' If the illustration of our creed be fair, when Christ speaks of himself, he must mean the *Θεανθρωπος* : just as a man, speaking of himself, means 'the reasonable soul and flesh.' This last argument, I have not met in any author ; and am, therefore, diffident about it. But, so far as I can judge from what I have thought and read on the subject, the inferiority of the Son to the Father, is twofold. 1. As being Son : that is, as having a derived, though eternal existence : whereas the

Father has an underived existence. The one is, *Αυτοθεος* : the other, *Θεος ex Θεου*. 2. *Κατασχευομαι*. That is, as sent by the Father ; as having assumed the mediatorial office, as having humbled himself. Each of these grounds of inferiority, is maintained by the most orthodox fathers, ante and post Nicene : probably, however, the second is only a consequence of the first.

As to the equality, which we both zealously assert, it is an equality of essence, a co-eternity.

I have derived much satisfaction, from these inquiries. In feeling, I was, before, an orthodox, catholic christian ; but, perhaps, I was ill established, in the reasons of my Athanasian faith. I trust that, through the Divine blessing on my studies, I shall soon be able to render a better answer, than heretofore. One point, I view with complacency ; namely, that I trust my researches begin at the right end, . . with plain texts of Scripture, and with the ancient catholic worthies : not with wire-drawn, metaphysical reasonings ; nor with the Clarkes, the Lockes, and the Ben Mordecais.

A few evenings ago, I was musing myself with the Thyestes of Seneca, and was struck by what is, perhaps, after all, but a fanciful resemblance, to the parallels of Hebrew poetry ; and what, at all events, can have arisen only from the affectation of antithesis, for which that author, the poet, no less than the philosopher, is proverbial. Does the following passage, in one of the choruses, distribute itself into two triplets, and two couplets, as I have marked them ?

Vos, quibus rector maris atque terras	}
Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ,	
Ponite inflatos, tumidosque vultus.	
Quicquid a vobis minor extumescit,	
Major hoc vobis dominus minatur,	
Omne, sub regno graviore, regnum est.	
Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,	
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.	
Nemo confidat nimium secundis,	
Nemo desperet meliora, lapsis.	

Whether the resemblance be a mere fancy, or not, the lines are worth transcribing. The second triplet, especially, contains a very deep philosophy.

I had a beautiful, and most kind letter from Mrs. L. ; for which I beg you will have the goodness, along with my affectionate remembrances, to present my most grateful thanks. I rejoice in the thought of so soon seeing our incomparable Archbishop. By the way, if you have a fair opening, when you see him in Dublin, I should be very glad, if you would feel no objection to sounding his grace, on the subject of my brother-in-

law, McCormick.* Independently of my very earnest wishes, for the advantage of poor McCormick, and his large family, I must honestly own, that selfish motives do operate. In a land of strangers, in sickness, and in nervousness, I should be wondrously revived, by the sweets of family intercourse. I should not, however, look for any advantage for my friend and relation, or any gratification to myself, at the expense of that great cause, which should be paramount. But, I soberly think, and can conscientiously declare my opinion, that, as a clergyman and a gentleman, Mr. McCormick would prove an acquisition to the diocese; I am even sanguine enough to believe, that he would greatly improve, by being transplanted, to what, I humbly trust, is a flourishing ecclesiastical nursery.

For myself, I have now to tell you, that my illnesses, and weaknesses, have been making me better acquainted, with the domestic enemies I have to expel. 'Yet not I.' How often have I been sinking under supposed unkindness in another, where all the fault was in my own sick brain! I trust the habitual recollection of these past discoveries, may be the means of assisting me to chase away future phantoms. Pray do comfort me, with a letter; and, if you can, suggest a text, that may suggest a sermon.

Yours ever, most gratefully
and affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 48.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

August, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT a strange laziness has, hitherto, withheld me from telling you, how much I was gratified by your last letter. If I had done justice to my own feelings, I should, most certainly, not have delayed a single post. But, if I mistake not, your letter found me in bed. At any rate, I was seduced into postponement; and, when I once postpone, I need only add, 'facilis descensus Avernus.'

Yet it has not been wholly laziness; it has rather been the embarrassment of rival avocations. I had to write to Major W.; I had to write to J. D.; and it so happened, that nei-

* The late Rev. Joseph McCormick, rector of Lough Brickland in the diocese of Dromore. . . ED.

ther letter was to be confined within one or two sheets. I can only say, that, whatever produced the too long silence, inattention to you had no share. I can truly say, that I have not often in my life been more gratified, than by the letter, which I have appeared to overlook.

The last matter which has occupied my attention, has been the methodist conference, with its adjuncts. I was five times at methodist symposiums; one dinner, and four breakfasts. They and I put it up well together. If all was as well throughout the kingdom, as it appeared to me, there would be little to complain of. The preachers, certainly, are not losing ground in their adherence, (I wish I could say attachment,) to the establishment; and Dr. C. is very reasonable and proper. When, on his tour, through the north, he was on a Sunday at Armagh, his wife's indisposition prevailed against his inclination to go to church. The preachers there, went, and brought back intelligence to him, that the Primate had preached, and administered the sacrament, and gave a good account of the sermon. Dr. C. immediately began to regret, that any consideration had prevented his going. He sat down, and wrote an apologetic letter to the Primate; stating the cause of his absence, and declaring his attachment, and that of the methodists, to the establishment. The measure was romantic enough, but it took the Primate, who showed the letter with satisfaction, to S. O., and he told the story to Dr. W., and Dr. W. to me. He also told it to Arthur Keene,* and he to Dr. C.; and Dr. C. spoke of it to me with much pleasure.

If I do not much rely on the zeal of the methodists, respecting the establishment, I certainly have no doubt of their capability of being attached to it. A little carefulness, in officiating, and preaching; a little kindness, and blameless moral conduct, would soon draw their affection; and, I cannot but think, overcome tendencies, which, here and there, too plainly show themselves. I fear, too, they *must* show themselves, while matters remain as they are. The methodist temper is too active, to be neutral; and his mind too narrow, to see things on a great scale. He must be drawn to the establishment; or he must be reckoned on, as, in some measure, its enemy.

I must mention, particularly, that I saw and talked much to G. O., the Irish missionary; and I must say, I have found much more reasonable ideas in him, than I expected. He, most certainly, chooses for himself a very original kind of movement; but, still, I found him wonderfully sensible and judicious. Drs. W. and Graves, met here, last night, at tea; the former,

* The late Arthur Keene, Esq. of Dublin; a personal friend of Mr. Wesley, and well known for his attachment to the established church. . . ED.

had dined with me. G. O. came by my appointment, and I do not know, that I ever saw any one more struck than Graves. He considered Mr. O.'s narrative, altogether, as peculiarly interesting; and was cordially disposed to wish well to his endeavors. Dr. C. talked with me, yesterday, on the steps necessary to be taken, in order to make the Irish missionary system, unexceptionable. I never expect to make Dr. C. think as I do. But I was glad to observe, that he spoke more reasonably, than I had thought probable. He is a very worthy man; and, I believe, would willingly increase, instead of diminishing, the church interest among the methodists. At the same time, I must allow, that he is apt to be run away with, by his own prejudices and preconceptions.

On the whole, while I do not give credit to the methodists, for all the professions they make, I do assuredly think, that they are capable of being beneficially managed; and that the best of all managers for them, would be, clergymen, who should feel toward them as you do.

So far, I wrote a full fortnight ago; but was then unable to go on, as I intended. I then got into a long answer to a letter of Mr. Butterworth's,* out of which, I have not emerged, and yet with which, my head has been occupied, because it has required labor to make myself intelligible, to a plain, though very sensible man. And, in spite of myself, almost daily, my thread of thought has been either broken, or suspended, by one interruption or another.

Having a little disburthened my mind, about not writing to you, let me now say, that I do not feel wholly at ease, that you have let me be silent so long. I know I did not deserve a letter from you, when I did not acknowledge the receipt of your excellent and pleasant one. But, then, you do not go by that rule, and you do not judge of me by appearances. In fact, I am uneasy, lest you should not have been well. For, if you were rightly well, I think you would have some matter in your thoughts, which it would be a pleasure to you to communicate. My friend, ease me of this doubt as soon as you can.

Do you often see — ? I shall be glad to know what you think of him; as I cannot but suspect, that, with all possible rectitude of heart, he has not a plain-sailing mind. In family matters, there are faults on both sides. Indeed my own observation satisfies me. That — and —, are not without their oddities, and, perhaps, are liable to mistake those oddities, for matters of conscience. When this is the case, there can be

* The late Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P.

but little good understanding, even between the nearest natural connections.

Something, — lately said, leads me to think, that both may possibly have doubts, even about me ; that is, may suspect me to be too much a compromizer with the world. I have thought a little about this ; and, on the whole, I do not think it wonderful. There are some people, whose senses must be impressed with a thing, before they can conceive it to exist ; and who, even then, measure all its energies, by the sounds which it emits, or the appearances which it exhibits. To such persons, an inward separation from the world, is nearly unintelligible ; it must be palpable, and tangible, or they cannot take cognizance of it. The positive marks of piety, too, must be ostensible and striking. If they are confined to the closet, and to the retired walk, they are held problematical. It will, probably, be said, ‘ how can such a person be so very religious, as some say he is, when he acts and speaks so much like other people ; and so little resists the customs, and practices of the world ? ’ It is not censoriousness, nor want of charity, but it is want of *vous* ; it is, that, in the combination of animal and spirit, or of body and mind, the material part, got a kind of ascendancy, which disposes to a grosser, and indisposes for a more abstract, mode of apprehending things. To such, persons of a decidedly opposite construction, will be necessarily unintelligible. I feel, I am so, to all of that class ; and I might be sometimes disheartened by it, lest it should arise from some worse cause, were it not, that the first of incarnate Beings, being eminently formed on the predominantly intellectual plan, nay, most probably, standing at the very head of that class, has not only given a preference to the unostensible course, in his conduct and maxims, but was himself censured, for not being sufficiently rigid and recluse.

Certainly, hitherto, the intellectual are the very few ; and the sensitive are the many. The condescending goodness of God, therefore, has, ever since the day of Pentecost, but especially since the death of the apostles, permitted his holy religion, variously to embody itself, and also to assume variously sectarian forms. The visible church, has obviously owed its magnitude, to the former means ; and the invisible church, could not, I suppose, have been kept up, without the latter. Yet, followers of the pure spirit of christianity, never have been wanting ; and they who are such, must feel, and be grateful for, their invaluable advantage. But they must also, patiently and kindly, bear with those, who belong to that lower, and yet necessary order. For my own part, I trust, I feel disposed to do so ; yet I think

it right to do all that can be done, to diffuse a better, and higher spirit ; though still, with caution, and all gentleness, to those who cannot understand such a design. I think you feel completely with me, in all these matters ; and I assure you a day seldom passes, in which I do not, however weakly, yet sincerely and earnestly, pray to God, to give you such health and spirits, as will enable you to act effectually, in that high and happy department, to which, in a more public way than myself, it has pleased divine Providence to call you. I humbly trust we do not err, in supposing that way, at which we aim, to be, in a more peculiar manner, the way marked out by our blessed Lord himself, while sojourning in this lower world.

S., I fear, grows more odd. I have had two letters from him, previously to his leaving town, to go to the north of Ireland. In the first, he tells me his thoughts of my deluded and dangerous condition ; and prays earnestly, that I may awaken out of my dream. To this, I wrote a short and kind answer ; just saying a few words to undeceive him, as to the idea of my thinking myself clear from transgression : the second letter, was in reply to this ; very kind and tender, but written in the very spirit of a religionized Werter. I am too certain, that he will take some extraordinary step ; there being an obvious progress, from one degree of peculiarity to another. In his last letter, he positively tells me, that he cannot have any more intercourse with me on earth ; but earnestly prays, that he may meet me hereafter, in the bands of an eternal friendship ; and that he may see me, among the flock whom the Lamb shall lead to fountains of living water ; adding, 'if, by any means, I may arrive at these mansions of peace, such a sight, will, I am sure, add to the bliss of heaven.'

I am not ready to weep ; but his letter, so odd, so melancholy, and yet so gentle and kind, filled my eyes. Forgive me, my dear friend, for my long omission, and believe me, most faithfully yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER LVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashol, Aug. 2. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHY should you think of apologizing to me for silence ? Assuredly, a suspicion never presented itself, for a single moment, that you were neglectful, or unkind : and a day has seldom pass-

ed, without self accusation on my own part. I was, indeed, very desirous to write, from an apprehension, especially, that all was not well with you. Three or four letters I did actually begin, but I could not get on beyond two or three pages, which did not please me : the fact is, I have not been well ; but there has been nothing particularly alarming in my ailments ; nothing more than, perhaps, naturally and necessarily arose from the state of the air, which has certainly been very trying. Your most acceptable letter relieved me from no little uneasiness about you. I feared you were suffering more than appears to be the case ; and, considering all things, I am happy that you are able to give so tolerable an account of yourself.

Your time has been fully employed. What you say about the methodists, gives me peculiar satisfaction. Should it ever fall in my way to come in contact with any of their preachers, I hope I shall not be wanting in effort, wisely to conciliate ; you and I, are, I believe, fully agreed, that, unless the management be judicious, such efforts will do more harm than good. How much do I wish that my clerical brethren were more disposed, to conciliate without effort ; that is, without any direct intention of conciliating, by living up to the sacred character they have taken upon themselves : of this, I am well convinced, there is more, than there was some years ago ; still, however, there is much, very much wanting, as far as my observation goes. Good intention is gaining ground, more than positive qualifications ; we are, for the most part, a deplorably ignorant body ; and, till our university improves very strikingly, how can matters well be otherwise ?

Indisposition has sadly interfered with my writing sermons : I need not tell you, that this was a serious disappointment ; but I am thankful that I was enabled to succumb with cheerfulness : though continuous and consecutive writing was out of my power, (and on this point I was not uneasy, as I had Whitty to preach,) I was enabled, with a good deal of comfort, to disport myself among the books, and have made a pretty large body of references and extracts, on the subject of the Liturgy. Matter has grown on me from books ; and some new light has arisen on my own mind ; so that I am in hopes I might be able, perhaps at no very distant period, so to alter, arrange, and revise, the five sermons I have already made, with the addition of a sixth, and a collection of notes, as to produce a volume that may do some service. On this point, however, I do not wish to be sanguine, as I know there is true practical wisdom in the old proverb, 'Festina lente.' Laurence has, to my conviction, satisfactorily proved, that our church is rather lutheran, than calvinistic ; but I should be glad, if I undertook such a work as I

have been speaking of, to prove, that we are melancthonian, rather than lutheran. You are well acquainted, doubtless, with all that Mosheim says, on the schisms in the lutheran church. I have looked into other books on the point, and cannot help thinking, that our church comes nearer the party, that formed themselves on Melancthon's system, or rather nearer to Melancthon himself, than to the writings of any modern, out of its own pale. I have turned a good deal over Melancthon himself; and found, that you had been there before me: indeed, I recollected that you had; but your marks pointed out your footsteps. I have made extracts, not only from the passages you were reading, but from others, where there is a wonderful parallelism, with some of the least dogmatic views of our church; and an especial harmony with that little body of Articles, drawn up under Henry VIII. in 1541. Laurence, you may recollect, quotes it; but he does not, by any means, quote the most striking and important passages of it. Neither do I recollect to have seen, either it, or them, adverted to, by any other writer. I have found some very striking and noble testimonies, in favor of our liturgy, by foreign protestants; especially by Grotius, Isaac Casaubon, and, above all, by the famous Drelincourt; who actually predicts, that the Church-of-England service, will one day become, a light to lighten the rest of the Reformation. It is a circumstance perhaps worthy of observation, that the church of Neufchâtel, has actually taken, almost literally, some of our most spiritual collects, and embodied them in her occasional offices. What proves that she took from us, and not from a common source, the missals for instance, is, that some of the collects she has chosen, are from among those added in the review of 1662. The edition of the Neufchâtel liturgy, which I possess, is the second, anno 1737. This fact is not adverted to, by any liturgical writer I have hitherto been able to consult. The American, and Scotch episcopalians, it is generally known, have adopted our liturgy. The present state of the lutheran and calvinistic churches, I am very desirous to know something of. Though Mosheim thinks otherwise, I conceive it may be proved, that the Greek church has a far greater leaning to us, than to any other: her deep antipathy to the church of Rome is very remarkable: but it is, perhaps, not less remarkable, that, while that church fruitlessly tried every thing, that chicane and bribery could do, to gain her to their side, there came unbought and voluntary testimonies, from very respectable quarters in the Greek church, to the merit of our Anglican system, both of worship and doctrine. These matters are chiefly of a preliminary nature; but I have, here and there, gleaned a good deal, that perhaps may tend to illustrate the

practical, and spiritual views, of our liturgy itself; and I think I know where to look, for more of the same nature. In the ancient Greek liturgy, there is some matter: but I am rather at a loss for the Greek collection of Renaudot, and the gallican collection of Mabillon: if you could find any one that would accommodate me with a loan of these books, I should esteem it a particular favor, and would take the utmost care of them. Jewel and Hooker give their share of materials; and I have hit upon some very beautiful parallelisms with our service, in our favorite, Bernard. Within the last two days, and, indeed, this morning, I composed my fifth sermon on the communion service: there are faults in the composition; it is not so well arranged, so consecutive, or so philosophic, as I could wish. Still, however, there are some things, which, I believe, you will not dislike. My object was, to state strongly, but guardedly, the doctrine of perfection, from the text, Heb. vi. 1. I know not how it has taken; but as I should like to have your opinion, I will try, if possible, this next week, to transcribe it for you. An idea has occurred to me, that an interesting conclusion to the course, might be written on the text, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The discourse to be biographic, illustrating the practical tendency of Church-of-England theology, or of theology of a kindred spirit. For this purpose, I would take two Church-of-England men, George Herbert, suppose, and Bishop Ken; two foreign divines, of congenial sentiments; and two dissenters, who have most harmonized with our establishment, suppose, Baxter and Doddridge. It would require some dexterity in the handling; but might not this plan enable me to throw out a little useful comparative theology, in the notes to this last sermon? I have been thus diffuse, and I fear tedious, not so much from thinking that these things are, in themselves, interesting, as to shew you, that, in spite of ailment, I have not been quite idle. One result of my late studies has been, a tendency to believe, that truly good men, that is, that men who have had no secret warp towards self-indulgence, nor any headstrong qualities in their nature, are more substantially agreed, than we would at first suppose, on the subject of perfection. Some talk of sin, when others speak of infirmity; but, surely, there is very little difference between the doctrine, as laid down in John Wesley's sermon, and as it is implicitly conveyed, in those passages of Melancthon, where he states the distinction of mortal and venial sin. I conceive the judicious way of procedure, in giving any thing to the world on this tender topic, would be, to fight behind the shield of great authorities; authorities, as remote from the suspicion of fanaticism, as might be: if my sermon were to be printed, I would fortify it with notes from

Saint Augustin, (and I do know a passage or two strongly in our favor), from Melancthon, from Hooker, &c. Here, the Magdeburgh centuriators, as well as Du Pin, might aid. By the way, now we are talking of perfection, have you not Poirer's *Divine Economy*? It is a strange book; but it has some invaluable passages on this subject. The 9th chap. of the 6th vol. abounds in excellent matter. He especially expounds the 7th chap. to the Romans, *verbatim et literatim*, as you do: such an exposition of it, I never saw in any other book: but I had actually retailed it to many, before I read it there; having previously laid it in, by wholesale, from you: of course, Poirer could not be quoted with prudence.

I have only seen — once: but am, please God, to meet him to-morrow at —'s. I do trust your surmises are not, to any extent, well founded. He appeared to me very wise, sound, and rational. He asked my advice how he should act, with respect to the advances of civility he had met in the neighborhood. I recommended that he should meet them cordially, and accept of them moderately. With this idea, he told me his own views entirely accorded; and he fully coincided in opinion, that singularity was to be avoided; that, when he must differ so much from the world, in so many essential matters, there should be as few merely circumstantial differences as possible. I shall be better able to judge, after the interview that is just at hand; but I own, I strongly believe, that you stand as high as ever in his estimation. I know his views about the world, were once extremely rigid and harsh; but they have unquestionably improved. He is, on the whole, a deeply pious person; one of those, that seem to me to come nearest, in his present sentiments and feelings, to the class whose piety is of the intellectual kind. What you said, in your last, about Priestley, now reverts to my mind: there is a very curious coincidence, between your remarks on the influence of his early religious feelings, and some observations of the Edinburgh reviewers, in the 17th No., which I intended to extract for you, but find I have lent the book. They are sarcastic upon Priestley's piety; and attribute it to early puritanism, which adhered to him, in spite of philosophy.

What you say of S — grieves me, but it does not surprize. Poor fellow! there is assuredly happiness in store for him; but I fear he is not to enjoy any of it in this life. He has a mind, that *must* worry itself; and the most amiable qualities that he possesses, are often, to him, sources of disgust, and, perhaps, of deep suffering. I am fully prepared to hear of some very extraordinary measure. It is, however, a comfort to consider, that, though his intellect is very odd, his heart is truly sincere and pious. Have you heard lately from —? Since we all met

at B——, I have heard nothing of, or from him. His intellectual, and internal movements, are to me a matter of no common interest, independent of the real regard I have for him. I look, with deep concern, to the effect he is calculated to produce, on a great part of the public mind. If his views continue as they were (which, indeed, I think hardly possible) he can do little service to the world; if they grow decidedly worse, he may do much mischief: at the same time, if it is the intention of Divine Providence, that *we* are to do any service, however small, in our generation, it may be well that we should be kept on the alert by opposition.

The good people that I meet here, are rather sensitive, than intellectual; and considering that, I get on wonderfully well with them. — is one of that class: but we agree very well indeed. I have not been able yet to go over and see his namesake. He is ten miles distant, but he came in to see me one day; luckily F. and his wife came in to Cashel the same day, and dined with me; therefore I kept our young friend to dinner, and introduced him to their acquaintance. I think him a very promising young man: he is grave beyond his years; but does not want either animation, or good sense: and his piety, I am sure, is deep. I take it that the trials which he has passed through, with respect to doctrinal entanglements, have been very serviceable to him; they pre-disposed him to drink in with delight, the views that you presented to him. If he has the power of giving out, what he knows, and feels, he may be a signally useful clergyman. As to personal comfort and accommodation, I hope he will do well. He has got under one of the kindest, and most amiable gentlemen, I ever knew; one of the very best of the old school. I hope to ride out about the middle of the week, and see how he is accommodated.

I wish you could procure me information, about the present state of the lutheran, and calvinistic churches. What liturgies they use, what is the state of religion, &c. &c. Any thing about the state of the Greek church, too, would be of use. I feel a great want of Melchior Adam's lives of the German divines; if you could either get this from Vallance, or borrow it for me, it would do me no small service.

I regret you do not go to England, for it would have been good for you. May there be any chance of our going together next year? I am very strongly recommended to drink the Balispellan water for a fortnight; and do not know but I shall follow Evans'* advice. I am about changing my lodgings, for a

* The late Dr. Thomas Evans, an eminent physician settled at Cashel, and an attached friend of Bishop Jebb, who had contributed much to fix his religious opinions. . . Ed.

more private house ; in which I am to have two very good sitting rooms, one of which I mean to fit up as a study.

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER LVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, August 4. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE had, this day, much and satisfactory conversation with ——. He entirely coincides with us in opinion, that a man's principal business is within his own heart and conscience ; and the happiest, as well as highest department, is the intellectual, as contra-distinguished from the sensitive. He sees, that, whilst external props may be highly serviceable to minds of a weaker texture, that mind, which is divinely enabled to support itself, is in a far safer, as well as more progressive state. I suggested, and he cordially coincided with the remark, that the person who lays his great stress, upon overt-acts of an ostensible and palpable nature, will probably, in proportion to his sincerity, fall into enthusiastic excess ; since to remain stationary, is impossible ; and, if there be progress, it must consist in a multiplication of acts, which will widen the separation between such a person and the world. While the progress of a person, whose tastes are more spiritual and philosophic, being of an interior nature, will be evidenced to the world, only in improved tempers ; yea, and I may add, in sound practical wisdom. On referring to some old discussions of ours about the world, — said, that he had been quite wrong ; that he had been rigid to an extreme, and that to express the revolution his sentiments had undergone, in a few words, 'he then thought it was the devil's world, but now, that it is God's world.' He mentioned, that he has, of late, formed an opinion, that ratiocination, is by no means the highest act of the mind, or the most effectual way of coming at the best knowledge. This, I replied, was also a favorite idea of mine : for I conceived, that middle terms, and the whole apparatus of logical induction, were but accommodations to defective mental powers ; and substitutes for a more compendious way of coming at truth, viz. intuition. This, I thought, was a higher faculty than reasoning : the *αισθησις* of the apostle, Phil. i. 9., or that spiritual discernment, spoken of, 1 Cor. ii. 14. A further idea occurred to me, which I know not whether it be not

fanciful. — made some allusion to our now seeing through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now, we are told, that 'knowledge shall pass away', and the sight which is now, appears to be the same in kind, though very inferior in degree, to the sight hereafter. May not then this sight be the *πνευματικὴ αἰσθησις*, that spiritual perception, which is superior to mere *γνώσις*, ratiocinative knowledge? This notion seems to derive some countenance from 1 Cor. xiii. 11. *ὡς νηπιὸς ἐλογίζετο*, to which may be opposed, in the next verse, *ὁραομεν γὰρ ἄρτι*, we now see: this is something of a higher nature than mere knowledge: but it is only through a glass darkly; that is, we have now the faculty of spiritual discernment, but it is impeded by the nebulous atmosphere, with which we are surrounded: we are in a body, we are more or less involved in sensible things, which do not give free scope to the visual faculty of our souls: but, hereafter, we shall see face to face, in that pure and perfect medium, which is best adapted to our organs of spiritual discernment. And the whole may be thus illustrated. . . An expert diver can see under water, but it must be cloudily, on account of the grossness of the medium; whereas, when he rises from the water, he can see perfectly, his eyes being free to act, in their proper medium, the air. Just so, when the soul emerges from the opacities of this mortal life, it will have a clear, distinct, and luminous view, of what it now incompletely discerns. But as, in the one case, the sub-marine vision of the diver, is far preferable, to the ratiocination of the blind man, who conceived scarlet to be like the sound of the trumpet; so the *πνευματικὴ αἰσθησις*, of the spiritual man, however affected by the refractory medium of mortality, is infinitely above the sublimest efforts of the more discursive faculty. I did not, I believe, so much evolve this train of thought this morning, as I have done now; but perhaps, after all, it is only a conceit; it has, however amused me, and, if it can, in any degree, have the same effect with you, I shall be more than satisfied. But it is now approaching midnight, and prudence warns me to bed.

P. S. If I rightly understood the Archbishop, it appeared to be his wish, that I should consult the state of my health, and ability for exertion, with regard to preaching, now that there is a curate, whom we need not be afraid to trust in the pulpit. It is on the supposition of having been permitted this latitude, that I have acted, since my friend Whitty's establishment here; and I must say, that I have found very pleasant, and happy effects, from so doing. My ostensible labors have, in conse-

quence, been less ; but I question whether, in any other equal period of time, I have gained so much intellectual ground, as since I left Dublin last. I have, I conceive, made one important discovery, that almost in my worst times as to health, I can actually employ myself, by not endeavoring to force myself to an exertion that I am unfit for ; but quietly following such a clue of study, as circumstances and inclination furnish me with. I have had leisure to make observation, on what I may call, the interior phenomena of my mind ; and find that, when too unwell to attempt composition, I can, both pleasantly and usefully, employ myself, in searching various authors for information on some subject, that I propose, when well, to work upon. After these occasional abstinences from writing, I find that I return with a renewed appetite for composition ; that both connected thought, and regular arrangement, present themselves to me, without elaborate effort ; and that, often, words come faster, than I can well put them on paper. I know not whether I deceive myself, but I cannot help fancying, that the sermon which I have begun to copy out for you, and which I hope will accompany this, approaches nearer, than perhaps any thing else I have written, to an easy unpremeditated fluency, of thought, and of expression. I have, indeed, some reason to imagine, that one or two ill-natured people have thrown out an insinuation, that my absence coincides with the Archbishop's ; and that, when he is away, I exert myself less than during his presence. Against such misrepresentations, I should wish, as far as I wisely can, to guard myself ; but I own, that, as I am conscious to myself of nothing, I am not made at all uneasy. In this world, it is perhaps impossible, that, when any man sets himself, however weakly, yet sincerely, to do good, he shall not be liable to have his good evil spoken of. I hope I say it with deep humility, but I cannot help reflecting, that the pattern of all perfection, did not escape misrepresentation and reproach ; and the reflection to me is full of comfort. Therefore, in the present case, if I were assured that I have the Archbishop's kind permission to act according to circumstances, I should not scruple to pursue the course, which I find most conducive to my bodily and mental health ; and I do feel a strong hope, that the result would, in due time, be found to make amends for the subtraction of present ostensible effort. I say ostensible, because that, consistently with my own tastes and habits, idleness cannot form a part of my system. '*Semper te Diabolus inveniat occupatum,*' said Jerome to Nepotian. For, might there not be a prospect, that if my nerves were, by due attention, to recover their tone ; and if, in the interim, by reading and thinking, and by still deeper and more interior exercises, I were

enabled to lay in a fund of materials, I should then be enabled to write off a sermon, almost as easily and rapidly, as I write this letter. I throw out these matters, for your cool consideration, and candid opinion. One thing, indeed, I had forgotten to mention, that the Archbishop's wise and good plan of appointing a lecturer, would still more leave me at liberty, to do no more than I can do comfortably. By the way, you would do an essential service, if you could recommend a clergyman, well qualified for the lectureship; very brilliant talents, I do not conceive would be necessary; but a competent power of popular address, with views, at least, not abhorrent from ours, would be highly desirable, if not absolutely indispensable.

I shall endeavor, as soon as possible, to finish the transcription of my sermon; and if any thing occurs in the mean time, I can easily add another half sheet to this epistle; which, perhaps, is already too long.

Believe me, yours most truly,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. On reviewing this, I only feel, that I have not done proper justice to W——'s part in the conversation. He was original, ingenious, deeply pious, and I think, truly philosophic.

—oo—

LETTER 49.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Monday afternoon, Aug. 17. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LET me say ever so little, I will, please God, write to you by this evening's mail. I have wished to write sooner; but my time and mind are not at my command. My long letter to Mr. Butterworth is yet unfinished, having been interrupted by sickness, and other avocations. My head is full of it; but I obey my heart, in turning from it, to say a few words to you.

I sincerely and gratefully thank you, for transcribing your sermon for me. I agree with you as to the fluency of idea and expression; and I felt cordial pleasure in your expansion of the first collect, and your remarks on the response to the commandments. I also wholly agreed in your explanation of perfection; yet, I am not sure, that I would so directly have brought this last topic forward. Such is my prudence about my favorite sentiment. 'We speak wisdom among them that are perfect';

and 'no man putteth new wine into old bottles.' But I liked it notwithstanding. I read it, and what else was new to me, even with a degree of emotion; but to account for this, I read it out. As to parts not quite new to me, I would say, that I should rather have liked the last paragraph, (I have it not before me, so that I am in danger of talking at random, . . . I mean, what you say of the threefold benefit) not to have been where it is, but in a place suitable to its place in the service.

I now proceed to thank you, which I do heartily, for your letters. All you say in the former, and in that received to-day, of — is most gratifying to me. I showed that received to-day, indeed both, to the Archbishop. He was in town this forenoon, and he could not be more gratified. He enters into the probable improvement produced by your conversation, as in part his own work; and feels an honest interest, and a no less honest gratification. As to you, Jehonadab, the son of Rechab, who was a right honest man in his day, could not have answered Johu's famous question with less embarrassment, than his Grace of Cashel could answer to any question, that concerned your happiness.

Your remarks about *αἰσθησις*, I quite agree in, and approve. You have observed how a common mirror, so throws the solar light on you, as to warm you; nay, how a concave mirror, so throws it on an object, as to produce ignition. Our feeling of warmth, in this indirect way, experience and comparison tell us to be the same in substance, as to us, with what arises from our direct perception of the sun. Similarly, the *βλεπομεν αὐτὶ δι' εὐσπείρου ἐν αἰνιγματι*, of St. Paul, implies, substantially, the ejusdem generis feeling, with what will be hereafter.

You will observe, I am not at all sanguine, about any improvement in the methodists. All I mean, is, they are certainly not more, perhaps less disposed, to fall out with us; and I would treat them accordingly. As to caressing them, or moving one step to meet them, or any of them, I should fear the consequences. Any of them, may be too strong; but who could know, whom he was moving toward?

I am, at present, a good deal amused, in reading a work, which I recommend to you to get: Mrs. Hutchinson's life of her husband.* The publication of that book, appears to me one of the signs of the times. It lets one into the arcana of sectarianism; and sets one down amidst scenes, than which, few in history, are, or can be, more interesting, in a moral and philosophical view. When Mrs. H. is assigning reasons, why her husband did not wish an extension of his power, she says,

* Col. Hutchinson, the regicide. . . Ed.

'thirdly, the religiousest, and best people were so pragmaticall, that no act, nor scarcely word, could passe, with out being strictly arraigned, and judg'd at the barre of every common souldier's discretion ; and thereafter censur'd and exclaim'd at. Lastly, the few good men were so easily blowne up, into causelesse suspicions, and jealousies ; and there were so many malignant whippers, dayly spread abroad, of every one in office, that it was impossible for any man, so worthily to demeane himself, but that a jealous misconstruction of some inconsiderable trifle, was enough to blaste the esteeme of all his actions, though never so pious and deserving.' Are not sectaries ever substantially the same ? I mean, are not the tendencies here described, the properties of sectarianism ? Yet, as God uses them, so would I, in prudence, respect them, and, in measure, acknowledge them, as a part of his great plan.

* * * * *

My friend, will you come up and preach one of your Dublin charity sermons, with a little matter of fact additions, for D—— ? You will oblige your friends at B. greatly ; it will be some time next month.

Yours most truly,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Aug. 20. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I AM much obliged by your observations on my sermon ; and doubt not they are substantially just. Wise caution is certainly of great value ; and improvement in this respect, is, perhaps, no bad criterion of spiritual improvement. I feel how much I am still wanting, in this important particular ; yet I hope that, on the whole, I am rather advancing. It was not altogether without forethought and deliberation, that I ventured to bring forward the topic of perfection : had I been to preach before a critical, and theological audience, it is probable that I should have been more guarded ; but, in fact, I was well aware that of controversies, the C—— audience knows nothing ; and I read to M. and Whitty, what I had written, previous to its delivery : requesting their opinion, whether I went too far. They cordially agreed with my entire statement ; and I hope were some-

what confirmed by it, in just views, and in a determination to press forward. As to the congregation at large, I thought that service might be done, by raising their views to an elevated mark. The wisdom of not putting 'new wine into old bottles', I deeply feel: but here, I think the thing chiefly to be avoided, is, laying down strict rules, which will be considered harsh, overstrained, and impracticable. When a high state is held up, as attainable, and when that state, is manifestly a happy one, then, I conceive, encouragement is held out, to prayer, and to self-watchfulness. And, in this view of the subject, I do not know, whether guardedly, and with wise limitations, to state the doctrine of perfection, may not be serviceable to those who are in a low state, and who can but indistinctly apprehend it. If, indeed, there be captious critics, professed formalists, or polemical religionists to deal with, I should then abstain, most deliberately, from every phrase and term, that would be likely to give alarm. But, in the present case, I believe, no harm has been done to the many, and some good to a few.

The last paragraph I put where it was, because I thought it the climax of the whole communion service; and because it contained most weighty and important sentiments, with which, rather than any others, I wished to dismiss my communicants to the Lord's table. It occurs, indeed, early in the service; but then, as being the statement of benefit resulting from a worthy participation, it points out the *end* of the institution; that, which of course should be uppermost in the thoughts, when we actually approach the holy table.

I return you many thanks for the morality of St. Austin. This Abbé Le Grou, seems to have anatomized the human mind, beyond most writers, even of his own communion; he is admirable, too, for the depth, and distinctness, with which he attributes every thing good, to divine grace. I wish protestant polemics, would give a fair reading to such books; they would furnish weapons of the best temper, for opposing erroneous sentiments of human merit. Clear I am, that we never shall succeed, till we play off the church of Rome against itself; counteracting what is bad, by that which is good, in writers of their own communion. But in truth, this is only giving you back an opinion, I have often heard from your own lips. All I can say is, the opinion appears to derive fresh strength, from the little book you sent me. By the way, I employed half an hour, Tuesday night, in advocating the cause of R. C. divinity, against —, who appeared to conceive very slightly of it. I adverted to a distinction, which should, in fairness, be made, between the religious views of the church, and the practical enormities of the court of Rome. After one or two favorite quo-

tations from Kempis, I stated the advantage they derived, from their copious use of the fathers ; adducing, by way of contrast, what Burnet complains of, after Mr. Charteris, respecting the mere controversial use, which protestants make of the fathers. W—— admitted, that the R. C——s had an advantage in this ; but urged that their advantage, here, was not as papists, but as followers of primitive piety. He pressed me, therefore, to show any good result, from what was clearly popish ; for which purpose, I quoted J. J. D——'s fine observation, about their having given their heads in safe-keeping to the church ; and dwelt a little, on the useful bias given towards the contemplative life, by monastic institutions.

Your quotation from Mrs. Hutchinson interests me so, that I long to read the book. Could you procure it for me ? If so, I will thankfully repay you ; or Mr. Keene, if he has it, can place it to my account ; and the Archbishop, I am sure, would kindly undertake the conveyance of it.

How truly concerned I am, that I cannot go up to preach for D——. I am ordered, postively ordered to Ballyspellan by Dr. Evans ; and this will interfere with it inevitably ; and indeed, besides, other reasons would make locomotion impracticable, till after Christmas.

I recollect having read, several years ago, the production of Benjamin Heath Malkin, which I think he entitled, ' Essays on subjects connected with civilization and improvement.' Among many paradoxes, filled out of the stagnant pools of modern philosophy, this gentleman thought proper to introduce a confident assertion, that our British constitution, is no constitution, because, forsooth, it did not spring up at once like a mushroom, or like Minerva. For my own part, I cannot help attributing much of the excellence of our constitution, to the very circumstance, which Mr. M—— complains of ; its gradual, and seemingly fortuitous production. I conceive that its tardy evolution, bespeaks something fitter to endure ; as the oak of the forest, is the slow, but majestic growth of ages. I think, too, that its successive, and unpremeditated adoption of ingredients, from every form of government ; its wise, yet inartificial provisions against contingencies, which experience, alone, could anticipate : and especially, the involved and intricate course of preparative events, and predisposing causes, which Dr. Miller* is so ably developing, that these, altogether prove the work to be something more than human ; and give us reason to trust, that these countries have been, and will be, specially preserved, for the discharge of some mighty function ; connected with the

* The Rev. George Miller, D. D., the learned author of 'The Philosophy of Modern History.' . . . Ed.

happiness of mankind, and with the advancement of the Messiah's Kingdom.

But it is not about the constitution, that I mean to trouble you any further, than as, by analogy, it has suggested a train of thought, respecting our beloved liturgy. This latter is not the work of one man ; of one society ; or of one age : it is, like the British constitution, a precious result of accumulative, and collective wisdom. Its materials were gradually formed, and safely deposited, among the records of various churches, eastern, and western, more and less ancient, more and less pure ; and when time was ripe for its formation, its compilers were led, I verily believe, by a wisdom not their own, to proceed on the principle, of rejecting whatever was peculiar, to any sect or party, to any age or nation ; and retaining that sacred depositum, which had the common sanction of all. So that, in addition to the touchstone of sacred Scripture, we have the '*semper et ubique*' of the Catholic church, to satisfy us, that this, our national commentary, is framed according to the analogy of faith.

The question, as it has usually been put, is between our catholic liturgy, and a liturgy framed by one individual, or by one church. But may we not venture to rest the merits of the case, on a far broader, and to our adversaries, a much more favorable supposition ? Let us, for instance, imagine, that, instead of our present public service, we could substitute a liturgy entirely composed, at the period of the reformation, by a select committee of the wisest, the most pious, and the least prejudiced members, of all the protestant churches. It is evident, that this would give us merely the speculative and practical views of a single period ; and that, with the express exclusion of one integral, though erroneous member, of Christ's church, the Roman Catholic. I should, indeed, have said two : for the Greek church has not been included in our supposition. But we well know, that, in human science, each period of the world has had its favorite theory. This is notoriously the case, in physics, in astronomy, in jurisprudence, and in morals ; and why not, also, in theology ? From analogy, then, it is probable, that divinity has had its fashions ; that there has commonly, been, if I may use so homely an expression, a run upon some peculiar opinion, which, for the time, has given the tone to theological sentiment. But I conceive that the testimony of ecclesiastical history, establishes the fact beyond question or appeal. It requires no great depth of investigation to discover, that matters have, almost uniformly, been so regulated by divine Providence, as, in every period of christianity, to turn the catholic current, towards some extreme ; for the purpose of counteracting an opposite and more danger-

ous tendency, in some heretical branch, that threatened to overflow its safe channels, and to convey along with it the true catholic doctrine. And I think it may be proved, that, at the era of the reformation, there was, in the protestant church, a spring-tide, in favor of forensic justification ; which, perhaps, was the only counteractive then attainable, to the popish exaggerations of human merit : but which, it must be admitted, threatened to overwhelm the pure, and holy principles, of communicated righteousness, and spiritual regeneration. Hence, then, it appears, that the prevalent theology of no given period, could be hopefully trusted with the formation of a liturgy, calculated purely and permanently to exhibit true christianity, in its just proportions, without deficiency, and without excess : and that, for very important reasons, the theology of the reformation was peculiarly ill suited, for this difficult and delicate office. The fact is, that a catholic liturgy, must be formed on a catholic plan ; that is, from a harmony of those dispersed and vital truths, which, in different ages, different countries, and different churches, were popularly, and effectually embodied, in established liturgies. And must we not account it a wonderful interposition of providential wisdom, that, at a period when our reformers, if they had themselves undertaken to compose a new liturgy, or had called in foreign aid to assist them, must, almost inevitably, have fallen into doctrinal excess ; that, at such a period, these men, wise, indeed, and good, but fallible, and not exempt from the prejudices of their day, should be led to proceed, in the very plan just pointed out ? On the very plan, I say ; for we find, that our liturgy is compiled, from almost every form of prayer, then extant ; from the ancient Greek and Roman liturgies ; from the sacramentary of Gregory ; from the missal of Sarum ; and, where ancient liturgies seemed to fail of appropriate matter, from lutheran, and even from calvinistic formularies : in these latter instances, indeed, we observe, that certain doctrinal asperities are mitigated, by the same mild spirit, which pervades the rest of the service. Thus *πανταχη την αληθειαν*, is the motto of our church ; and if my theory be not fanciful, it is in virtue of this ubiquitarian principle, that she has attained the true temperament, both of doctrinal, and spiritual religion.

It is, perhaps, not wholly improbable, that, at an earlier period than the reformation, there had not been a sufficiency of deviation from speculative and practical rectitude, to excite a keen regard for that truth and good, which was in danger ; that there had not been perfect specimens of all the errors, which were to be guarded against for the future ; may we not add, that there had not been a church, in all respects so well and happily circumstanced, as the anglican, for making a selection, at once,

rational and spiritual ; moderate, though fervent ; undogmatic, and yet theologically sound ? And, I conceive, it would not be difficult to prove, that, from the theological disputes, which have ever since, more or less, subsisted in England, as well as in foreign protestant churches, no period subsequent to the reformation, would have been equally favorable, to the compilation of this truly wonderful book.

In the sermon which you saw and heard, I remarked, that the style of our liturgy, considering the period of its composition, is, in itself, a kind of literary miracle ; and, that this form of sound words, whilst it can never become antiquated whilst the English language retains its strength and purity, will always excite an emotion of mingled awe and admiration, by the venerable simplicity of former times. On this topic, a further idea has occurred to me ; namely, that, if our liturgy, like most other productions of the same day, had not only abounded with uncouth phraseology, but been cast, as it were, in a vulgar mould ; subsequent alterations, not only verbal, but radical, would have been indispensable : and in the case of such alterations, much as we should have had cause to lament the impracticability, of attaining that impressive dignity, which is the fruit of a green, and graceful old age, there would be a circumstance of far deeper moment, because it would strike at the very root of our true Church-of-England divinity. Let us only ask ourselves, at what period, since the establishment of Edward's second book, would it have been safe to trust our leading divines, with a radical alteration of our liturgy ? We know the temper and spirit of the calvinists, in Elizabeth's reign ; of the high churchmen, under the Stewarts ; of Tillotson's party, on the one hand, and Atterbury's and South's, on the other, in the subsequent reigns ; . . and, with respect to the prevailing divinity of the eighteenth century, 'silence is mercy.' A detailed view of particulars would surely authorize the conclusion, that, at no assignable period, would the ruling party have been satisfied, with a mere improvement of the style ; and the doctrine and the spirit would have undergone a dreadful mutilation ; that we should in vain have had to look for that primitive piety, that deep experimental feeling, and, I cannot help adding, that sublime christian philosophy, which, at present, so justly excite our admiration, and warm our hearts. The style, then, of our liturgy, has been the safeguard of its spirit.

Farewell, my dear friend.

J. J.

LETTER 50.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Oct. 10. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RETURNED home yesterday, after my fortnight's ramble. During the course of it, I could have wished to have written to you ; but I was so occupied, and so much in motion, that I actually wrote nothing, except one or two very short letters. At D——'s we were very comfortable ; except that C—— seemed to think it incumbent on him, to give a full-length display of calvinism, to Mrs. L—— ; and therefore, while he was present, all was polemical. In fact, poor C—— appeared to worse advantage, than on any former occasion : but, when the thoughts were in his mind, I was glad they came forth ; as it exemplified to our worthy friend, what I had so long been telling her about.

In other respects, things went on very pleasantly, though not in any manner implying a change of sentiment in our friend. It is his wish, I am sure, to feel with us, as much as is consistent with his speculative differences from us ; and therefore, nothing could be less pugnacious, than his whole conduct ; yet he said once or twice, what I heard with regret, as letting me know, that his mind was still too much entangled in his old subtleties. After all, he is an uncommon man ; and his excellencies are such, as to make him be loved, and almost delighted in, in spite of whatever innocent errors, for innocent, in him, I must believe them, though, as far as I understand them, they are the very antipodes almost, of what I think and believe on those subjects.

Mrs. —— and Miss ——, seem to me, to grow in goodness. I do not know two better women. Mrs. ——'s sister, is also one of the best disposed women, that can be ; encouraging, and delighting in, the most directly good conversation. And there was, also, a calvinist young lady there, a Miss D—— ; who, I believe, was not a little revolted, by the strong manner in which I thought it right to address myself to C—— ; but was afterwards conciliated, by what I said, when he was absent, of him and his opinions ; and also respecting the indispensable necessity of divine grace, and the distinctness of its results ; a topic, on which I seldom fail to please honest calvinists, by merely stating my own simple ideas ; and, I own, I am always gratified by our agreement. When I can, therefore, I keep on this line, in talking to them ; advancing as far as I can upon it, but not deviating from it. But the thoroughly pious calvinists only,

will go on with me in this way. The dogmatists will try you on points of difference ; and, after you are obliged to dissent, will be too apt to hear all you say afterward, with some jealousy, at least, with coldness and reserve. So did not Miss D—— ; nor I think would even C——, had we been alone.

—— has written me a good, plain, well conceived letter ; and says he was going to Cashel to see you. Your opinion of him will be interesting to me. He speaks of you with great warmth ; and I am sure he speaks from his heart.

Observe what is said of the methodist conference, in the 617th page of the *Christian Observer* ; and, particularly, at the bottom of the last column. The remarks made on their proceedings, are temperate and judicious : but there is no remark, on what strikes me most ; that is, the necessity which they obviously feel, of fencing themselves against doctrinal innovation. This proclaims their danger, much more than it provides for their security. Were we to see them taking the ground of sound sense, and maintaining it soberly, and intelligently, then, much might be expected. But, when they build their wall, with such materials as are here produced, I cannot build on its permanency. 'Total depravity of human nature', is, at once, exceptionable, and ambiguous. 'The human mind', says Archbishop Leighton, 'however stunned and weakened by so dreadful a fall, still retains some faint idea, some confused and obscure notions, of the good it has lost ; and some remaining seeds of its heavenly original : *Cognata semina cœli*.' Who was sounder than this divine ? yet, clearly, what he describes, is not total depravity. Total captivity, or total impotency, may fairly be allowed ; but total depravity, is too crude an idea, to be made a standard expression.

I fear, however, the witness of the spirit, is a still more ominous sort of test. They are evidently anxious to stand high, without sufficiently examining whether they stand firm. They scarcely attempt to define, what they are here making a term of communion. And, therefore, I conceive, they are only establishing, what will be so much the sooner rescinded and rejected. It is, I suspect, a mound of shifting sand, against a rising tide.

Is not the first article in the *Eclectic*, a lively kind of thing ? I take it to be Foster. But, if so, how curious is it to observe his tenderness to Southey ; as if there was a latent congeniality, between their minds and views. Read what is said of the same thing, in the *B. C.*, and mark the difference. My friend, I own I fear that a time will yet come, when the now multiplied dissenters, will act as odd a part, as any that have gone before them. I almost think that the mystery of iniquity already worketh.

Yours most truly,

A. K.

LETTER LX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 13. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MUCH of your account of — has afforded me sincere gratification. Any radical change of sentiment in our friend, I did not expect ; but what you say of his disposition to feel as much as he can with you, is very pleasant : then, it is delightful, that the females are so happily progressive. Matters in this diocese, I think are rapidly improving. W—— has had astonishing success, for the short time he has been settled at G——. His poor protestant parishioners, who were a miserable, disheartened set of people, when he came among them, are now beginning to look up ; to stand erect ; to go with pleasure, and even with a degree of honest pride*, to church ; from which, it is to be feared, they formerly absented themselves, through a shame of their numerous Roman Catholic neighbors. For all this, I was in a good measure prepared ; but I was not prepared, for his becoming popular with the surrounding gentry. This, however, is actually the case. People of most respectable rank and property in the county, to the distance of seven or eight miles, have turned to him, and almost thrown themselves upon him, as a serious and pious clergyman. One gentleman comes, every Sunday, a distance of eight miles to his church, from a neglected parish in the diocese of Killaloe ; who is earnestly in pursuit of inward religion, has established family prayer in his house, and, in every particular, gives promise of proving a truly exemplary character. It should be observed, that he has a very large fortune, an extensive influence, and is one of the best magistrates, and most active country gentlemen, that the county affords. The turn for seriousness, and even for deep piety, which begins to show itself in that quarter, astonishes W——. He has absolutely taken no steps to bring it about, *αυτοματη ἡ γη καρποφει :* . . and he is fully disposed to proceed in the quietest, the least obtrusive, the most rational, and the most regular manner ; forcing nothing, but giving every wise, and honest encouragement, to the progress of what is good. I own, I look upon his transplantation, as a blessing to the district he is placed in ; and as one of the most valuable ac-

* At a later period, the Bishop would not have used this phrase. Pride, he regarded as so dangerous an enemy, that the very word could not be used, safely, in any but an unchristian sense. . . ED.

quisitions, which this diocese ever has received. The good Archbishop, with whom I had much conversation yesterday, is, I trust, disposed to view these matters, in no very different light from myself. I hope these two excellent men will come closer together; as I think they may be of mutual service to each other; and as I conceive, it is of great importance, that W——'s merits, should be duly felt. As to the Archbishop, you would every day delight in him more and more. He is, I believe, as pure a man as upon earth; and continually growing, in all that is wise and good. Indeed, my dear friend, if it please God that you should come here, there is before you a greater field of usefulness, than perhaps any where else. The Archbishop longs for you. W—— too, looks out most earnestly; he is prepared to drink in, and imbibe deeply, and to pour forth wisely, the very views and sentiments, that you love to communicate. And I soberly think, that, from the enlarged sphere which is opening to him, he may be God's instrument, for leavening a large, and most respectably inhabited, district of country. But to the Archbishop himself, you will be of very great service. I do not say how much I myself wish for your counsel: you ought to know, that, under God, I am indebted to you, for whatever I know, or feel, that is right; and you may, therefore, judge how I have been affected, by the prospect of seeing you.

I thank you for Walker's pamphlet. It presents to my view, something approaching very dismally to cheerless atheism; but it is, I think, very curious, in another respect; as showing, that, to act consistently, all the advocates of unmixed, or of selective communion, must proceed to the wildest extreme of his own extravagant system.

I had paid some attention, before your letter reached me, to the minutes of the methodist conference; and was particularly struck with the mention of 'total depravity'. I need not say, that my train of thought was coincident with yours; but it is curious, that, just as your letter came in, I was talking to Mr. M——, of seeds of good in human nature: I read him the passage you quote, from Archbishop Leighton, in confirmation; and the almost literal agreement, at once surprised, and delighted him. Things surely must be in a most disjointed state, among the English Methodists. Is it not pretty clear, from the mounds they are striving to raise, that pelagianism, socinianism, rationalism, and antinomianism, are gaining ground among them? So, at least, it appears to me; and, that the evil is spreading widely, I infer from the fact, that they exclude only from official situation, those who hold opinions contrary to the divinity of Christ! Surely, in the better days of methodism, an innovator

of this leaven, would have been expelled from the society with horror. The fact, I believe, is, that methodism, originally, was the salt of our establishment; and that, when it had communicated a new spirit to a portion of that establishment, it speedily lost its savor. I trust the influence it has had, and the effect it has produced over its own body, will not soon decay. How far it may now be in a state of progress towards infidelity, in order to be God's providential instrument for purifying by persecution, the establishment which it has heretofore renovated by an infusion of piety, time alone can discover; but I own I look forward to a reign of irreligion, which will be the means of rendering more intense, the christianity of a small remnant. If we live to see these days, may we be divinely enabled to be true and faithful, in the midst of apostacy.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Yours always most faithfully,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I shall be very desirous to hear from you.

—oo—

LETTER LXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 29. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just learned from the Archbishop, that the present state of the country has, in some measure, shaken your intention of visiting us. I believe he intends writing himself, by this post; lest however, he should not, I cannot avoid assuring you, that the roads are perfectly safe in the day time; and that, in this our city, you may be as quiet, as peaceable, and as free from outrage, as in the midst of Dublin itself. Your failing to come among us, would be a most grievous disappointment; for which we are by no means prepared, after having so long been feasting on the very thought of seeing you; therefore, if you wish for our perfection, do not put us to the trial of having our minds overset by your change of plan.

Two nights ago, I received Col. Blackader*, for which I return you my hearty thanks. It is very interesting and instructive, so far as I have gone; and, I dare say, will prove at least equally so, throughout. It reached me, when I was

* The Life of Col. Blackader. . . Ed.

engaged with Sir W. Forbes's *Life of Beattie*, which I could by no means desert. This last is surely a work of great interest. I am particularly struck with the light it throws upon Scotch metaphysics; and am confirmed in what I before suspected, that the Edinburgh reviewers felt they were fighting their own battle, in attacking this work so bitterly. They evidently hate Beattie, and Beattie's letters; because the one successfully opposed, and the others no less satisfactorily exhibit, that mystery of iniquity, in which the said reviewers are deeply involved.

'A car'ling, cold, pert, disputatious train.'

It delights me that such marked predilection should be shown for our establishment, our liturgy, and even our ecclesiastical constitution, by a presbyterian, a stranger, and a man of letters. His fondness, too, for classical literature; his undogmatic views of religion; his taste for the scriptures; his cordial detestation of metaphysical entanglements; all endear him to me. His religious sentiments, doubtless, were often superficial, and indistinct; but then, I cannot help thinking he would have been a fit, and grateful recipient of better ways, both of thinking and feeling, had they been thrown in his way. After all, divine Providence has different instruments, in different departments. He was a very useful one, in his way; and had he never written more than even the minstrel, he would still have been no common benefactor: for, in this world, an innocent and elegant amusement, which may, into the bargain, improve both the taste and the affections, is no small addition to our common stock.

I lately wrote a sermon, in which are some tolerably good thoughts; some allowable plagiarism from Chrysostom; two lines and a half, from your letter on frames and feelings; about as much from John Smith; about as much from the morality of St. Augustin; about as much from Plutarch: and the rest, I hope made my own; and receiving its shape and color, from having passed through my mind and heart; but, assuredly, in the first instance, imbibed from you. Therefore, you, in fact, mounted the pulpit; and you are answerable for the doctrine I delivered. Next Sunday, I hope to preach on the subject of the day, it being the festival of All Saints. A heavy cold has impeded me hitherto: but I expect, this evening, to begin in earnest; and, for that purpose, have declined dining with the Archbishop. I know not whether I told you, that I had lately talked with J. F.; and think him a very important acquisition. In truth, from that young man, I expect extraordinary things; and he seems as prudent, as he is good.

You will gratify and oblige me by bringing down Hutchinson,

and anything new that you may think it right for me to have. And, in addition, could you procure for me the transactions of the Parisian Sanhedrim; Bonaparte's catechism; and Parson's christian directory, translated by Stanhope. There is a London edition, I think, at Dugdale's. This seems to me one of the R. C. books, which has imbibed and retained the true primitive spirit: much from the fathers, especially St. Chrysostom and St. Augustin.

Farewell my dear Friend,
Yours ever most gratefully,
JOHN JEBB.

—OO—

LETTER LXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Tuesday, Jan. 19. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this morning had two visits; of which, while the impression is fresh upon my mind, I wish to give you some account: this must apologize for my so prematurely congratulating you, on (I trust) your safe arrival at home; and your happy meeting with a friend, who must have been anxious to see you.*

Just as I had finished my breakfast, — came in. He told me that he had felt a severe pang, at learning that you had left Cashel. He had no idea of your going so soon; and was truly grieved, that he had not an opportunity of taking his leave, and I suspect, also, of disburthening his mind. For, not being in any measure reconciled to himself, he concluded that he must have sunk in your estimation. So perfectly right are all his views and feelings, respecting the occurrence of last week, that my office was rather consolatory, than corroborative. The fact is, his mind was so wounded, that it needed the balm which my friendship could afford. Among other things he declared, that had he actually gone to that place, he could not remain in Cashel: that so soon as his place here could be filled, he would have betaken himself to his parish; from a feeling, that his usefulness here had been destroyed. Even as it is, he thinks that his mind and powers are not adequate to the situation he fills; that it oversets him, intellectually and morally; and that, though he will certainly do nothing rashly, he cannot help regarding it as a providential indication, that Cashel is not

* Miss Fergusson. . . Ed.

to be his destination ; that he has, repeatedly and remarkably, been prevented from establishing himself in a settled residence here, when on the very eve of completing his purpose. He threw out, also, an idea, that, under the circumstances which have lately occurred, a change of officers might be essential to the success of the scheme, that seems to be providentially set on foot amongst us. It has occurred to me, that, as you had no opportunity of personal communication with him, a short letter, confirming him in those views, which he not only holds, but I do think loves, and tending to restore him in his own estimation, might have a serviceable effect : he is, in truth, a most guileless, warm-hearted, and unworldly man.

Just as —— went out, Whitty came in. He immediately proceeded to unburthen himself ; and that, in such a manner, as to raise him very considerably in my esteem and regard. He was affected even to tears ; and what I was gratified with was, that his sensibility had been keenly wounded by the manner of your reproof. He, most cordially and unreservedly, admits, and feels, the force of all your arguments ; and declares, that his veneration for you is such, as he cannot find words to express. He shrunk from the idea of stating to you all that he had to state, not in the way of justification, but to account for the step he had taken. Strange as it may seem, he actually went against his will, and all his relishes, on, what he most erroneously conceived to be, a point of duty. In forming this decision, he was strengthened by what he could not bring himself to mention to you, ——'s having gone, two years ago, to Lady ——'s ball. He now clearly sees, that the thing was most decidedly wrong ; and that, consequently, it could not be justified by the practice of an individual, however reputable. He also fully feels, that, within these two years, ——'s views and feelings, have undergone essential alteration ; and that that admirable, and truly evangelic man, is daily growing in unmingled goodness. On the whole, the conversation I had with Whitty, has left on my mind a very pleasant impression. I seem to perceive that he has got some principles, from the discourse you pronounced to him, which will be of general application : and certainly, sensibilities have been called forth in him, by this occasion, which I had not known were in his nature. I leave it in your judgment, whether a letter to him, might not be a kind, and useful thing.*

* The conversations quoted in this letter, took place, in consequence of Mr. Knox having strongly remonstrated with the excellent clergyman alluded to, on a subject, soon afterwards, more fully treated by Mr. Jebb, in 'A Letter to a Young Clergyman on the Subject of Fashionable Amusements. Private impression. Dublin: 1806. Reprinted. London: 1830.' See 'Practical Theology,' vol. ii. p. 267. . . Ed.

I saw you pass this morning, with a pang which I could not repress, though I hope so soon to have the happiness of meeting you. Through the course of the day I have been low; and, at this moment, I feel a degree of regret, which a rigid censor would call weakness. I hope it is something better; and I pray that it may be kept in due bounds. You yourself, my dear Sir, felt it when we parted, and I cannot be ashamed to feel with you.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and may God bless you!

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 51.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 22. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter gratified me much; and I mean to follow your advice, whenever I can get myself in proper tune for doing, what would be, in my line, rather a new thing; new, I mean, as to accidental habit, I having never had occasion to write exactly under the same circumstances before. I was prosperous in my journey; I had the moon, coming out, on Wednesday morning, and I had the sun, coming in; his setting beams, were flaming on all the windows about the circular road, as I passed it. Poor S—— is more reasonable; he called on me, Tuesday; and I thought I could not do better than produce, what had entertained a man ill in body, to one who, I feared, was but sick in mind. I, accordingly, showed him your 107th Psalm*; and afterwards, when I saw fitting, the sermon on the mount, with which he was greatly delighted. Poor fellow! I will do my best to keep him, now I have got him (a little) again. I have to say a word or two to the Archbishop; and therefore, must say only to you, that I am,

Ever yours,

A. K.

* See the Christian Observer for January, 1810; in which the paper here referred to, was afterwards inserted inadvertently, by a friend, without the Bishop's knowledge, and consequently without having received his final correction... Ed.

LETTER 52.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 23. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN sending you a packet of Methodist Magazines, I wish just to say a word or two.

Observe the extracts from Paley. Are they not wonderful? At first, I imagined they must be some remains of *early* writings; but, from what is said in the remarks on Dr. Gray's dialogue, I should rather infer, that they have been written by him in his latest years. I am, therefore, anxious to see the newly published volume of his sermons; but they have not yet come to Ireland.

Within this hour, I have a letter from —, inclosing a specimen of his arrangement of the sermon on the mount. His intention is to follow you; and he has, so far, generally done so; but I perceive some variety in the divisions, and I think it will be interesting, to compare the whole of his, with yours. I shall, of course, urge him to go on with it; but, at all events, it is no trifling sanction of the general idea, that such a mind as his should take to it so cordially.

Poor Stopford visited me, in a kind way, yesterday. I put your 107th Psalm first, and then the sermon on the mount*, into his hands. I was glad to have *such* a matter to converse with him upon, it being peculiarly suitable to him; he having both taste, and critical acumen: he was greatly pleased, and wondered it should not have been discovered before. I recommend to you to read particularly, Lowth's 4th, 18th, 19th, and 20th prelections; as I conceive they contain many observations, strictly applicable to the sermon on the mount: as to the reality of the poetical character in this, even the following words, alone, appear to me conclusive: . .

Voco Didacticum, versibus eleganter et acute concinnatis præcepta includens, et comparationibus, sive apertis sive occultis, sæpe illustratum.

Sententiosum . . dicendi genus *primum* statuo Hebræorum styli poetici charactera, ut qui omnium maxime est insignis et latissime patet. *Sunt etiam nonnulla, neque ea sane inelegantia Poemata*, quæ nihil fere aliud habent poeticum præter numeros (what these are, or whether they are any thing, he pretends not

* The Bishop's distribution of it, according to the laws of Hebrew parallelism: See Sacred Literature, Sect. xxiii. p. 429. . . Ed.

to say) atque eam ex qua ipsa numerorum suavitas magna ex parte constat, sententiarum concinnitatem. . . Præl. iv.

This last observation, which is self-evidently just, settles the point respecting the sermon on the mount.

Observe, that our Savior himself describes his own method of teaching to have been, *ἐν παραβολαῖς*.

Lowth has opened the way, much rather than exhausted the work : as an instance of his omission, I would point out, his dwelling, wholly, on the short sentences in the Proverbs ; and not giving so much as one instance of that longer species of proverb, which is so very beautiful ; and which occurs, for example, at the end of two successive chapters, the 23d and 24th.

— is in the drawing-room waiting for me ; therefore, for the present adieu.

Most faithfully and cordially yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 25. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT but make an effort to thank you for your letters ; and for your thoughtfulness in sending me the magazines, into which I have not yet had time to look. Ever since you left this, I have been close prisoner to the house. I ventured too far, in going to church, and felt the effects of so doing ; but I am getting better. What I most regret is, the loss of the Archbishop's society. Kind and excellent man ! He sent me as a present his Biographical Dictionary, in fifteen volumes ; and with it a note, which makes the present such an one, as will gladden me as long as I live. You shall see it when we meet, always with the reserve of the providential proviso.

I rejoice that your journey was so prosperous, and the after effects of so very mild a nature. I rejoice, not only for you and your friends, but for Cashel ; for may we not hope, now the communication to and fro is so pleasantly open, that your visits will be frequent ; annual, at least.

I thank you for your references, to which I will attend. Just at present, as the Psalms are a more immediate object with me than the sermon on the mount, I have been engaged more with the lyric, than the sententious poetry, of the Hebrews : with this view, I have attempted a translation and arrangement

of Moses' song, which I enclose for your perusal. It is doubtless faulty, in the detail; but I could be glad to have your opinion of the disposition, as a whole; and, especially, of the distribution among different interlocutors. When the language of my version may appear most poetical, it is most literal: e. g. 'I will whet the lightning of my sword.' There are two or three fine instances of the alternate stanza. In the last of them, the beauty is entirely destroyed, by the version in common use. My rendering there, 'From the naked head of the enemy,' is strictly literal.

I am more and more adverse to pursuing the latin version any further. In order to give the spirit and manner of the Hebrew, it must be so solecistical and unclassical, that it would shock readers of taste; especially those, who have been well instructed at great public schools. This may be, in some measure, avoided, by a person who unites, with a relish for Hebrew poetry, a true classical taste, and a profound acquaintance with the best latin authors; as did Bishop Lowth. But, even here, in order to be classical, somewhat must be detracted from the primitive air. I, therefore, feel disposed to stick to the language I am best acquainted with; and hope, that, by some pains, and by diligent application to Hebrew, and to the most approved biblical critics, I may be enabled to give the Psalms in a better English dress, than they at present appear in.

I perfectly agree with you, that a wide field remains unexplored, especially in the department of the sententious poetry. Lowth's taste confined him, for the most part, to the sublimer order; to the ode, the elegy, the idyllium, &c. If he had possessed more philosophy, he would have penetrated deeper into the nature, the uses, and the elegance of the sententious. I look to deriving much light, from a close inspection of the continuous proverb, as exhibited in the instances you refer to, as well as in many of the other parts of the Old Testament. These contain, assuredly, the rough draft, of what was brought to its utmost perfection, in the sermon on the mount. And I conceive, it will be easy to show, that a happier, and more appropriate vehicle for deep philosophy, could not have been imagined.

I purpose giving deep attention to the lectures of Lowth, which you recommend. Your extracts abundantly establish the poetical character of the sermon on the mount; and I am right glad that there is such testimony, also, as Stopford and Major —. The opposite characters of the witnesses, is surely corroborative.

The Archbishop has just called; and sat with me for an hour. To be sure, it is impossible not to love him. 'Nemo illum ve-

nerabilem, qui non simul amabilem diceret.' I have reversed Seneca's epithets ; but I am sure, in this instance, I have made him speak truth. Our invaluable friend, is more and more impressed with the Hebrew poetry. He agrees in thinking it my duty to study the language ; and will do the same himself. One thing he has suggested, which I will leave it to your judgment to pronounce upon ; namely, that, till something is in a mature, and producible state, it may be well not to say much of this matter ; lest the idea should be caught, and clumsily, or imperfectly, put forward, so as to throw discredit on the whole system. I own, had this been sooner suggested, I should be more cautious how I write to —. To him, I spoke about the psalms, and the psalms only ; adding, however, that Bishop Lowth had not pursued his own system far enough ; that his synonymous parallelisms are, in fact, climacterical ; and that there is a more regular distribution into stanza, than he is aware of. I gave, as specimens, the two stanzas from Isaiah xxvii., and that from Psalm lxxxiv. Not a word did I say of the sermon on the mount.

Yours most faithfully and affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 53.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 27. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you much for your letter, and as much for the valuable and interesting inclosure. In its present state, I will not consider it as more than the first draft ; and viewing it so, I am deeply pleased with it. But its effect on myself is as nothing, compared with what I have this moment been observing, in my sensible and tasteful friend, Miss Fergusson. Immediately after dinner, I put it into her hands ; and I assure you, she was delighted almost to ecstasy : she positively wiped her eyes, to enable her to read it. In fact, it was most gratifying to mark the impression thus made by it, on a plain, right, strong, unsophisticated mind. It is much above the test afforded by Moliere's old woman.

As to what you say of Latin and English, I subscribe with both my hands. I acquiesce in it sympathetically ; nothing can be more true. I also cordially approve of your giving yourself, in the first instance, to the Psalms. I consider them as the most

important part of the Old Testament ; because they so prevalently refer to the interior ; and also, because they are so exquisitely fitted to catch the mind of youth. This last remark was made to me, within this hour, by Miss F. ; but I feel it to be the fact, from thorough experience.

As to the Archbishop's idea, much as I respect every thing that comes from him, I do not accede to it, on the one hand, nor wholly dissent from it, on the other. Caution is good in every way ; but, in this particular, scrupulous caution is needless. I should think it right to be cautious, even to scrupulosity, in speaking of some things which occur to my mind, because they require *ripeness of mind* to receive them. But your ideas of Hebrew poetry are open to investigation ; and the more they are investigated, they will be the more approved of. I should not speak thus, if I thought the subject, in any material part, admitted of a shadow of doubt ; but it *does not* : evidently for this reason ; those who have explored it before you, go all your length in principle ; but they do not follow up their own principles, in practice. This last is so much the case, that I wonder at it : for instance, Lowth says, in his 23d Præl., speaking of elegiac verse, ' Tales versus' (that is, such as are in the first four chapters of the Lamentations) ' sunt, in toto psalmo, undeviginti ; extra *επωδῶν* quæ duobis ejusmodi versibus longiusculis constat, et uno insuper breviori, quæque bis ponitur.' Now it seems plain to me, that there are in that Psalm, first, *four* couplets of the constructive kind, though, perhaps, not wholly so : then two triplets ; then, I conceive, and not before, four elegiac couplets, or eight elegiac verses, implying however, a couplet relation among themselves, but proceeding by pairs ; then, a connecting verse (the 11th), in which something of the length of the elegiac, and something of the brevity of the common couplet, mingling together ; the next, is a pure couplet, like those at the commencement ; then, as I take it (verse 13th), a very beautiful quatrain : and then, a concluding triplet. I have not your copy to refer to ; but I should suppose it does not much differ from what I have just laid down ; and, if we are right, the Bishop is wrong.

I have sincere pleasure in mentioning, for I am more solicitous that we should be *right*, than that we should be *original*, that we are not the first discoverers of the climax. However it may have escaped Lowth, it was not overlooked by a less ingenious man, Primate Newcome, in his preliminary discourse to his translation of Ezekiel. When he is proceeding to give specimens of the various parallelisms, he says, ' This subject is largely and ably discussed, in Bishop Lowth's excellent treatise on the Hebrew poetry ; and in the very instructive

dissertation, prefixed to his comment on Isaiah. From the various examples of ornament and elegance which might be produced, I shall select a very few, and those, of that particular class, *where the following clauses so diversify the preceding ones, as to rise above them.*

Now, my friend, do you not feel it of great moment, that this fact should have been felt and recognized, by such a genius as Primate Newcome? it is no *fancy*, when it struck him as a *fact*. I surely know no one, except Jean Le Clerc himself, whose testimony I should so value, in such a matter; and Primate Newcome, is to us both, better far than J. Le Clerc, or any one we could think of.

The hour presses, otherwise I might call your observation to part of the Psalm just referred to; and beg you to consider, whether, 'converting the soul' is not, *πνευμα* or *αρετη*, and 'making wise the simple' (*σοφιζουσα νηπια*, the lxx.) is not *αληθεια*; and similarly, in the next verse, whether *ευφραινοτα καρδιαν*, and *φωτιζουσα οφθαλμους*, do not come under the same rule?

I wished to add something about the 13th verse, which I take to be an alternate quatrain; but I have not, perhaps, many moments to make free with. I only say, therefore, compare 'presumptuous,' in the first number, with 'upright,' in the third; and have 'dominion over me,' in the second, with 'innocent from the great transgression,' in the last.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 54.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 30. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

KNOWING as I do that you like to hear from me, let me say little or much, I will talk to you this afternoon. I wished to give you some more particular remarks, on your song of Moses; but I have not been able, from avocations that I could not ward off.

One of these was a pleasant business: yesterday evening, I was at Stopford's; and to-day Mrs. S. has told me, that he was highly pleased, and said that he had never spent so completely comfortable an evening with me. Our chief talk was about Hebrew poetry. He takes to our idea astonishingly; and

says, 'How wonderful is it, that this thing should be just now coming out, after having so long lain concealed.'

I would say something about the Song of Moses, were it not that I have gone through it in part only, in the manner I wish to do; I shall, therefore, make it the subject of a distinct and future letter.

Since I came to town, I have been looking into Street's version of the Psalms, which I happen to have; and I clearly see, that if this work be the best of the kind, which probably it is, much is left for others to do: as to the stanzas, he knows nothing about them; and these I conceive to be essential, to any perfect rendering, of any Hebrew poem. For what are those stanzas, but the various shapes, of various *νοήματα*? Consequently, that graceful precision, (two words which could seldom be fairly put together,) which forms the chief charm of the sacra poesis, cannot be made apparent, if the stanzas are overlooked.

My looking into Street, confirms me in an idea I threw out to you; that, to do justice to the spirit of the Old Testament poetry, our own aboriginal words are to be preferred, to any imported from Greek, or Latin dialects. For example, does he gain any thing in the 10th and 21st verses of the 119th Psalm, by using the word *deviate*? Is not the *wander*, and the *err*, of our bible translation, a great deal more suitable? There is an additional reason for attending to this: that the quantity of our aboriginal words, and those of the original text of the Old Testament, are more likely to agree: *quantity*, I mean, in a plain, not technical sense; for the length, not the accentuation of words.

I wish you to look at the third chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and observe, whether sameness of idea, does not, in the general, accompany sameness of letter? It is certainly not alike strict, throughout that chapter of sixty-six verses; but I think you will find it so obviously prevalent, as to put the intention beyond doubt; and perhaps, to excite a doubt, whether, where it does not appear, the oversight of transcribers, or error of translators, may not be, most probably, in fault. But, if the fact I speak of be made out in substance, it is a great point gained; for these alphabetical pieces of poetry, are our strong-hold. They put the general principles of the system beyond doubt; and what they give witness to, respecting precision and regularity, can scarcely be disputed, because of the regularity of their own character. I think you will see there is ground for those remarks, when you consider the chapter referred to.

I own I have a doubt whether Lowth may be right, in the view he has given of the elegiac verses of the Hebrews. I mean, whether what he takes to be a lengthened verse, is not

rather a couplet, with the second member much shorter than the first ; and of consequence whether

*Diffugere nives redouant jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comae,*

be not as near a likeness, as any other we could pitch upon. I see there is a variety, even in that most distinctly marked chapter ; but I do not see, that it actually contradicts the idea I am now giving ; for I conceive it is evident, that a bimembral character prevails, throughout the majority of the verses.

For example,

4. My flesh and my skin hath he made old,
He hath broken my bones ;
5. He hath builded against me,
And compassed with gall and travail.
6. He hath set me in dark places,
As the dead of old :
7. He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out ;
He hath made my chain heavy.
8. And, when I cry and shout,
He shutteth out my prayer ;
9. He hath inclosed my ways with hewn stone,
He hath made my paths crooked.

I like this better, for this reason, because real grief is abrupt, rather than long-winded ; and I doubt, too, whether, when this, or some similar measure, is used didactically, the same disposition would not be an improvement, as giving relief to the structure ; for instance,

*The law of Jehovah is perfect,
Converting the soul ;
The testimony of Jehovah is sure,
Making wise the simple.*

Lest I should be too late, I must only add, that I am
Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 55.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, April 11. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR acceptable letter reached me on Saturday, in the midst of my movements ; I could, therefore, do nothing but read the

mere letter*, and put the papers in my pocket. I have since read the letter with care; and I think it is exactly what I formed the idea of, when we last talked it over. There is, therefore, one passage only, about which I am yet in doubt. It is, 'Few of our profession, I willingly concede, are called to this high and holy department; but they, &c.' Now, I own, I have my apprehensions, lest this should be misunderstood, partly as a fanatical, and partly as an arrogant idea: we well know, it is sound sense, and simple truth; but we know its bearing, in value of various *præcognita*, with which many, into whose hands it may fall, are wholly unfurnished. I think something like this might be substituted: . . . 'Those of our profession, who know nothing of this high and holy department, will consequently feel no need of that strictness, which essentially belongs to it; and their taking such liberties, may, possibly, not make themselves any worse; nor, are any objects they pursue, likely to be marred by it; but they, &c.' I give you the hint, to turn in your mind; and think it best to postpone putting the manuscript into the printer's hands, until I have your reply. Campbell is so expeditious, that it would answer no end to give it to him, until he can pursue it to the end.

I greatly rejoice in all you tell me about —. I did not like the composition, nor arrangement, of the lecture on Friday: but other persons were very well satisfied, and that set me at rest. There was not, so far as I recollect, any thing we could except against, as to matter; and there were favorite points of ours, put forth boldly, but I should think, to his hearers, very obscurely. However, what could we have in reason expected, beyond what has taken place? and then, the prospect of what twelve months may effect in his mental habits, is as cheering as any thing of the kind can be.

All you say of your conversation with —, I cordially adopt; with this difference, that, what you describe, as the effect of being more on a level of mind with —, I would resolve into a simpler, and surer fact: 'In the mouth of two witnesses, shall every word be established.' What one, only, talks about, may be delusion; however respectable his mental pretensions may be, in other instances: but when another clear, strong-minded person, comes forward, and gives the same view of things, a difference of feeling will take place in a candid mind, from the agreement of both, which no individual explanations, or assurances, could have produced. Such, I take it, along with a happy opportuneness of circumstances, has been

* The Bishop's 'Letter to a young Clergyman, on the Subject of Amusements.' . . . Ed.

the case between you and — ; and I must add to this, that in your hands, the matter in question might bear a soberer aspect, than in mine: I become effervescent, while you remain equable ; I am, therefore, often declamatory, while you are always logical ; I can only say, on the whole, that I am the better satisfied with what God has given me, when I see that, which possibly I could not have, consistently with the whole of my destination, or of my nature, so wonderfully and happily supplied, by the apt arrangement of pure Providence. I remember John Wesley remarking in his journal, on Mr. Fletcher's coming opportunely to aid him at the sacrament, Mr. F. having, just the minute or two before, come from the church where he had been priested : ' When my strength was nearly exhausted, how astonishingly has God sent me help ; and *such* help, from the mountains of *Swisserland* ! ' Little did Mr. W. then know, what an eventual help he, and the truth he maintained, and was appointed to transmit, should receive, from this mysteriously far-fetched auxiliary. And now, I cannot but feel a thought rising, about ends of Providence, respecting which, I certainly would not dare to make distinct calculations ; but toward which, my imagination turns instinctively, though, I hope, humbly and modestly.* By the way, finding but one set of Fletcher's works at White Friars', I desired it to be set apart for you ; being fully confident you ought to have them.

Yours ever,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glebe House, Loughbrickland,
April 12. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT let the mail coach pass, as it will in a few hours, without conveying my thanks, for your prompt and pleasant letter ; and for your judicious observations, on that passage of the MS. It is curious, that precisely the same apprehension of probable misconception arose in my mind. I suppressed it, however, partly because you had dropped no such hint, but especially, because I knew, if the paragraph were really questionable, you would not let it pass, in your final revision. The

* Mr. Knox seems here to allude to his similar connection with his friend, so early and unexpectedly brought in his way, at Derry... Ed.

suggestion, then, is no more than I am prepared for ; and it gratifies me, as affording another of those clearly independent coincidences, which I rejoice to discover, between your judgment, and my own. Your alteration, I feel disposed fully to adopt, in sense and spirit ; and so, I should, in words too, did I not feel the necessity of making the passage square with my cubical mode of composition. The following substitution, you will have the goodness to modify as you please, and then inter-line it, as amended in the MS. ‘ But they, &c.’

I should be glad to know, whether you received my note about the poor woman ; and whether you have been able to take any step in her favor. I find that I miscalculated as to time ; and must close in order to catch the post. You will (not, of course, but as you know it is felt, and can, therefore, conscientiously undertake the commission,) be pleased to present my affectionate compliments, to Mr. and Mrs. L——. Though I suppose you are at B——, I direct for the better security to Dublin. I hope to be there in time for the clerical*, and, of course, for D——’s penitentiary sermon ; which, as an honorary governor, I feel myself bound to attend.

Yours most faithfully,

JOHN JERR.



Carrick on Suir, Thurs. 8½ clock P. M. 1808.

MY DEAR MR. KNOX,

ABOUT an hour ago, I arrived here, after having been again nearly baffled at Waterford ; not a post carriage was to be had there, till, at length, after three hours’ delay, I was fortunate enough to procure a return chaise from this place. Of course, I cannot reach Cashel, in time for to-morrow’s catechizing ; for, though I might, possibly, make a forced march, by rising at four o’clock in the morning ; this would be too hazardous an attempt, in the present state of my health.

I was employing myself on the road, in retracing the delight and instruction I derived, from your conversation, during the last ten weeks : and, though I could not but feel some unpleasant drawbacks, from my own mental, and bodily indispositions, the retrospect, on the whole, was satisfactory and cheerful. Whatever partial obscurations my views have undergone, I feel a sober conviction, that they are more clear and vivid, than before your visit to Cashel. I have had an experimental proof, that

* A meeting of clerical friends in Dublin, elsewhere alluded to in the correspondence. . . ED.

views of no other nature, would suit the turn of my mind and dispositions. Calvinism, I believe, would make me mad ; and any *doing* system, would be altogether inadequate, to cure my moral and intellectual maladies. However trying the discipline was, I rejoice in the doubts and difficulties of the last three days. They have discovered, what I had before an inadequate conception of, . . the weakness of my mental powers ; and clear I am, that the discovery of weakness is an indispensable pre-requisite, towards attaining the wisdom from above. My only fear is, that I annoyed you, (not personally, but through the kind interest you take in me,) by wrongnesses of manner and expression : for such errors, I know I have your pardon ; and, on reflection, it is not amiss, that you should be in tolerable possession of my failings ; in order, that, like a wise physician, you may prescribe such alteratives, as may produce a good effect, in subserving to what I am convinced is the grand alterative, *heart devotion* : prayer, is, undoubtedly, the life and soul of spirituality. I cannot now recall particular passages of scripture on the point, being rather fatigued ; but I can safely say, that so many presented themselves to my mind to-day, as to give an impression, that the whole scope and tenor of both Testaments, is in your favor ; while all that is solidly practical, is effectually secured, by the ‘ *Quis legem dat amantibus ?* ’

Mr. ———’s letter is altogether an unique : there is, however, sincerity in it ; and a simplicity, bordering on weakness. How happily is it ordered, that religion should not primarily reside, in the intellect, and reasoning faculties : if things were so, what would become of weak, well-meaning, pious people, like Mr. ———.

I thought to-day about the ten virgins : if I am well, on my return, I have hopes of making an interesting, and instructive discourse, for Sunday. If it pleases God that I should be otherwise, then I will only do my best, in the way of modified transcription.

Remember me, most kindly and affectionately, to the good, and truly amiable family you are with. I cannot easily forget their kindness ; and metaphysics being excluded, I should be very happy in becoming their debtor, for more kindnesses. I believe you may trust me ; for, assuredly, I have received a clinical and anatomical lecture, on my own case, by which, I trust, I shall ultimately profit. My eyes are becoming heavy, and lest I should fall into a trick, which, you know, I am sometimes prone to, . . writing nonsense, I must conclude myself,

My dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate Friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXV.

To A. Knor, Esq.

Cashel, June 1. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT let this large packet go to you, unaccompanied by a few lines ; though, from a rheumaticobilious attack, I feel unable to write as I could wish, either in matter, manner, or length.

My journey was safe, but not prosperous : bad roads, and worse carriages, detained me ; so that I was obliged to sleep a second night on the road. On reaching Cashel, however, I felt myself quite indemnified, by finding my friends well ; and by being cordially received ; and by learning, that all matters are in good train : and especially, by perceiving, that home was not irksome, even after the matchless scenes, and the beloved friends, I had left behind. My first employment has been, to transcribe for Mrs. L——, the sermon which she began to copy ; in which, you will perceive, that I have paid some attention to your suggested alterations. To it, I have added the next sermon, as a suitable accompaniment ; and I shall be much obliged by your conveying them, together with the enclosed note.

I have yet no opportunity of judging, whether I am improved by my absence. All that I can predicate of myself, is, that I am enabled to bear up with tolerable complacency, under a debilitating, and incapacitating frame of body ; and, that I feel an earnest desire, when it shall please God to remove the inability, to be employed in his service.

I can, at present, only promise to write a letter, when in a better frame of body. Meantime, a few lines from you would rejoice

Your most obliged,
and affectionate Friend,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 56.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 6. 1808. Whitsun-Monday.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON coming to town this day, I received yours ; and it relieved me from anxiety. I was afraid you were unwell. I find I was

not altogether wrong ; but I am happy to find, that it is only such an indisposition, as the state of the weather is sufficient to explain. Since I arrived, I saw Mrs. L——, and handed her your note, and its accompaniment. She desired me to assure you of her gratitude ; and I feel myself more safe in doing so, than most persons are in a diplomatique trust.

I sympathize with you in the kindly feelings, that your meeting with your Cashel friends has excited ; and I beg to be remembered to Messrs. —— and ——, with sincere cordiality. I do hope and trust, you will be more and more happy ; and, consequently, be fitted to lead others to happiness. In fact, I am as sure of it, as a creature conscious of shortsightedness of mind (far beyond the same creature's bodily shortsightedness) can be.

I had the pleasure of a letter from the invaluable Archbishop, the same time with yours ; who says, ' Remember me to Jebb, to whom I have behaved with shameful neglect, though not, in reality, so ill, as it must appear to him ; for I executed his commission, and sent the books to meet Major —— at Holyhead ; where I conclude they now are, he not having yet reached that place.'

The Archbishop encloses me a warm-hearted letter, written to him by Wilberforce, in consequence of a note from me. They have not yet met, but I think they will meet ; and I am authorized to anticipate a right pleasant meeting ; both being a little heretical about the R—— C——'s. They may compare notes, while I meditate my schemes of revenge against both ; against Mr. W., more than the Archbishop ; for his Grace, to his honor be it spoken, was silent.

I was not a little struck, a day or two ago, with what I well remembered to have read before, . . the following passage in a quotation from Farrer's sermons, at the Bampton Lecture, on the Beatitudes. Eclectic Review for Aug. 1815.

'It deserves our attention, that, as they are formed on the model of certain introductory sentences in the Psalms, which pronounce a blessing on various dispositions ; so, they are delivered, in the same sententious and proverbial style. Thence, they bear the complexion of the poetry of the Hebrews ; which, in its prevailing character, is combined of parallel sentences ; clauses, wherein proposition corresponds with proposition, and term is answerable to term. Thus, every sentence, in this series, is composed of two clauses ; of which the former pronounces a certain disposition blessed ; as the latter states, wherein this blessedness consists.' This is a curious coincidence.

Farewell, and believe me, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 57.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 29. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has given me sincere pleasure, as it contains as good an account, as I could have reasonably expected. You say about poor Whitty, exactly what fits you to say: at the same time, the load of labor on you, is to be regretted. I hope it will not actually hurt you; and if it does not, it may do you good, though not consciously, while you are doing it. Whitty stays so long from Cashel, with great reluctance; and the moment he can venture to return, he will; all which you know.

I am glad you have taken that disporting walk, through the paths of the ancients. Your own idea, founded on the article in the Athanasian creed, I conceive very just: and I suppose, a particular attention to our Lord's manner of speaking respecting himself, would add still more and more strength to it. His language being, I imagine, always *Θεοανθρωποποιητής*, except when he meant to conceal his real nature. If you have Nelson's Life of Bull, you will find the whole matter in debate largely expatiated on, (Sect. lvii. &c.) in the account of the Fidei Nicenæ Defensio; and, what is curious, Calvin appears to be the great antagonist of the ancient doctrine: what a universal innovator, that man was! and yet, it seems, that his zeal against the subordination, did not imply equal zeal for sameness of nature. See Orton's Letters to Dissenting Ministers, pages 189. and 196. (By the way, I could wish to see that tract of Fawcett's.) Thus, you see, the apparently highest ground, is not always the safest. But how natural was it, in Calvin, to take the ground, that excluded from his faith, what he so strongly rejected in practice; personally, no less than ecclesiastically. In fact, *subordination*, was not a term in John Calvin's vocabulary. But the worst of it was, that, by not allowing such an order in the Divine Essence, as would safely explain certain texts, which seem to exclude strict co-ordinateness, he created a necessity for himself, and his followers, to explain them, when accidentally occurring, in a manner, not strictly consistent with the co-essentiality: all which, however, evinces more and more, that calvinism, altogether, is a temporary scaffolding; which has so little firm work in it, as to need time, and its own weight only, at length to bring it down.

A new work, which has pleased the Archbishop much, which G—— brought, and has left with me, and which you will see, as soon as the Archbishop reaches you, would convince me of the truth of this last position; if I wanted any fresh conviction. It is called 'Zeal without Innovation';* and is meant as an apology for evangelical ministers and preaching. It is the work of a fair, good, ingenious, and liberal, mind. It concedes so much, as to the excesses and anomalies of those pleaded for, that I suspect they will give small thanks to their advocate; and yet it maintains enough of calvinism, to make it sure of having no effect, in conciliating one of the opponents. I do not believe the writer is a predestinarian, though not clear from puzzle even about that; but his calvinism lies in his notions about justification by faith; concerning which, he talks with superior incongruity, from the wish to make it palatable. More, in this way, than he has done, cannot be done: yet, I conceive, the attempt is only the more abortive. Nothing, therefore, that I ever saw, proves more to me the present increasing necessity, for some new, and sounder system. In describing the dilapidation of the establishment, (which he honestly loves, though imperfectly understood by him) he gives a strong, and deplorably just picture; but he offers nothing, which any but his own side, and but a very few of the more moderate of those, will deem a remedy. I need say no more of it, till you see it; except this only, that since filling the foregoing pages, I have read a section, with this title, 'of their (the evangelical ministers) insisting on the necessity of a change of heart': in which, there is, at once, actual excellence, and obvious defect: on the whole, it seems to be a link in a chain, no doubt well fitted to its place; and, compared with all I have seen before from the same quarter, wonderfully interesting and valuable.

Two editions of Law's Theory, the 4th and 7th, lie, at this moment, before me. At the 161st page of the 4th, and at the 178th page of the 7th, there is a note, which, by this double direction, you will easily find, that seems to me highly curious. The part I refer to, is a quotation from Jeffery on the Philipians; followed by Law's own abbreviation of Jeffery's view; the whole of which, together, gives a progressive view, remarkably according, in all parts but the first and last, with our notion; and partially falling in with Villers in his sketch. The first period, he extends, you will see, from the commencement, to Saint Augustin; which he calls the period of simplicity: but neither our Lord, nor his apostles, were simple, in his sense; see beginning of the quotation; nor, after such simplicity had

* By the late Reverend and excellent James Bean, afterwards a valued friend of the Bishop of Limerick: he died 'the death of the righteous', in 1826. . . Ed.

commenced, did it continue more than two generations; Clemens Alexandrinus, clearly introducing a new system, as Villers has seen, and stated. The second period, is pretty accurately described; the third, with some justness, but indiscriminately, and over severely; the fourth, the most accurate of all; the fifth, a specimen of sutor ultra crepidum; yet still adding to the interest of the whole. But mark the still farther contraction: for, however erroneous, it is neat and ingenious. 1. Virtue and piety, &c. 2. Nature and grace, &c. 3. Church and sacrament, &c. 4. Christ and faith, &c. being a refinement upon the doctrine of the second period: well guessed; a modification, surely, but not a refinement. Even here, 'the old is better.' The concluding words about the fifth period, contain as ill-defined, and cloudy a hope, as could easily be expressed: and yet, there is a truth in it, though not as he understood it.

A thought struck me last night, which brought some new light with it. Compare carefully, Gal. iii. 19. with Deut. v. 5., and both, with Heb. viii. 1, 2. &c. especially 6., and then judge, whether Christ's mediatorship and priesthood, are not strictly distinguished from each other. Moses, being exclusively the type of the former; and Aaron, and his successors, of the latter; and the excellency of the service, which he performs as true *Λειτουργός*, arising from the excellency of the covenant, of which he is *Μεσίτης*: clearly, then, according to the obvious parallelism, it is as *Λειτουργός*, like the high priest within the sanctuary, that he acts on our behalf with God; and as clearly it is, as *Μεσίτης*, like Moses, that he is stated to act, on God's great business with us: that is, 'He stands between the Lord and us, to show us', most substantially and sublimely, 'the word of the Lord'; inasmuch as human nature must still be afraid, 'by reason of the fire'; and could not go 'up unto the mount.' Now, for the strictest, most apposite, and most beautiful expansion of *Κρείττονος διαθήκης μεσίτης ἐπὶ κρείττοσιν παγγελίαις*, read closely the third, and to the sixth verse inclusive, of fourth of II Corinthians. In my judgment, nothing could harmonize more exquisitely, than these different passages.

I thank you for the quotation. It is clearly as you say. The danger, in that kind of composition, is quaintness; of which Seneca is proof. How wonderful, then, that it should have been so largely, and so artfully practised, without falling into quaintness. That the Hebrew poetry is not quaint, is clear, from the fact of its poetic character being so generally undiscovered. It pleases, without its being known how.

I will endeavor speedily to do your bidding about Mr. ——. I will send you Shaw's Emmanuel, from Keene's, by Whitty, who goes on Friday. Dr. P. thinks he should stay longer at

Lucan. I advise him to go to Cashel, and see how he will be, and return if necessary ; as that course, at all events, will make things easiest to his mind.

Yours most cordially,
A. K.

P. S. The MS. is too near my heart, to be forgotten or postponed.

Miss Fergusson begs to be kindly remembered to you.



LETTER LXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, July 22. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I look at the date of your last letter, I am truly ashamed ; and yet, if I had not matter furnished me, by something that I regard more complacently, than the *idola specus*, I believe I should be obliged still to continue a defaulter. But our visitation, yesterday, afforded me very sincere gratification ; of which I feel desirous that you should be a partaker. Wednesday evening, the modest Archbishop showed me the beginning of a charge, he had been preparing ; and yesterday morning, at an early hour, he showed me nearly the remainder. You well know his unaffected diffidence, in his own very sound judgment, and respectable talents. It will not, therefore, surprise you, that he felt dissatisfied with what he had done ; and, in his condescending humility, wished to avail himself, even of my opinion. It was not without difficulty, that I could diminish his apprehension of addressing the clergy ; and just before he began, he whispered me from the throne, ‘ Now, Jebb, if this should turn out ill, remember the burthen rests on your shoulders.’ Any apprehension I might have felt, under this responsibility, was soon put an end to. He was listened to with marked attention, and the most visible satisfaction ; and he delivered a very neat, simple charge, in his own meek, cordial, and impressive manner. He concisely stated the charges, which, of late, have been publicly brought against our establishment ; on the ground of incorporations of parishes ; want of churches, and glebe houses ; and consequent non-residence of the clergy. That these blemishes had existed, to a certain degree, he did not deny ; though, certainly, they had been much exaggerated : but he proved, that they naturally and necessarily

resulted, from the circumstances of this country ; and that, by the voluntary exertions of the clergy, and out of their own scanty, and precariously collected incomes, they had been, for a long course of years, in a state of gradually progressive diminution. He next adverted to what had been done for our Irish establishments, in the last session of parliament ; especially, with respect to facilitating the accommodation of the clergy with suitable residences : he then explained the nature the of late residence act ; and concluded with most impressively recommending, and enforcing on us, that strict attention to residence, and all other duties, which is so imperiously required of us, by the liberality evinced in our favor ; by the interest which parliament manifested, and, with unprecedented unanimity, takes, in our welfare and respectability : and by the importance which is now universally attached to our exertions, for the civilization, and improvement of this country. He paid some very handsome, and I do think, very merited compliments, to the clergy of this diocese. In truth, it was a beautiful, and delightful exhibition. He was like a true apostolic father, addressing children that he loved. I question, whether there was equal simplicity and purity often to be met, in the primitive ages of the church : at least, what I read of their councils, and other clerical meetings, inclines me to form a comparison, not by any means discreditable to our Cashel brethren ; and, above all, to our Cashel visitor.

But I have more pleasant intelligence. W—— absolutely astonished me, by an admirable visitation sermon. I was well aware, both of his talents, and of his having deeply and radically embraced our ways of thinking ; but I had no suspicion, that, in so short a time, his talents for the composition, and delivery of a sermon, could have ripened into such excellence. You may recollect that, about two years ago, his style was no very agreeable imitation, of honest Matthew Henry. He has actually emerged from all that quaintness. He has attained a ready flow of expression ; and he pours forth most philosophical sentiments, with an ease, which I apprehend a certain friend of yours will never acquire. We have requested the publication of the sermon. The Archbishop was delighted, and declares he never heard a better. I own, I was so forcibly struck, that I could not avoid stepping from the reading desk to the throne, and asking the Archbishop, in an under tone of voice, ‘ Will you not ask him to publish ? ’ My idea is, that it was admirably prepared for delivery ; but that it will require some little modifications, to fit it for the press. There may possibly be a little redundant scripture phraseology, to be pruned ; a too frequent recurrence of the text to be moderated ; and joints, or hinges, to be added to the several divisions. But I need not tell all

these matters to you, as W—— proceeds for Dublin on Tuesday ; and will submit the discourse to your inspection. He is not so committed, but that he may creditably recede, if you recommend suppression. I hope, however, you may see cause to judge favorably, as it is surely of importance, that it should be shown to the British and Irish public, that our church is not dumb ; and specially desirable, that our ways of thinking, should be not only fully imbibed, but intelligently put forward, by a man who evidently possesses a very strong mind. On this last ground, I am desirous that W—— should preach in Dublin, the Sunday he will be there, the 31st instant. He has acquiesced in my proposal, if the Asylum pulpit should be vacant for him ; and this matter you can easily arrange with N——.

It affords me deep, and cordial gratification, that W—— should thus increase, whilst I cannot but apprehend, that I am rapidly decreasing. Providence arranges matters wonderfully. If it be the Divine will, that I should intellectually sink, it is truly consolatory, that, at the same time, a chosen friend should come forward, with such promise of being eminently useful ; and of giving efficient support, to precisely that very system, which the world seems to want at this day. Surely, if this prime truth and good be advancing upon earth, it is comparatively a trifling matter, who are the instrumental agents.

I had been aware of, and made use of, Nelson's Life, as well as Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*. The passage of Law, I well recollected having viewed just as you do ; and on referring to the book, I was glad that we quite coincide. Your thought about *Μεσσην* is important. I read the passages carefully ; but determined on a still more special examination of them, at a more convenient, and healthful season. That has not yet arrived. Faxit. D. O. M. !

W—— will probably disclose to you, and his sermons, indeed, will evince, that he is not, just now, so evangelic in his mode of preaching, as he could wish. This, I tell him, will arrive, at no distant day. If you are out of town, I am sure you will hasten thither to meet him. He goes to bring his sister to G., and can be absent from home but one Sunday. Let me also hint in your ear, that, though I do not deserve such kindness, you cannot at present, in the whole sphere of your correspondence, write a letter to a person, who more requires to be cheered by one than I do.

I request my kindest regards to Miss Fergusson.

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JERR.

LETTER 58.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, July 30. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

ALL you tell me about the visitation is highly pleasing ; and even the minuter circumstances, served to heighten the effect ; to you, at least, who had before your mind what others had not. What you say of the sermon delights me, except the drawback at the top of your last page, though I join in your hope of the ' no distant day.'

But before I say another word, I must come to yourself, my good friend ! Is it the writer of such a letter, that talks of decreasing, or of being spell-bound ? But I know your feeling well ; and I assure you, have had my share of it. I do not know when I was in worse writing trim, than for the last three weeks. I wished to say something by way of dissertation, on the fulness of time spoken of by St. Paul in Galatians ; but the third attempt to make a beginning, is yet imperfect ; and there must be a fourth attempt, or relinquishment ; which latter, I being pertinacious, have not yet consented to. I cannot but think there has been more than usual oppressiveness in the weather. My head has been so affected, as to give an unusual aridity to all my mental movements ; so that, were I not acquainted with my own fluctuations, I might form uncomfortable inductions. But I do not ; for my experience corrects, what my present sensations might seem to indicate.

The attempts at innovation, which I apprehended this year among the Methodists, passed wholly off. Adam Clarke has got other employment ; which will keep his hands, as well as head, busy, for much of the remainder of his life. And another whom I looked for, a Mr. R——, was prevented from coming, by the indisposition of his brother-in-law, A. G. ; so that the Methodists are exactly where they were ; and I now think, this late cloud being thus dissipated, they are likely enough to remain so, until some new movement shall take place, from causes not yet apparent.

I therefore feel disposed to continue all my former friendly endeavors, where an opportunity shall offer ; as I conceive Wesleyan Methodists, not dissenterized, are, comparatively with all others, our next of kin. I conversed at large, with one only, during the conference ; but that one, is a sensible, shrewd man ;

and has great influence. I found him not quite impenetrable to our ways of thinking, about church matters; and I should not despair, were these opportunities to occur, of so far introducing our views, into the minds of the best description of Methodist preachers, as to give a them steadiness, which, as yet they have not; and a feeling toward the established church, which, hitherto, they have had upon their tongues, far more than in their hearts.

I acted on the plan I speak of, last Monday, at B——. A Methodist preacher, who had preached in D——, the evening before, came to the chapel in the morning. I desired to tell him, that I should be glad to walk about with him after breakfast. I did so; and got into very reasonable talk with him. I told him, that my grand exception to Methodism was, that, though capital for giving first impressions, it did not promote maturity. I owned it afforded examples of maturity; but even *they* appeared to me not to have the faculty, of diffusing what they possessed. This sounded strange to him; so I led him to St. Paul's twofold figure of vegetation, and building; pointing out the difference, between the comparative passiveness implied in the first, and the indispensable exertion requisite in the second; which exertion, again, requires profounder skill than the first business, in the proportion of, six to one I was going to say, but the true statement is, that the first business requires no skill, for 'other foundation can no man lay'; but the second demands choice within choice; the materials being generically perishable, and imperishable specifically; more or less precious, and more or less vile. This, I further illustrated, by referring to Hebrews, end of v. and beginning of vi. and begged him to consider, whether the Methodists had any idea of what it was to leave first principles? I showed him how accurately these first principles are classified, and enumerated.

I. As things to be taught. 1. Repentance. 2. Faith. 3. Baptism. 4. Laying on of hands. 5. Resurrection. 6. Eternal judgment. II. As things to be experimentally felt. 1. Illumination. 2. Tasting of the heavenly gift. 3. Being made partakers of the Holy Ghost. 4. Tasting the good word of God. 5. Powers of the world to come. All which, however, are but first principles, as the connection shows, and as is seen by contrasting the highest of these mere sensations, with the 'senses being exercised, by reason of use, to discern both good and evil': that is, good, from evil; and more excellent, from less excellent. I must not add another word, as I am summoned to attend my friends.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 59.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin Aug. 20. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY, I arrived here, after our expedition to R——, and I must say that, from first to last, it was a pleasant business. Our intercourse was never so comfortable before, as on this late occasion. Every thing I saw and heard, tended to confirm me in my idea, of J. D.'s having been placed there by the hand of Providence, in order to his being, for the present, a shelter to the inferior plan of usefulness, in which G. C. is employed; and, also, to his own preparedness for superior usefulness, in the event. Of the first of these suppositions, no man can more feel the justness and weight than G. C. himself. It is most gratifying to hear all he says of J. D. 'He is leaving us all behind', said he. 'He is the first instance I ever knew, of a man's life so wonderfully rising above his faith.' In fact, neither word, nor thought can go higher, than G. C.'s estimate of J. D.; and what is additionally delightful, they mutually deem each other's preaching improved. I think, with justest reason: G. being softened and liberalized; and J. being spiritualized and sublimated. After all, there were points of palpable difference, between the latter and me; though neither was disposed to dwell on them. I conceive the greatest dissonance now is, mysticism. J. D. is persuaded, that, in the great ameliorative process, the grand reliance here below, is on suffering. This makes him still start back from the idea, of even predominant religious happiness; as well as disposes him overmuch to asceticism. Yet he has somewhat given way. He came the length of allowing, that my view was probably a safe one for me; but he doubted much if it would be safe for him. There is progress, however, in this thought: and if there be no retrogression, we may indulge strong hope. Besides, he is in the very best school imaginable for being trained aright, in this very particular: for G. C., with lower, and less philosophical views, is obviously happy, and yet obviously safe. Why, then, should not J. D. be as happy, and as safe, as the other?

This, I think, he will feel more and more; and learn wisdom from it. I trust he will also improve, in accurate knowledge of the Scripture; and find in that, what assuredly it contains, the true antidote against all excesses. G. C. preached on Sunday

morning ; and J. D. in the evening. The sermon of the latter was of course a good deal, indeed wholly, in his own way ; but it was, notwithstanding, solidly good and useful. Mrs. P. L. was much pleased with it ; yet not more than there was good ground for. The evening sermon was explicitly, and without compromise, pious and strict. The subject was ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it, &c.’ St. Matt. 25. ; and most clearly, and to G. C.’s delight, he showed, that it was not mere beneficence which was referred to, but predilection for the true disciples and brethren of our Savior ; adducing as proof, his own words, ‘Who is my mother, and who are my brethren, &c.’ On the whole, nothing could have been looked for more pleasant, than our intercourse throughout ; and nothing could be more cordial than the pleasure he expressed, at what he had heard men of the bar say about your preaching.

I began this letter in Dublin, on Saturday ; intending it for that night’s post. Monday is now come, and I writing in the reading room of B——. I must, however, say no more ; in order to catch an opportunity, which, even now, is hazardous. When you can write, I shall be most happy to hear from you, being most cordially yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Aug. 31. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How deeply am I in your debt, and how unable to repay ! But I must say something, though it were only to put in an impudent claim for further credit : though, be your patience what it may, I can hardly promise that I shall ever repay you all. Your letter did not reach me, or rather I did not reach it, till Monday last. I had been the whole of the preceding week at G—— ; from whence W—— accompanied me to Cashel. I communicated what you say about his sermon ; and he is perfectly satisfied to acquiesce, in whatever you may finally think expedient ; being convinced that, in such matters, there need be no appeal from your judgment.

On every account, your report of the expedition rejoices me. I think I can enter fully into the whole business ; and, surely, few things could be more truly delightful, than to see fierce polemicals thus charmed away, by the bland and kindly influences

of affection and good will. There can be little doubt, that G. C., and G. C.'s system, will assume a character, very far surpassing ordinary calvinism. Who can tell, but that in it, there may be a remote preparation, for the future reception and diffusion of a more excellent scheme? at all events, it is a great matter, that practical goodness, without dogmatical theology, can excite such cordial affection: and here, even our amiable friend's mysticism and asceticism may do essential service. Is it not probable, that these generate a kind of goodness, most likely to attract people of G. C.'s school; and that, on the other hand, they produce in J. D., a greater degree of tenderness, for the wilderness piety of his R—— friends, than could have arisen, merely from the kindly feelings of his own mind, and tolerant nature? I own I am disposed to view the very dissonances from our way of thinking, as part of the providential apparatus, which fits J. D. for exercising a most beneficial influence on the other plan of usefulness; and perhaps, when that is able to subsist alone, he may be brought to throw off these exuviae, and move unfettered, and range at large, in the wider field, and purer air, of our system. He would, in truth, be an invaluable acquisition: not that I expect he will ever become thoroughly solid and consecutive; but I soberly think, that, if he were cordially to embrace our ways of thinking, he would produce greater popular effect, than any other individual in the community would be capable of doing; and that this very want of compactness and arrangement, would, in no small degree, conduce to his popularity.

If you could but suggest a text and subject, in my way, it would be a wondrous stimulus and aid to,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER LXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Sept. 10. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE near prospect of seeing you at Cashel, has been absolutely reviving to my spirits; and you will readily believe, that it afforded no small gratification to our friends at the palace.

I must say, that I have been wofully disappointed in Paley's sermons. There are, to be sure, some choice passages; very

few, however, besides those, which we had previously selected for us, in different Reviews. And even here, I suspect he often uses a more spiritual phraseology, than his sentiments entitle him to. He talks of the absolute necessity of divine grace; but we discover, in other places, that, by grace, he means nothing more than favor. He describes, most nobly, the habit of devotion; but, when he comes to specify the subject-matter of devotion, as sermon viii. 142., does he not betray wonderful tameness? There is, assuredly, nothing of Chrysostomian fervor; no wing; no tendency to soar. His notions of love to God, are absolutely grovelling. See p. 42., sermon ii. &c.: 'Towards the author of an obligation which is infinite, thankfulness is the only species of love which can exist!' In sermon xviii. p. 288., and sermon xxii. p. 341., does he not speak the language of most unqualified arianism? So, at least, it appears to me; for I think none but an arian can maintain, that the eternal *Λόγος* is now advanced to a higher state, than what he possessed before his incarnation; and that none but an arian could speak of 'Him who came down from heaven', merely as being 'united with the Deity, as no other person is united.' This, surely, is ranker arianism than Dr. Clarke's. Add, that, in no part of his sermons, is Christ explicitly termed, God. After all, this work may do good. In many points, Paley seems to have advanced on himself, and on all of his school. Some important principles are laid down; and some valuable concessions are made: and he affords not a few happy instances, of what may be done, in the way of familiarizing deep truth, by divesting it of technical phraseology.

Last night, I got my reviews. They seem, so far as I have looked into them, more interesting than usual. Is there not, however, too much effort at fine writing, and at originality of expression, in the Eclectic? I felt particularly disposed to ask myself this question, in reading the article upon Cowper's Milton; which also sins against just taste, and enlightened piety.

Do you not like the article in the Christ. Obs., on Miss Smith's fragments? There is a liberality in it, which I have seldom seen exhibited in that work. The writer, whatever may be his theological sentiments, is evidently not afraid to move without doctrinal shackles; and I was gratified to find him quoting, in terms of high commendation, some passages with which I myself had been particularly pleased, in reading the work at large. This was, assuredly, a prodigy of a young woman. Such mature, such just and deep reflections, at such an age, and with so little opportunity of sound religious instruction, astonish me. What she says of humility is admirable; and the passage beginning, 'Great

actions, &c.' C. O. p. 518, 2. is wonderfully solid and practical. These sayings are worthy of Howe.* What might this self-taught young person have become, had her religious friends been of a higher school, than Mrs. B——, and Dr. R——!

I am sure the passage you recommend for a text, is pregnant; but I cannot, at present, draw a mental sketch of a sermon from it. With the aid of hints, I might. You know, that from hints I always work best: therefore, if you can, do write about a page on the subject. I long to be set at work, but I am not automatus. I need to be wound up.

Yours most affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

—OO—

LETTER 60.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Sept. 12.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST not attempt to give hints about the text, as (the bellman, I was going to say, is in this street . . but that is past,) a friend has come in; and I must merely add, that I thank you for your pleasant and interesting letter: your superscription, ever refreshing me; and your contents, never disappointing me. I agree in all your remarks; and do assure you, I thought of Howe, while I read the fragments. Mark that! I must only lodge an exception, about the remarks in the C. O.; as some recollection hovers over me, of my being struck with some dissentient, or jealous ideas. Whatever they were, if they were just, you will agree with me when I explicate them. In the mean time, believe me,

Ever, most cordially yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—OO—

LETTER 61.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 21. 1808. After dinner.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHALL have little time, and can of course say little; but little or much, you shall have till the last minute.

* The author of the 'Meditations.' . . Ed.

Poor — has lost his daughter, and has had his wife in a dangerous fever. I received a letter from him, yesterday morning, acquainting me with the latter fact; and expressing hope, that the worst is over. I trust he is right. One way or other, — will be 'brought to the haven, where he should be.' I was gratified by his writing to me, in a way above all selfishness. I was glad on his own account; for there is so much, in the things I say, to revolt his natural feelings, that his kindness towards me, is, I cannot but think, a symptom of advanced, and advancing self-subjugation.

I have lately read a beautiful kind of thing; the *Life and Remains of Henry Kirke White*. Perhaps I have already mentioned it to you. Could I catch it in paper, I would send it by post. H. K. W. was a prodigy; too much marked with precocity, certainly, to afford hope of continuity; but a wonderful creature he was, undoubtedly, both for talent, and piety. The latter cordial; but, as it should seem, not sufficiently steady. Perhaps this circumstance, which the initiated only can understand, accounts best for an otherwise inscrutable arrangement.

I have had some pleasant talk with Methodists, on two occasions, this week. In both instances, I have been profoundly gratified. A wonderful willingness appeared to drink in what I said; and the approbation given to it, was so discriminatively, and so tastefully expressed, that my satisfaction was as deep as it has ever been; two or three special instances, always excepted. The cordiality of reception was such, that it has really given hope of doing some good, through the blessing of God, to my old friend. Severed more and more as they are, from their brethren in England, they may be disposed to listen to primitive doctrine from us (*qualescunque sumus*); and, if so, what might not this lead to? The Methodists, without any outward alteration, that any one could discover but ourselves, might positively, in my judgment, become the most efficient friends to the established church simply by their being brought to breathe the same spirit with itself.

I may appear over sanguine, but a short letter cannot explain all my grounds.

Believe me, ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER LXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 20. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ABOUT a month ago, I wrote you a very prolix letter ; which, I fear, has frightened you out of all correspondence with me. I am now about to write a very short one ; and in the first place, let me mention, that the Archbishop intends setting off, to-morrow, for town : so that, of course, you will see him, either on Saturday, or Sunday.

It will give you pleasure to hear, that a living of 600*l.* falls to my worthy friend, Geo. Forster. He is to be succeeded in the Archbishop's cure, by J. Forster*, who is to come and reside in Cashel.

I wish to know, whether you would have any objection to present a memorial from me, to the commissioners of the revenue, through your friend Mr. H. It is on the subject of quit rent ; and may possibly be the means of saving me 12*l.*, which, you know, would buy twelve quartos. If you can do me this good office, with perfect ease to your own feelings, I know you will not hesitate ; and, on no other terms, should I wish to engage you in this, or any other concern, of

Your very faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 62.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Oct. 24. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NOTHING on this earth could be more unfounded, than your suspicion about the prolixity of your letter. When I receive a

* The Rev. James William Forster, LL.D., Vicar General of Limerick, and for more than six years, Commissary of the united dioceses. The addresses unanimously presented to Dr. Forster, on the close of his delegated administration, by the assembled clergy of Limerick and Ardfert, grateful as they naturally were to the feelings of his attached brother, have a still higher value, as testimonies to the wisdom with which, absent or present, in sickness no less than in health, the presiding mind of Bishop Jebb guided and governed the portion of Christ's Church committed to his charge. . . ED.

letter from you, my first matter of inquiry, is, whether it is full ; my certainty of the quality, ever making quantity, alone, my point of solicitude. No, my friend. Every particle of your letter was interesting to me.

I am very glad, as far as I can judge, of what you tell me concerning the two Forsters. The greater arrangement is clearly right ; the latter consequent one, I hope will be the source of advantage to J. F. ; and then it will not fail to give pleasure to you.

I could say many things, but I wish this letter to go to you by to-night's post ; and I look forward to another mode of communication. I am sure your arrangement of St. James, is founded in fact ; but, I am inclined to think, the same conformation, with more or less exactness, is every now and then occurring, in all the apostolic writings ; and, I imagine, an attention to this particular might often be found of use, in ascertaining the sense of obscure passages.

Your collection from the philosophers and poets, I greatly like ; and I conceive, it might be highly useful to keep the plan open for continual increase, in the way of, not a common, but a special place-book. I am sure it is a method of enriching one's own mind and memory, with materials applicable to the noblest purposes. Had not Leighton followed that method, his Prelections would not have been the elegant things they are ; nor would any of his writings have had that depth and richness of thought, which all writers, that understand and feel him, agree in acknowledging.

My movements will be regulated by those of the Archbishop, from whom I have not lately heard, but shall probably see tomorrow, (when I mean to be in town) or Wednesday, at farthest. I had, some time since, the kindest possible letter from him ; but I do not know what new arrangements he may have made, since. Therefore, till I see him, I can say nothing positively, except that, when I go, I must go round by Newtown Barry ; where, however, I shall stay only a very few days.

Write to me, when you can, and as largely as you can. Be assured, I can never cease to value what you say to me ; and shall never be wilfully negligent in replying.

Yours ever,

A. K.

LETTER LXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 27. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR very kind letter has set my mind at ease. For the truth is, I was not inapprehensive, that my late pursuits might have appeared to you, either trifling in themselves, or too eagerly followed; or, perhaps even followed to the neglect of other, and weightier matters: and under this misapprehension, I could not help construing your silence, into a tacit rebuke. To most people, say what I might, this feeling would often yield incontrovertible proof of consciousness. But you know how to appreciate more tenderly, the weaknesses of a sensitively nervous man. I am happy to say, that, in the present instance, I do not condemn myself. It is my anxious wish and effort, that I may not be carried away by any hobby-horse; and I know that, at any moment, I would with joy put aside all the poets, philosophers, and fathers, for even the remote prospect of being able to compose a sermon. But, 'Quod possumus, non quod volumus.' Two years ago, you gave me a very sound and seasonable piece of advice, 'Use every thing, but do not let yourself become fond of any thing.' This, I hope, I never shall forget.

I am glad that you like the plan of my little philosophical collections; and, I have, in intention, anticipated your suggestion of keeping it open for further increase, as choice materials might present themselves. At a future day, when I have the proper books in my own possession, for it is uncomfortable to be dragging the folios of the library to my own apartments, I hope to collect, in a similar manner, from the fathers. Such a plan, I should conceive, is peculiarly proper for me. For whether it be from the natural temperament of my mind, or from whatever cause, my small literary movements differ from those of most men. All my little acquisitions, are made by short, but somewhat vigorous incursions. I am not able to carry on a regular siege; much less, to establish myself, in the territory I have invaded; and therefore, whenever I have gained a little booty, I am glad to retire with it into my fastnesses, and wait my opportunity for a fresh sally. Now, whatever is acquired in this predatory manner, is very difficult to retain; and, hence, there is an absolute necessity, of providing magazines, for the safe custody of one's spoil; lest the fruits of one incursion be lost, while we are out upon another. This allegory has grown into

greater length, and I fear into more perplexity than I had dreamt of; but you need not be told what it means. It is my object to secure the power of retaining, and applying those materials, which, from their miscellaneous nature, and the detached, not to say the desultory mode of their acquisition, would otherwise escape the memory, or fail of being applicable to any useful purpose.

I am thinking, at present, of composing a discourse, on that text of Saint Peter, 'The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.' If I can succeed, I intend it for next Sunday se'nnight. When I look back upon the whole time that has passed, since we parted at B——, it is enough to dispirit me sadly, that I have absolutely written but one sermon; and that, not at all to my mind. In this dearth, I have been reduced to draw, a very little, on Whitty; and, chiefly, on my old stock, for I cannot transcribe. All, however, is, I trust, for the best. I cannot charge myself with idleness. There has been an effort to lay up, 'quod mox depromere possum.' And I hope the obvious lesson, of diffidence in myself, has not been wholly neglected. Meanwhile, there have been, and are, feelings of a hopeful, and perhaps, even of a complacent nature. I think I have been gaining clearer views than I ever had, how the instrumental powers should be made use of; and, with the aid of Cicero and Quintilian, I hope to find my way, to a more easy and graceful, as well as forcible management of language. To get rid of stiffness and elaborateness, and to attain simplicity and freedom, is, I believe, an elaborate process; but I feel it a duty to labor in this department. For, I do verily believe that I have little or nothing of an originaive mind; but that, if they are duly cultivated, there are capacities in me, for giving to truth, however I may come at it, some of the graces of diction. This, I feel a presentiment, is to be my department: and for this, I am desirous to prepare. One object which I wish to keep in view, is, such an arrangement and disposition, both of words and sentences, as may appear the most natural, and even fortuitous; and, at the same time, may gratify the ear with a certain sweetness and harmony, that can be better felt, than described. Some one has remarked, that, in listening to an innumerable, and unharmonious discourse, people feel wearied and irksome, they do not know why; and that, let the matter be ever so excellent. This, I am sure, is an observation perfectly founded in truth and nature. For all men have ears. 'Unum est, et simplex aurium judicium, et promiscue ac communiter, stultis ac sapientibus, a natura datum', says Cicero; and says Quintilian, 'Docti rationem componendi intelligunt; indocti voluptatem.' So that in this

respect, we are debtors, not only to the Greeks, but also to the Barbarians.

(Unfinished.)

—oo—

LETTER 63.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Nov. 3. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

You know, before this, that my visit to you is postponed. I love home so entirely, as to make it somewhat of an effort in me to move. But those I love elsewhere, have too strong a hold upon my heart, not to draw me easily to them. There was, therefore, the prospect of real pleasure, in going; and there is a sensation of pleasure, in staying. My mind was perfectly ready for one, and is as perfectly acquiescent in the other.

Your text is probably, ere this, disposed of; but, at all events, you are interested, in all that can be said about it. It was probably spoken, under a strong feeling of the approaching judgments, on Judea, and Jerusalem; which, perhaps, were then confounded, by most christian Jews, with 'the end of all things,' in its fullest sense. There is, certainly, no reason to suppose, that foresight was the *peculiar* of St. Peter, and a purpose of divine Providence might be answered, in his unfounded apprehension. It might lead him to express more strongly, what ought to be felt, than a juster view of the fact would have suggested.

But how true is it, respecting us, individually, that the end of all things is at hand! 'In the midst of life, we are in death': or, as St. Peter himself wonderfully expresses it, *Τούτων οὐν πάντων λυομένων, ποταπὸς δεῖ ὑπαργεῖν ὑμᾶς ἐν ἀγίαις ἀναστροφαῖς καὶ εὐσεβείαις*. Casimir's thought occurs to me:

Te, licet multo pretiosus auro
Gemmæ vestem moderere zona
Et super collo Tyrias amictet
Fibula lanas,
Jure Phœnissis vaga penna cristis
Stare labenti dubitat galero:
Jure, quo fulgis timidum refigi
Palluit aurum.

This, you see, is *πάντων λυομένων*, . . because 'these things perish in the using.' They have no solidity in themselves.

They are phantoms of bliss; except they are used exactly as they should be; that is, as St. Paul explains, 1 Cor. vii. 29, &c.

The direction, founded on the approach of the end of all things, strikes me as remarkably just. Be ye, therefore, sober: this refers to 'all things': 'and watch unto prayer': this refers to 'the end.' Because every thing is transient, evanescent, . . . use every thing soberly; and because the end is coming, be watchful. It is, literally, 'take time, from your sleep, for devotion.' Though the finest interpretation, is that of our Lord. 'Let your loins be girded, and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves, like those who wait for their Lord; that, when he cometh and knocketh, ye may open unto him immediately.'

Still, however, the sobriety lies, in the manner of using what is present; and the watchfulness, in being prepared for what is to come. The shade thrown into the picture, by placing it in the night, is excellent; and it leaves room for the delightful beaming in, of a special and peculiar day: 'Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that, that day should overtake you as a thief,' &c. Observe, how exactly historical facts are so arranged, as to accord with spiritual things. We are told in Exodus, that, when God sent, upon the Egyptians, darkness that might be felt, though the Egyptians saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days, yet 'all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.' Thus, even the night of the christian, is better than this world's day. Even their sobriety, has infinitely more hilarity in it, than the utmost gaiety of those, who live in pleasure; and their watchfulness, is that of those, 'who look for the morning.'

I greatly like your quotation from Ælian. Dr. Nash* was to have been employed yesterday evening, in tracing the meaning of *αληθευω*: but what the result has been, I cannot yet tell. But I can tell, that he was much pleased with your letter to him. My only objection to Ælian's quotation, is, that it inverts the order; Hierocles' order *Αρετη* and *Αληθεια*, accords accurately with the method pursued, by him, whom he explains; the exoteric first, then the esoteric. But Horace, who, I conceive, had exactly the same thought in his view, may be charged with the same inversion.

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

On another occasion, however, he hits more strictly on the right order.

* Richard Herbert Nash, D. D., formerly senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, now rector of Ardstraw, diocese of Derry. A scholar and divine, who deservedly possessed, and justly appreciates, the friendship of Bishop Jebb. . . Ed.

*Curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter sylvas Academi querere verum.*

In these quotations, I may be fanciful ; but, beyond all doubt, the *Αρετη* and *Αληθεια* of Hierocles correspond, to the exoteric, and esoteric, of Pythagoras. And let Dr. M—— say what he may, there is a wonderful agreement between this gradation, and what is every where presenting itself in the gospel.

Farewell. . Most cordially yours always,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER LXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Sunday Nov. 6. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

INSTEAD of being this day at church, I have been confined to my room ; having sprained my back early last week. For the first two or three days, the pain was intense ; but it is now much abated ; and I hope very soon to be afoot again. At present, I wish to enjoy the pleasure of conversing with you, on a subject not unsuitable to the day.

Your hints on 1 Peter iv. 7. which, from my late accident, have arrived quite in time, were truly acceptable ; and I hope to profit by them. I doubt, however, whether the apostle intended a night scene ; and I will tell you my reasons.

1. After carefully examining more than twenty passages, where watchfulness is inculcated, I find that, wherever it is manifestly opposed to sleep, or connected with the idea of night, whether literally or spiritually, one or other of the verbs, *γρηγορεω*, and *αγρυπνεω*, is uniformly employed.

2. The verb, which, in this passage, we translate ‘watch’, is *νηφω* : for both the literal, and figurative meaning of which, see Schleusner and Parkhurst. It could not here be rendered, ‘be sober’ ; that translation being pre-occupied by the verb, *σωφορησαι* ; and perhaps the present version gives the meaning, with as much precision, as the nature of the case will admit : 1 Thess. v. 6. and 8. *αλλα γρηγορωμεν, και νηφωμεν*, and *ημεις δε ημερας οντες νηφωμεν*. In the former of these verses, *νηφω* being added to *γρηγορεω*, must mean something distinct from mere wakefulness, and, therefore, we render it, ‘be sober’, and, in the latter, this duty, whatever it be, is made a duty of the day, 2 Tim. iv. 5. *συ δε νηφς εν πασι*. Here, I am disposed to think, our translators give a wrong rendering ;

it being, I conceive, the apostle's meaning, that St. Timothy should oppose the soberness της αληθείας, to the μυθοι, spoken of in the preceding verse. 1 Pet. i. 13. Our version renders νηφοντες, 'be sober.' 1 Pet. v. 8. Here, again, we have the two verbs νηφω, and γρηγορεω, and am I fanciful in thinking there is, in this passage, a peculiar beauty and propriety? Our adversary the devil goes about, day and night; therefore, at each season, we should be upon our guard. By day, νηψατε, be sober; and by night, γρηγορησατε, be wakeful.

3. Your idea, 'take time from your sleep for devotion', is no less scriptural, than it is both beautiful and important. What fine practical illustrations of it are in the Psalms; and, in the New Testament, we have it clearly, St. Matt. xxvi. 41. γρηγορεϊτε, και προσευχεσθε. And St. Mark xiii. 33. αγρυπνεϊτε, και προσευχεσθε. And, more expressly, Col. iv. 2. τη προσευχη προσκατερθε, γρηγορουντες εν αυτη, εν ευχαριστια. And most beautiful of all, Eph. vi. 18. δια πασης προσευχης και δεησεως προσευχουνοι εν παντι καιρω εν Πνευματι, και εις αυτω τουτο αγρυπνουντες, εν παση προσκατερησει, και δεησει, &c., but I doubt it does not apply to 1 Pet. iv. 7. I feel as if the text could be best managed, by reversing the order. This, Archbishop Leighton has done aliquatenus; prayer, is manifestly the terminus ad quem, the end of the exhortation; watchfulness the habitual attention, to every thing within and without, which is essential to right devotion; σωφοσυνη, the state of mind and heart, which is to produce this habitual attention; and the conviction, that the end of all things is at hand, is the grand motive; the weight, which is to set all in motion. In this arrangement, you will observe, that I have aimed at being more systematic and consecutive than Leighton; but very probably I may, after all, be wrong.

Taking it, however, in this view, I would, I. enter at once, on the subject of prayer; its usefulness, its excellence, its happiness. Such being the value and pleasure of devotion, would we not imagine that all must abound in prayer? The fact, however, is directly the reverse: various impediments, within and without: hence, the necessity of, II. watching unto prayer; that is, of vigilantly guarding against whatever is unfriendly to devotion; of viewing every thing, with a reference to the effect it is likely to have on our prayers. This watchfulness respecting, not merely things wrong in themselves, but things innocent, useful, laudable; perimus licitis. What was it that kept the guests, in the parable, from the supper? αχρον ηγορασα, ζευγη βων ηγορασα πεντε, γυναικα εγνημα. What then is the remedy? Are we to renounce these things? By no means, but,

ΟΙ ΕΧΟΝΤΕΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑΣ, ΩΣ ΜΗ ΕΧΟΝΤΕΣ ΩΣΙ,

Και οἱ κλαίουσι, ὡς μὴ κλαίοντες,
 Και οἱ χαίροντες, ὡς μὴ χαίροντες,
 Και οἱ ἀγοραζόντες, ὡς μὴ κατεχόντες,
 Και οἱ Χρωμένοι τῷ κόσμῳ τῷ τῷ, ὡς μὴ κἀταχρωμένοι.

III. This is the remedy ; and this is, precisely, the *σωφρονησατε* of the text ; that is, a sound judgment, a sober estimate of all things, not merely in the head, but in the heart. And what practical conviction will most effectually produce this judgment and estimate ? The text tells us, IV. 'The end of all things, is at hand.' You know what can be said in this branch ; and it seems peculiarly favorable for a peroration, that may apply, and enforce, the whole of what has been said, throughout the entire sermon.

I am far from being sure that my arguments, against the text being a *night-piece*, are valid. But the truth is, I shrink from taking that view of the subject ; having already given it in two or three sermons, all preached, more than once, in Cashel. And I wish, if possible, to break new ground. I shall be very glad to have your thoughts, on the proposed plan. Do not fear to object, for I shall have time to act on your suggestions, as the Archbishop intends holding a confirmation next Sunday ; a sermon for which must, in the first instance, be prepared ; and the present subject must lie over, at least, till to-morrow sennight.

Monday morning.

P. S. I thank you for your beautiful quotation from Casimir : let me try to repay you with another, from the same poet.

. . . . Cinis sequat omnes,
 Et urna, quæ nos colligit, omnium
 Mensura rerum est ; demitte sarcinas,
 Grandemque fortunam lacerto, et
 Solliciti grave pondus auri,
 Dum non onustus, sed moriar mens :
 Jam nunc perennes divitias mihi
 Nil concupiscendo paravi,
 Nil nimium metuendo, pacem.

Is not this something very nearly approaching to *σωφροσύνη* ? It is, indeed, infinitely less poetical, than your exquisite passage ; but it is surely rich in moral sentiment. I dare say, the whole of this ode, the xvth, 2d book, may be much more familiar to you, than it is to me. But our taste must differ more widely, than I am willing to imagine, if, on taking down your little Casimir, and giving the entire poem a re-perusal, you will think your time mis-employed. Some stanzas remind me, at once, of Horace's

'Otium Divos', and of that beautiful chorus in Seneca's Thyestes, the close of which, you know, Sir M. Hale, and Andrew Marvel have imitated. A propos, have you seen Seneca the tragedian? If not, I have an Elzivir edition of him entirely at your service; by accepting which you will oblige me.

The postponement of your visit is a sad disappointment. We had all been anticipating it with delight. But I am well convinced, that these matters are ordered for us, far better than we could order them ourselves; and therefore I, too, am cheerfully acquiescent. Major —, who came here on Saturday, and sat with me an hour last night, is a sharer in our regret; as he had hoped to have seen you at N. B. and in K——. What a deep, sound, and efficient man is this! What weight must he have, and what good must he do, in a regiment, every officer of which, but two, he was able to keep entirely aloof, from all the dissipation of K——! This appears to me a new thing in the earth; and I must honestly own, that had I been in his situation, I should neither have had enterprize, nor energy, nor discretion enough, to effect such a revolution among a body of officers. The major gives a very pleasing account of —. He is wonderfully tolerant and catholic, for a calvinist; and by no means anxious to force or intrude his own opinions, upon other people, not so —. He has been very zealous in his efforts to make converts from our diocese; having fruitlessly attempted both — and —. He told the latter, that you are ruining and perverting the diocese of Cashel. I am happy to say, that every one of our clergy, hope and trust you will continue the infection.

I was much obliged, and gratified by the books. When they arrived, I was keeping my bed. Immediately I entered upon the life of Winter, which I soon read through. What a contrast to the piece of biography you brought me, this time twelvemonth. Yet this man and Robinson, began their career, under the same auspices. Assuredly, Winter was amongst the most amiable, the most pious, the most catholic, and the least pragmatical, of calvinists. The leaves that were folded down, did not afford me the least gratification, (I have caught myself in an ambiguous phrase, but you will know how to interpret it;) and I was pleased, especially, and I hope instructed, by some sensible observations on preaching and composition. My back now warns me to conclude.

Yours most truly,
JOHN JEEB.

LETTER 64.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Nov. 9. 1806. 6 P. M.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your much valued letter this day, and will attend to the memorial.

I quite agree with your remarks on *νηψατε*: and the truth is I forgot, though, for a reason I could show you, I ought to have remembered that that was the word. I talked, on the supposition of its being *γρηγορετε*, or *αγρυπνετε*. To what you say, therefore, on this point, I wholly accord.

But I own to you, I do not subscribe equally to the inversion; as it does not strike me to be the order of nature. What is ultimate, comes first. This, most surely is, 'the end of all things.' There must be something to make us sober, some fact naturally impressive. Such is, the end of all things; accordingly, St. Peter says, 'be ye therefore sober', or, as you say it, 'the end, &c. is the grand motive, the weight of which is to set all in motion'; or as Gale quotes from Plato, *αρχιτεκτονικον τελος των οντων*. I, therefore, would certainly not reverse the order. 'The end of all things', in addition to all these authorities, being far more directly intelligible, than prayer; and some good portion of *σωφροσυνη*, being necessary, to make persons understand what would be said on the subject of prayer. This, then, I conceive, is not so properly the terminus ad quem, though, of *νηψατε* specially, it may be, as it is itself a means; the illative force of the *therefore*, extending to this, as really, as to any thing before it. The natural order, therefore, seems to be, 1. The impressive announcement, or rather urging and illustrating of the incontestible fact. 2. The immediate induction 'be ye therefore sober.' 3. The reducing this general feeling to proper practice, 'watch unto prayer', which is, in a word, devotional seriousness; an habitual commerce with divine, and eternal objects; never losing sight of them; often spontaneously turning the thoughts to them; and, at every due season, rising into direct contemplation of, and converse with, God. I must stop here, as I have more to say, and little time remaining.

I thank you for the passage from Casimir; it is fully what you state. If the major be still with you, my most cordial love to him.

I like, your liking the good Winter. The truth is, the church bell, which he had listened to in his childhood, was never wholly out of his ears.

I trust (confidently indeed) that —— will not be too fond of any —— man. I am sure —— is a good-minded, pious christian; but their errors are ever, and in all circumstances, a comparative blight, to the mind that imbibes them. They are, to rightly informed christians, what salted meat is to fresh. Putrefaction is escaped, but the native flavor is gone.

Mr. ——, says of me, what, on his principles, I most fully deserve; therefore I have no ground for the shadow of displeasure.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 30. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not wish to let this month close, without offering some answer to your last kind and valuable letter. What you said on the text, was to me conclusive: but alas, indisposition prevented me from acting upon it. Meanwhile, I have not been wholly precluded from employment, of an interesting, and I hope, not unimproving nature. My 'special place-book', has been enriched with many passages, illustrative of our christian philosophy; and I have been much gratified by reading Gregory Nazianzen and St. Basil. The former, is far more of a platonist, than I had imagined; and though from many things, it appears, that he had not his naturally ardent temper under the best regulation, his aspirings, still, were truly sublime; whilst he felt, at heart, a deep humility; or, that I may borrow from his own panegyric on St. Athanasius, he was, *ὑψηλὸς μὲν τοῖς σπῆραις, ταπεινὸς δὲ τῷ φρονήματι*. As to S. Basil, I have it in actual contemplation to make a sermon out of one of his discourses. This, I think, is to be done, partly, by free translation, with considerable omissions; partly, by exfoliating ideas, that are like rose-buds; and partly, by following any tolerable train of thought, that may be suggested to my own mind. On many accounts, a close version would not suit our pulpits: but, if I succeed in this attempt, I know not whether it may not open to me a new, a pleasant, and a useful field of exertion.

Many thanks for your good care of me, as to books. The assortment reached me in perfectly good condition, and a high treat it is. At leisure hours, I have read, with singular interest and delight, the first vol. of H. K. White. I have also read

the Life, prefixed to Robinson's miscellaneous works. What a turbulent, restless, I had almost said, terrific spirit, has got among these general baptists! We live in strange times; and may see stranger things than we have yet seen.

The more I reflect on the modes of reading and thinking, and the kind, also, of business, into which I have been gradually, and without any plan of my own, led forward; as well as the very trying incapacitations, to which I have been made subject; the more soberly I think, that mine is to be rather a non-descript function, than any ostensible routine of duty. My brother clergy come to me for information, and I lecture them; arrangements are desirable, and I sometimes plan them; and, besides, I am engaged in a sort of study and research, which, weak as I am, I may venture to say, no clergyman in the province, besides, can pursue. If it pleases God to spare my life, then my little avocations may come to tell; but they cannot be followed, unless there be a stated preacher here; and if his appointment do not take place, I fear that I must give up, what I see proceeding satisfactorily, without effecting the object of this relinquishment: for I am persuaded, that neither my health, nor my powers, qualify me for a stated working preacher; whilst I feel, that, by preaching to my brother clergy, in my own room, I may be made the instrument of good to many parishes. The other matter which I had to mention, is comparatively of slight importance; and may, therefore, well stand over. If I talk unreasonably, set me right. If otherwise, I know you will be disposed to help me. By thus speaking what I feel, 'liberavi animam meam'; and whatever may be the result, I am sure it will be most kindly and wisely ordered, by the kindest and wisest of Beings.

I have found two passages in Aristotle's Nicomachian Ethics, and one in Ephrem Syrus, which throw a light on *αληθευειν*. No lexicographer or commentator, to whom I have access, has noticed them: at a future day, if you wish it, I will send them, with a few observations. Excuse incoherences, for I have written fast, my first thoughts, in the first words that presented themselves. Without making excuses,

Your most obliged and affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. My kindest regards to Miss Fergusson.

LETTER 65.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Dec. 3. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your most acceptable letter this morning; and it gives me sincere pleasure, that my random dispatch of books was not unpleasant to you. I think it necessary to be well acquainted with the very worst that can be said, of the ground we take; and beyond Robinson, we need not go. His memoir of Saurin, and of Claude, are, in my mind, interesting; especially the latter. Do you observe, how studiously he calls the French Roman Catholics, episcopal; as if to identify us with them. I can only say, be it so, '*Hoc juvat, et melli est.*' I am conscious of as real reformed feelings, as any one; but, most deliberately, I prize what the church of Rome possesses, so deeply, as to make me prefer their religion to sectarianism, in whatever plausible form the latter may appear.

You and I greatly agree about St. Basil. I was amused at reading what you said, just after having spent an hour, in finishing the reading of his homily on humility; and having felt, while I read, a wish to translate that discourse into English. I cordially agree with all you say; and do think such a study, as you speak of, most likely to be useful. I have little doubt, but that, among other causes of the Roman Catholic religion being kept up, one grand one is, the reverence they (perhaps too devotedly) feel, for the character and writings of the ancient fathers. What modern protestants, except odd geniuses, like yourself and myself, think of the fathers? Neither you nor I would bow down to the fathers; but to depreciate and vilify them, as certain protestants have done, is a very infatuated course. For, if we are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, we are also built on the intermediate ranges; and, though the foundation should be ever so sure, that would not stand us in stead, if bad materials came in between us and the foundation; for the dissolution of these, would be our downfall.

I beg you to observe, in the passage just referred to, how appositely our Savior calls himself, 'the chief corner stone.' Thus, you perceive, the building is to have *two fronts*; what are these, but the literal, and the typical?

I hope I have made no gross mistake, for I cannot read my letter. I can only add, I am ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER LXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cassel, Dec. 3. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How could I possibly suspect you of negligence? Assuredly, I had been accusing myself as the defaulter; and nothing, short of indisposition, could have kept me so long silent. That still continues; for I have not been once out of doors, since last Sunday; but, though not either very able, or willing, just at present, to hold converse with the old gentlemen in folio, it is a cordial to talk awhile with you.

The subject that engages you, is very important; and such remarks as you would make, must be seasonable, and may prove signally useful. When such wild opinions are abroad, and, I fear, rapidly diffusing themselves, it is surely most desirable to put people on their guard; and to provide them with such defensive weapons, as reason, philosophy, and Scripture will supply. I therefore most cordially wish you good speed. Your matter, as I am sure it always does, will both please and, instruct me; and as to the composition, I am not apprehensive. Only write as you did to Walker, and you may set criticism at defiance. The main point is, perspicuity; this, I have sometimes thought you a little lost sight of, in your anxiety for discriminative precision. The latter, I would by no means sacrifice, in a single instance; but I would wish always to effect it, *salvâ perspicuitate*. And to this point, I think all, or almost all the critical, perhaps too often, hypercritical observations of mine, which you have had the indulgent patience to tolerate, were especially directed. Involution of periods, and a multitude of particles, are, I conceive, to be guarded against; but any thing like scrupulous solicitude, I cannot wish for. I have been too great a sufferer by it, in my own small efforts. On the whole, there can be no doubt, that, if you proceed in the way most natural and easy to yourself, you will produce a valuable publication.

I have already thanked you for the books; and I see no cause to retract. Robinson is peculiarly such a work, as I ought not to be without. As to Crabbe, your decision was critically right. He is, indeed, sometimes very offensive; especially in the third part of his 'Parish Register'; and, as he professes to have yielded such implicit obedience, one cannot help regretting, that he did not make choice of some purer cen-

sor, than Charles James Fox ; who, in two glaring passages of his historical fragment, has recorded for posterity the looseness of his sentiments. Crabbe is, however, on the whole, well worth having ; he is so far removed from the sentimental singsong, and the inflated bombast of the day. That singularly wild production, Sir Eustace Grey, is wrought up to a wondrous pitch of the *σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος*.

Yesterday, I had a visit from —, and his brother, a young officer of marines, entirely self-taught, and evidently possessing an ingenious and reflecting mind. But he has no less evidently injured himself, by a turn for metaphysical paradox ; for that sort of acuteness, which loves to disport itself in the regions of unintelligibility. Feeling myself by no means well, I waved all merely abstract reasoning ; but still thought it right to engage in such talk, as gave me a headache, and produced no slight degree of nervous agitation ; after he left me, my whole frame was in a state of tremulousness, the pure effect of exertion ; for no conversation could be less impassioned. I am repaid, however, for any temporary uneasiness ; for he listened with attention, and replied with candor, while I placed before him some novel considerations ; and I have since learned from his brother, that he was greatly interested, and declares, that he never heard religion put in such a light before.

Amongst other matters, I recommended a procedure, which had never before occurred to him. First, by a few solid arguments, to establish his belief in the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures ; and, till this should be effected, not to puzzle himself with difficulties ; afterwards, when difficulties do occur, to recollect, that he has already proved the Scripture, to be the word of God : and to be cautious of investigating those difficulties, in the way of abstract reasoning ; it being generally indispensable, to have reference to the wants, the feelings, the circumstances, and the history of human nature. I strongly protested against examining in the abstract, and *à priori*, any recorded fact of God's providential dealings, or principle of his divine administration ; it being ever necessary, to consider the subjects to be acted upon, to inquire, not what would be best in theory, but best, as suited to the condition of mankind. I suggested, that probably, in many cases, there may have been a reference, in the Divine mind, to other intelligencies, invisibly, but really, connected with our system. I said, that, for my own part, were a difficulty to occur to me, I should give it a proper share of consideration ; and, if unsuccessfully, I should then quietly turn my mind to something else ; satisfied, if it be matter of fact, that what God does, must be right : if of doctrine, . . that nothing, which is really the doctrine of Scripture, can

be in opposition to the real characters have been left, for the wise and ening human industry, and reward the solution of that, or this, expressed for some future period; it being, as in the providential course of the scientific world, not to discover all, at each age, its proper discovery, which is just to the existing state of things; a violent to the progress, in the one case, other, of divine truth. Lastly, that the even cut, others may untie with ease; a mate truths, far above human ken, concern have said, that to be willingly ignorant, is the highest wisdom. Here I had in view, a fine epigram of Grotius, and some noble lines from Scaliger; neither of which will be burthensome to me to transcribe, nor to you, I trust, to read. And first for Grotius.

Qui curiosus postulat totum suum
 Patere menti, ferre qui non sufficit
 Mediocritatis conscientiam suam,
 Iudex iniquus, aestimator est malus,
 Suique, naturaeque; nam rerum parens,
 Libanda tantum quae venit mortalibus,
 Nos scire paucis, multa mirari jubet.
 Nec primus error est pejoribus:
 Nam qui fateri nil potest incognitum,
 Falso, necesse est, placet ignorantiam.
 Magis quiescet animus, errabit minus,
 Contentus eruditione parabili;
 Nec quaesit illam, si qua quaerentum pigrit;
 NESCIRE QUEDAM, MAGNA PARS SAPIENTIAE EST.

And now for Scaliger.

Ne curiosus, quaere causas omnium
 Quaecunque libris vis prophetarum indidit
 Adflata coelo, plena veraci Deo;
 Nec operta sacra supparo silentii
 Irrumpere aude, sed prudenter praeteri:
 NESCIRE VELLE, QUAE MAGISTER OPTIMUS
 DOCERE NON VULT, ERUDITA INSCITIA EST.

Thus say Grotius and Scaliger; and, assuredly, neither of them were enemies to free inquiry.

In the course of our conversation, Capt. — happened to observe, that the Unitarian views on the subject of atonement, appeared to him more consistent with divine benevolence, than the Orthodox opinion. This naturally led to a statement of our way of thinking: embracing the consideration, both of God's moral government, as providing for the well-being of innumera-

the orders of intelligencies ; and, of his gracious accommodation of the great scheme, to the wants and weaknesses of man. My mode of talking on this latter topic, I wish to submit to you ; for the purpose of knowing, whether it accords with what I have heard, and, I would hope, imbibed from you.

I laid it down as a principle, that, wherever the good God adopts, or permits, a mode of procedure, that may, at first view, seem productive of evil, it is for the purpose of keeping out some worse evil. This being premised, I argued, from a variety of circumstances, but, especially, from the universal prevalence of sacrifice, and the frequent occurrence of human sacrifice, that there exists in human nature, a deep principle, or feeling of superstition ; a perturbed dread of some superior, powerful, and most vindictive being : no matter whence this feeling, at first, derived its origin, it clearly is in man. This being the case, was it not worthy of the Supreme wisdom, of a supremely benignant Being, to make provision for the ultimate extirpation of this superstitious horror ; as well as for giving it the least injurious direction possible, till things were ripe for the great remedy ? And what can be conceived more adapted to this twofold purpose, than the fact of the atonement ; and the preparative institution of sacrifice ?

Sacrifice, among the patriarchs, was of divine appointment. In after times, it passed, at the great dispersion, from the patriarchal posterity, to the different nations. And whilst, among the Jews, it received peculiar modifications, from the law of God himself ; we find, that, among the more civilized Gentiles, animal sacrifice afforded the great vent, or outlet, to that superstition, which would, otherwise, have internally preyed upon individuals, and produced horrors, from the very imagination of which, the heart recoils. Among people less civilized, or rather more savage, the frightful malignity of the superstitious principle was evinced, by human sacrifice ; by the most unnatural, and atrocious of all human sacrifices, 'the fruit of their bodies, for the sin of their souls.' And by this we are given to see, what superstition might, nay probably what it must have led to, not merely in exempt cases, but in a most numerous class of minds, had it not been for the divine expedient of animal sacrifice.

But not to speak of typical purposes, this further end was answered ; that the fears of men, . . of Gentiles, no less than Jews, . . having been taught to move in this direction ; to vent themselves, if I may so speak, through the channel of sacrifice ; the world was thus prepared for the reception of that great fact, the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ : a fact, which was, from the first, designed to be the great remedy for superstition ; the

ultimate exterminator of all such horrors as shock us, in the volumes of *Cæsar*, the annals of Mexico, and the living manners of Hindostan. A fact, which, wherever its belief has obtained, has not failed of producing this blessed effect; and which, in the nature of things, must be universal in its operation, inasmuch as it is, 'one full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world.'

By thus putting the case, I conceive, one objection is anticipated. It might have been urged, 'You say, the atonement has prevented a recurrence to human sacrifice.' But, did not human sacrifice arise out of animal sacrifice; which your most orthodox divines, not only admit, but argue to have been of divine appointment? To this I reply, granted. But, besides that human sacrifice is the abuse of an institution, originally merciful, it serves only to show, in their utmost deformity, the deep malignity, and the atrocious effects of superstition. That is, in other words, it lets us see, to what enormities the whole class of superstitious men, . . . assuredly, a very large proportion of the human race, . . . would have resorted, for their relief from a state of most perturbed anxiety, had not some expedient been devised: whilst the wise choice, and the happy success, of the expedient actually employed, are abundantly evinced, by the great prevalence of animal sacrifice, not only among Jews, but among Gentiles: and whilst we cannot but admire the fitness of this system, to prepare the feelings of mankind for the reception of that grand fact, which will finally cut up superstition by the roots. It remains only to notice the wonderful fitness of the fact itself, to counteract the evil at its utmost height. For, if men thought it needful 'to sacrifice their sons and daughters', 'God, also, has spared not his [own son.]'

(Unfinished.)

—oo—

LETTER 66.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellefleur, Dec. 14. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My moving hither, and being ill since, have made me appear to verify your apprehension of overwhelming me with letters. But believe me, no thought could be conceived with less reason: at all times, and on every subject, I am gratified by hearing from you; and I particularly wish that you should, on every oc-

casion, do as you did in your last letter ; that is, open your heart to me ; and, as far as lies in you, disburthen it of whatever does not add to its comfort. I must be interested deeply, by whatever interests you ; and, where feeling is concerned, I have enough of experience, to make me as sympathetic, as any honest heart can wish.

'Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.'

You have given me, in your late letters, several interesting things to advert to ; but I must touch but briefly on any of them. I like all you say, about atonement and sacrifices ; in fact, it is all what I think ; except, merely, that I feel myself at a loss, as to the *manner* of their appointment, (*i. e.* of sacrifices.) That some intimation gave rise to them, I am sure ; but what degree of distinctness was in that intimation, I do not know. For example, I know not that Cain's offering would have had any fault in it, if he had done well : that is, I know not, that the bloodlessness, was any defect. It strikes me, as possible, that man *might* have conceived the first thought of sacrifices ; and that divine condescension might have recognized and sanctioned the practice, in the upright ; where the devil perverted, and abused it, in the evil. I cannot think that any mere appointment, could account for a universal custom. It must be natural, I conceive, if universal. I own, however, that its being natural, no more contradicts its being appointed, than the fifth commandment contradicts the reality of natural gratification. But, in that case, the appointment is rather like our declaratory laws, than a positive institution. (I am using unnecessary words, but I hope you will catch at my meaning.) In short, I think it possible, that perturbation of conscience took a kind of natural vent, in that way ; and that hence came the appointment, as well as the universal usage ; instead of the universal usage, coming from the appointment. One thing, amongst others, which leads me to this supposition, is, the depreciating language, in which God speaks of sacrifices, on various occasions : though I own, at this instant, an answer occurs to this remark ; to wit, that new moons and sabbaths, clearly positive institutions, are spoken of with like depreciation. Therefore, it follows, that, if the external act be not accompanied by the internal disposition, the former may be alike depreciated ; whether spontaneous, or instituted. Still, my chief reason holds good ; the insufficiency of mere institution, to account for universal practice ; at the same time, I pretend not to be positive as to the actual origination.

The passages from Philo are very beautiful ; and they strike me the more, because I have actually urged the different mate-

rials of the two altars, as an argument against those, who made atonement all in all. But I think you ask with reason, Do not the two altars mean more, than Philo was aware of? I believe they mean much more. But I a little vary from your idea. I do not conceive the two altars to represent *Δικαιοσύνη* and *Άγιασμος*; I rather suppose these represented, by the two divisions of the tabernacle, the holy place, and the Holy of Holies; while the altar of burnt-offering, standing before, in the open court, gave encouragement, by the expiations continually made, to all Israel to draw near; and, by the purifying application of the blood shed thereon, fitted the priests, in particular, for actual entrance into the tabernacle. (The purifying, extended to all; but, in a special manner, belonged to the priests.) Here, then, I think the parallel holds good, between what our Lord did once, for all; and what was done on the brazen altar. This great act, giving, as you strictly state, encouragement against their guilty terrors, to all; and also, I am convinced, producing a general *moral* effect, as far as it is known and thought of, which nothing else could have effected. But, to those who wish to enter the tabernacle, its effect is of a special kind. The mind applied to it, according to the purpose of divine wisdom, actually experiences, the *καθαροίς εις το λατρεύειν Θεω ζωντι*, spoken of, in Heb. ix. 14.

And observe, now, whether I am right: but it strikes me, from this and other passages, that *spiritual* christians, are on a level with Jewish priests. They are not only a *γενος εκλεκτον*, but also a *βασιλειον ισραηλ*; and that *perfect* christians, are on a level with the Jewish high priest, *εχοντες παρρησιαν εις την εισοδον των αγιων, εν τη αιματι Ιησου*. Or, in another view, the Holy Place, is the emblem of the heart of the spiritual christian; in which, there is wisdom from above, (the candlestick); devotion, or predominant religion, (the golden altar); and charity, represented by the table of show bread; and the Holy of Holies, the emblem of the heart of the perfect christian: in fulfilment of that promise, *Διδους νομους μου επι καρδιας αυτων, και επι των διανοιων αυτων επιγραφω αυτους*. But I must stop.

I will think of all you say; and will myself say more again. I thank you for all your Greek, but can now only add, that Ephr. Syrus's poetry is very curious.

Most truly and cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX,

LETTER LXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 3. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE always particularly admired that beautiful passage of the son of Sirach, which so naturally occurs, when I take up the pen to write to you.

Φίλος πιστός φάρμακον ζωῆς,
Καὶ οἱ φοβούμενοι κυρίου ἐδίδουσαν αὐτοῦ.

Truly, truly, it is no common blessing, to have a friend, to whom one can 'open his heart, and disburthen it of whatever does not add to its comfort.' Ever since I last wrote to you, but especially since receiving your last welcome letter, I have been lighter and happier.

Whitty has been lately in town, and was sadly disappointed at not meeting you. He is really a most amiable creature, and what is pleasant, he has been greatly growing in wisdom. There does not seem to remain in him a single doctrine nodosity. The truth is, he seems like a man, that had been closely watching a set of most satisfactory experiments, corroborative of the principles laid down by you, last winter; and, from time to time, enforced, and illustrated, to the best of my poor ability. I own, all this deeply gratifies me; for one conclusion that a man draws for himself, is worth volumes of mere communicated wisdom.

What you say about sacrifice, is well worthy of being thought upon. I have not yet wholly made up my mind; but I certainly neither have, nor had, any notion, that mere appointment, was sufficient to account for universal usage. And here, I conceive, is the wisdom of the appointment; that, when the precedent was once set, it was readily followed, because it had a suitableness to what was in man. By the way, is it not true, that many errors have arisen in the theological world, by taking up terms without examination, and making them the foundation-stones of a system; whilst frequently, they have no correspondent reality in the nature of things? I more than doubt whether there be, throughout the whole compass of revealed religion, a single appointment, that can, with strict propriety, be termed a positive institution. The sabbath, circumcision, the passover, baptism, the Lord's supper, not to mention various other rites of religion, have all the most perceptible fitness; the most assignable ten-

dency, to some useful end; or the happiest congruity, to some principle, or feeling, of the human heart. They are not, then, positive; neither, I believe, was sacrifice. The notion of positive institutions, seems closely connected with a pre-conceived arbitraryousness, in the Divine nature.

As to the meaning of the two altars, I am happy to be set right. I like much what you say of the Holy Place, and Holy of Holies; only I doubt the parity between the high priest, and the perfect christian. Christ himself, being the high priest of the christian dispensation. I have noted several passages, which I accidentally hit upon, in which *αληθευσιν*, occurs. We shall soon have a sufficient number pro and con, from whence to form our induction as to the meaning of the word. Ephrem Syrus, it seems, from the testimony of Theodoret, and other ecclesiastical historians, wrote many poems in the Syriac language. The two, of which I sent you specimens, were probably selected and translated, by the ancient Greek interpreter. And I begin to think they may, after all, be prosodical. The *λογος επτασυλλσος*, resembles the Anacreontic measure.

Take, for a specimen, the first four lines of Anacreon's first ode.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας,
Θελω δε Καδμον αδειν
Αθαβιτος δε χορδαις
Ερωτα μενον ηχει.

The affair of Christ Church, I have heard a rumor, is disposed of. It is not surprizing that they should wish to keep M—— out; but surely the means are most unworthy; yet perhaps they congratulate themselves on their address. But a higher hand directs these things, as Pindar might teach them. Pyth. od. viii.

— Ει γαρ τις εσλα πεπαται
Μη ξυν μακρο πονο, πολλοις σοφος
Δοκει παδαφρονων,
Βιον κορυσσεμεν ορθοβολοι-
σι μηχαναις· τα δ' ουκ επ' αυδρασι κειται.
Δαιμων δε παρισχει
ΑΛΛΟΤ' αλλοιον επεσθες βαλλων.*

If the aptness of this pun, does not qualify the pedantry of

* Alluding to the contemplated introduction of the son of a late dignitary, into the chapter of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, of which the father was himself a member. . . ED.

Greek quotation, I hope that the weightiness of the moral sentiment, will atone for the levity of my pun ; which, after all, Dr. Allot himself might smile at. But seriously, I am sorry, truly sorry for poor G——. My hope is, that this secular disappointment may be over-ruled to his advantage, in far more important things. Let us recollect the morality of that ancient tale, so beautifully versified by Parnel, in his Hermit.

I forgot to mention, that I am engaged in a pleasant correspondence with ———. He sought it ; and professes himself, at once, interested, and benefitted by it. He puts queries, as to the clerical society, which evidently come from a mind, at once, ingenious and investigating. My last was perhaps too much of a dry catalogue, of liturgical references, to various authors ; but he bespoke something of the kind, to help for his projected course of lectures. I have not yet had an answer. If this correspondence proceeds, as it has commenced, good may come out of it ; for ——— fills a very important post. I am hopeful, but, for fear of disappointment, guard against being sanguine. You can say, and perhaps no other individual could, just what I wish, and all that I wish, in my behalf, to the invaluable friends with whom you are at present. No ordinary compliments would serve my purpose ; for what has the heart to do with compliments ?

Your most affectionate,
J. JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER LXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, December the last, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WISH not to let this year close, without replying to your last kind and acceptable letter.

I am glad to tell you that I have Watts, and the same edition I think with yours, . . Baines', at Leeds. Any references, therefore, that you may have the goodness to send, illustrative of your interesting remarks, I can immediately turn to. Am I wrong in conjecturing, from the table of contents, that the third volume will furnish much to our purpose ?

I have had by last post, a very long, very pleasant, and very affectionate letter from ———. He appears to take to correspondence with me ; and to receive gladly all my references and hints, on liturgical subjects. I am disposed to believe, that he

is prepared to communicate with great freedom, and somewhat of reliance on my judgment. I know how weak I am, in myself; but it would truly rejoice my heart, if I could be made instrumental in giving just views to one, who fills so very important a post in society, and especially in the college; for I know from various quarters, that he is greatly, and I think deservedly, looked up to by the young men, and especially by the candidates for orders.

Am I romantic in supposing, that this correspondence with — may be a providential commencement, of my own little labors, in my own small way? The ‘secretum iter’, I do believe, is to be my path. I have not that in me, which could ever attract crowds of auditors; and I flatter myself it is no mawkishness, (I want a better word, familiar to us both, but which I cannot now recall to mind,) that disposes me to rejoice in my exemption from the dangers attendant on popularity. So far as it may be safe to conjecture the nature of one’s probable sphere, I am inclined to think, that, by keeping myself in the back ground, I may be employed to the best advantage, in supplying hints for those to work upon, who possess more both of popular talent, and public opportunity, than myself. It is pleasant to work for others, because self is so much out of question: and, therefore, it delights me, when people such as —, ask questions, that I can answer not altogether unsatisfactorily. This is the line, in which you have been mostly, and most effectually employed, on a great scale.

‘Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?’

I have been passing three or four days with my friend —, in whom I have found much additional proof of solid worth, in his own way. Your own knowledge of character has long since told you, that such a man is not to be drawn out of his established habits, both of thinking and feeling: but he is a very useful auxiliary; and I have rarely, if ever, met a man not spiritual, with whom we have so many sentiments in common. And it is not an unpleasing reflection, that this man abounds in good sense, and has about him great right mindedness. He talks in the highest terms, and without any qualification, of you; and he requests that I will give him a book, or a letter, or any commission, which may give him an ostensible cause for visiting you when he goes to town, which will be very soon. He declares, that he never met a man, from whose conversation he derived equal pleasure and instruction; and that all his fear is, to betray his own ignorance, when speaking to

one so universally informed on all manner of subjects. This is to me most pleasant, on many accounts ; but, especially, as a testimony to our ways of thinking ; for assuredly, independent of them, you would not be a very extraordinary person. How many good people would think some parts of this letter insufferably full of incense to an *enfant gâté*. But they know nothing of that invaluable secret, which enables a man to stand out from himself ; and consequently to view himself, as he would view another. If I did not know a little of it, I could not write as I do ; and, if I were not sure that you know a great deal of it, I should not write thus to you.

Have you heard any thing about my memorial to the commissioners of excise ? The remission of 12*l.* would not be unpleasant to my finances.

I must have done. Your most affectionate,
JOHN JESS.

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LETTER LXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 27. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER admit the thought, neither indeed does it knock for admission, that you are a negligent correspondent. Of all men living, I, surely, have least reason for any such misgiving ; and, as to not valuing my letters, I am no stranger to your kindly tolerance of my ineptiæ, and your disposition to overrate any of my less unhappy thoughts. It does, indeed, greatly delight me to hear from you, when your time, thoughts, and pen, are fairly disposable ; but, be assured, that dearly as I prize and cherish every letter of yours, I should feel uneasy at receiving one, that broke a single link of your theologico-philosophical chain ; for I well know, that such chains are not easily reparable.

Many thanks for your striking reference to Watts ; and especially for your accompanying remarks. Need I mention my cordial acquiescence ? I think I need not : for, though more and more convinced of my very bounded originaive faculty, I more and more feel that my mind is so moulded, as almost entirely to accord with those thoughts of yours, which, in the first instance, I never could have myself originated. Therefore, it may be assumed, with a tolerable degree of moral certainty,

that whatever you throw out, on any point of consequence, will obtain my ready assent.

There are many things connected with the subject of your last, which I would gladly say, but they must needs be postponed, till a season of more clear-headedness ; for, just at present, a severe defluxion, with its attendant stupor, warns me to shun 'quid humeri ferre recusent' ; that is, in plain English, to avoid any thing which calls for thought or investigation.

I had hopes of seeing you, and my friends in town, next month ; but I have almost, if not altogether, relinquished every thought of moving thither this year. The fact is, I have ordered from London several books of Lackington's catalogue. Among the rest, the Benedictine Chrysostom, and Augustine, John Wesley's Works and Christian Library, complete, &c. &c., and I have also dispatched an order to Jones for several works in his catalogue. Now, it is needless to say, that this cannot be done, by a person in my circumstances, without self-denial and sacrifice ; and I know not whether I may ever hereafter be so situated, as, with equal fitness, to relinquish that annual visit which is certainly one great enjoyment of my life. My health and spirits seem better able to dispense with it, than heretofore. Were I to go to town, I should, on my return, have only the recollection of many pleasant days with my friends, without having been of any professional use ; whilst, by remaining quietly at home, and by strictly economizing for this year, I hope to furnish myself with literary treasures, that may be a comfort during my whole life. And, if my health improves, as I trust it may, I shall endeavor to make provision for a pleasant and useful excursion, next year. I own, if I did not look forward to seeing you, in the course of next summer, in the south, I should ill brook the relinquishment of my customary trip. Come but among us, and I shall feel amply compensated.

My kindest remembrances to Miss Fergusson.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JERR.

P. S. In one of the discourses by Sylvester, I have happened on a curious little paragraph. 'Heart-awakening, and love-quickenings, are to be duly and intimately considered. And this is indeed, in part, to *truthify* in love, if I may make an English word to express the valor of the Greek word, *αληθευσαντες εν αγαπη.*'

LETTER 67.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, Jan. 31. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It looks as if I did not value yours of the last of December, to be only acknowledging it now. But that was far from my feeling : the reverse of the fact. But various things, indisposition, moving, many visits since, together with a little chain of thought, all concurred to make me thus comparatively negligent. Could thought have reached you, you would have heard from me often ; and did I not love and value you, you would not hear from me now ; for the same chain is still coiled round me ; and its links would seem to multiply, as I attempt to advance on it.

A passage in Watts, which I wish you to look at, is in the third of the essays, annexed by way of appendix to 'the ruin and recovery', &c. : Works, vol. iii. p. 542 ; second paragraph of the essay. To me, these few lines, seem to contain much important matter. Observe first, the account of the real evil of sin. It is well called, real evil, for if this were gone, what could harm ? If this be not gone, what can benefit ? In a word, I think the statement a right sound one ; the result of a good moral taste, and a distinctive mind. But observe, further, how he defines the relative evil of sin : its chief matter, actions, rather than principles ; (though stated to be so, rather than in contradiction to the immediately preceding sentence ;) its opposite, not God's nature, but God's law ; and its consequences, not natural, but positive inflictions. I cannot give the doctor the same credit for distinctness, here. But, when persons leave what is natural, and betake themselves to what is positive, where they can have no aid from analogy, no clue, but figurative, and consequently, vague language, what can they do ?

I do not mean to deny, that the general ideas may be substantively just : and take it altogether, I think it a fair definition, as far as definition can be relied on in the case : and it especially serves a useful purpose, associated with the foregoing definition. For, on laying them together, it is not clear, that the real evil of sin, is intrinsic as to our nature : and the relative evil of sin, extrinsic ; and that, therefore, the former, alone, is strictly moral ; and the latter, merely political. Yet, you observe, it is respecting the relative evil, that he makes the atonement efficacious ; while he ascribes the removal of the real evil, exclusively to sanctification by the Holy Spirit.

Now, in this view, what is there in the removal of the relative evil of sin, which we cannot conceive done once for all, by the propitiatory interference of our Redeemer, as really and consistently, as for each individual penitent? Nay, set aside only particular redemption; grant once, that our Savior died for all; and does it not follow, that the relative evil is as much removed from them *collectively* as it can be, until the real evil is removed *individually*? Is not the offer of mercy, or, more clearly, is not the visible operation and progress, of a morally meliorative plan in the world, a direct and irrefragable evidence, that mankind is collectively delivered from the gripe of a punitive law; and that another state of things, irrepulsive, gracious, infinitely attractive, now prevails?

Only take the black bar of calvinism out of the way, and this seems to me to follow from Dr. Watts' statement, by inevitable consequence. For law must not be departed from, but on principle. But it is departed from, (supposing his notion of it just,) respecting the whole human race. For 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses.' Nay, it is more than departed from; for a plan opposite to that of punishment, a remedied and sanative plan, is steadily going forward, to the present happiness of individuals, and in sure and certain hope respecting the mass: therefore, Christ's sacrifice is, here, fully available; it has done all it could do; and consequently, resistance to, and deliverance from, the real evil of sin, is now the one thing needful.

Unfortunate is he, whose trust in the other [deliverance from the relative evil of sin] leads him to overlook [the deliverance from its real evil]; and pitiable is he, whose concentrated attention to this, is disturbed by speculative anxieties about the other.

I dispute not but that the other may have in it real fact. The universe is wide; and has, probably, a permanent nursery department. Here, law may be the indispensable instrument of manuduction. Hooker's view, which I admired (before I knew better) without bound, may have some foundation. But it is something better than law, whose voice is the harmony of the world. Yet where law speaks, it must not be gainsaid; and nothing must be suffered absolutely discordant with its tones. I find no difficulty, therefore, in believing, that our Savior provided against every possible embarrassment of this nature; and in believing this, I conceive I subscribe to the substance of Watts' notion, respecting relative evil; though, perhaps, in a more intelligible way, than he might have done himself. Is this topic then to be dwelt upon? In one case, I think it is; where a person doubts whether God will hear him. If there be such doubt, I humbly conceive the less it is dwelt upon the better;

inasmuch as it is a fact, which our thinking of, can make no surer; and which was really done, that we might not think of it primarily, but of the end for which it was done. When we have thought of this latter to purpose, we shall know better how to think about the other.

W—— has been here, quite to my liking. He read me an excellent sermon, which he preached in the Asylum. —— did not like it. He thought it too high, and that it rolled over the people's heads: this might be partly true, as I think it was over poetical, too lubricious. Still, I should rather roll *over* people's heads, than *under* them.

—oo—

LETTER LXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 1. 1809, 6 o'clock evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By some of the usual mismanagements of our post, I have but just received your acceptable letter; and wish to say a few words in acknowledgment of it, and that which preceded it.

The state of the weather, and of my head, for the last two or three days, has been such, that I could not pay the attention I wished, to the investiganda you suggested. Your quotation from Primate Newcome is extremely pleasant. It is certainly very well, that such a person should have seen, and pointed out the climax. But indeed I conceive that point to be so self-evident, that no reasonable person can withhold assent, when it is once fairly stated. The division of the 119th Psalm laid down by you, I entirely accord with, down to the 12th v. There, as I at present feel, I would propose an arrangement somewhat different. But I have not, hitherto, been able to investigate the matter so deeply as I could wish: I am well convinced, that, for the most part, I mean with very rare exceptions, aboriginal words are to be preferred; always, when the sense can be exactly given by them, and when it cannot, the most naturalized foreigners should be resorted to.

I will attend to what you say, about sameness of idea, and sameness of letter; especially, as I cordially concur in thinking we must make our sally, from the alphabetical poems. Of their importance, Bishop Lowth was aware; it is on them he bottoms his system: but he did not, probably, discern a tenth part of the use, that may be hereafter made of them. As to sameness of idea throughout a stanza; I had been led to remark on the short quotations at the end of Ps. cvii., that

the topics respectively close, with the close of each stanza : now, if this take place in the alphabetical stanzas, it will be a most important confirmation of my arrangement. By the way, I have drawn up, by way of specimen, an introductory analysis of the 107th Psalm*, with notes, both on the beauties, and proprieties, which flow from the structure of the poetry ; and on the comparative excellence of its finest passages, and parallel ones from the antients. In a word, I have attempted to edit it, as a sacred classic, that you and others may judge, how far it might be desirable to proceed with other psalms, in a similar way.

To your observations on the elegiac versification, I cannot at present accede. I grant you, that grief is abrupt, rather than long-winded : but, surely, abruptness of sentiment, may very well coincide with length of line. The object of the elegy, is, to excite solemn thoughts, and melancholy feelings ; and this, surely, is best effected by a long line. The elegiac measure, both of Greeks and Latins, is longer than the usual lyric measures ; and our English elegiac measure, is, also, as long as our heroic. That the Hebrew elegiac line has a bimembral form, I readily admit ; but so, also, had the metres used by Chapman, and those used by Drayton ; and the division of them into shorter lines, was a modern invention. Nor do I think there can be produced, either from the Greek, Latin, or English language, an elegiac poem, written in short verse. For instance, 8th and 6th, in English.

But what I wish you particularly to advert to, is Rabbi Azarias's system, as given by Bishop Lowth. This, I apprehend, will throw much light on the point. I have, I conceive, discovered a strong confirmation of his plan, by simply putting two circumstances together. Josephus speaks in the following terms, of Moses' song : . . . *Ἐπειτα ποιησιν ἑξαμετρον αυτοις ανδρων· ἦν καταλειποεν εν τῷ διβλιῳ τῷ, ιερῷ, προφῆσιν εχουσιν των εσομενων, καθ' ἣν γεγονε παντα, και γινεται, μηδεν εκεινου διημαρτηκοτος της αληθειας.* Antiq. lib. iv. cap. 8. § 44.

And Bishop Patrick tells us, that the Jews reckon this song to consist of seventy verses ; each of which, contains two distinct and entire sentences. On reading the above two passages, I naturally took up my attempt at an arrangement of the song ; when, to my great surprise and gratification, I found, that I had actually divided it into 140 lines, coinciding with the bimembral parts of the 70 lines, marked out by the Jews. Hence, I went to the Polyglot ; and found, in a great majority of instances, that each of my lines, contained three Hebrew words ; of course, six Hebrew words, coinciding with Josephus's account of the poem having been written in hexameters.

From hence, then, I am disposed to think, that, whenever a pure Hebrew text can be established, it will go to confirm Rabbi Azarias's scheme; and that the verses will then appear to be hexametres, pentametres, tetrametres, &c. &c.; and hence, too, I cannot bring myself to reject the long lines, whilst we have such authority for them as that of Josephus, backed by the tradition of the Jews themselves.*

The more I have considered these matters, the more I am disposed to think, that the precise number of Hebrew words must be taken into account, in order to determine the precise nature of the verses. Open Lowth's preliminary dissertation to Isaiah, p. 29. He there gives eight lines from the 19th psalm; all of which, he classes in the same order of versification. Now, it occurred to me, that the last couplet was shorter than the other three; and, on looking at the Hebrew, I find, that, whilst the first three couplets are uniformly pentametres, the last couplet is a tetrametre; that is, in the first six lines, each has five words, while the last two, have each but four.

This, it occurs to me, may be no unfair mode of trying your projected division of the elegiac line; I shall therefore copy two or three of them, from the specimen in the original.

² ¹
 בִּלְהַ בְּשִׁיר וְעִי
 שִׁבְרַ עֲצֻמֹתַי
 בְּנֵה עָלַי
³ ² ¹
 וַיִּקַּח רֹאשׁ וְתֵלָאָה

Again, the remainder of your quotation, exhibits the following number of Hebrew words in each line, which I have not time to transcribe.

	3	2	1
		2	1
4	3	2	1
		2	1
4	3	2	1
		2	1
	3	2	1
		2	1

* The theory of a metrical character in Hebrew poetry, was afterwards completely disproved by the Bishop himself; who has fully shown, in his 'Sacred Literature,' that it was a poetry, not of words, but of thoughts. . . Ed.

I own I prefer the longer verse ; and I beg of you to consider, whether, by dividing them, you do not militate against the scheme of the writer, who has acrostically commenced every longer line : if he had arranged after your plan, why not begin the long and short line acrostically ? I have scarcely time to read over, much less to revise ; so that I fear you will have many crudities to make allowance for.

Yours most affectionately,

J. JERR.

—oo—

LETTER LXXVIII.

To A. Knor, Esq.

Feb. 7. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOR some time past, I have been wishing to write to you ; but you will not wonder that the execution of my wish has been suspended per force, when I tell you, that it will have been precisely one fortnight to-morrow since I have stirred out of doors. It is one of my old attacks ; and, after I had thought myself quite recruited, I incautiously brought on a relapse last week, by over-exertion in conversation. When quite recovered, which is not yet the case, I trust that this illness will have proved serviceable.

Last Saturday I suffered extremely, under the most dispiriting languor, and the most alarming apprehension that all intellectual power was forsaking me. In this frame, I took up my pen in search of relief, and wrote the lines, which you will read in the opposite page ; it is needless to say that they do not claim the title of poetry.

O Thou, whose all enlivening ray
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And with thyself my soul illumine.
Though gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word, and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free
In sweet communion, Lord, with thee.
What though, in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dim'st my intellectual power ;
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at thy blest throne :
A wisdom, not of earthly mould,
Not such as learned volumes hold,
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,
That chills the heart, and fires the brain :
But Father of eternal light,
In fixt and changeless glory bright,

I seek the wisdom from above,
 Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love!
 Let love divine my bosom sway,
 And then my darkness will be day;
 No doubts, no fears, shall heave my breast,
 For God himself will be my rest!

Yours ever,
 J. J.

—oo—

LETTER 68.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Feb. 13. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE the inclosed on Saturday, but it was too late for the post; I therefore, to make up for that, add something more.

My thoughts grow; new lights seem, every now and then, to open upon me; and to show some fresh object of admiration, in the great temple of truth; I cannot put on paper even a slight outline, of what has occurred to me within the last three months. What seems to me, is, that the New Testament contains a great deal more, respecting a hierarchical church, than any one I know of, has yet imagined; and that a more express, and circumstantial transfer of hierarchical privileges, from the Jewish nation to the Gentiles, may be traced, than, at first view, could be thought likely. On the most general supposition of such a plan, choice of place in which to begin the system, so as to insure imitation, and connected extension, would be a first object: and what place so thoroughly fitting, as Ephesus, the capital of Asia Proconsular, consequently of Asia Minor; of Asia unlimitedly, says Chrysostom, in his short, but remarkable preface, to his comment on that epistle. The next thing to be expected, would be some peculiar impressiveness of commencing circumstances. For this, turn to the 19th chapter of the Acts; and observe the unparalleled combination. The first persons addressed, 'John's disciples.' The number about twelve, . . then fully christianized, by baptism in the name of Christ, and by imposition of hands, followed, as at first, with speaking with tongues, and prophesying. Then, a schism with the synagogue, and a decided turning to the school, καθ' ἡμεραν διαλεγόμενος ἐν τῇ σχολῇ Τορραννοῦ τινος. Then, a signal authentication of all this, from heaven. St. Paul, at Ephesus, being equalled only by St. Peter, at Jerusalem. Compare the 11th and 12th verses of this chapter, with chap. v. 12. . . 16. I must not leave out of the detail the devil's repeating, as nearly as was possible, at Ephesus, what he had done at Jerusalem:

the statement, *Ἀναστάς δὲ ὁ ἀρχιερεὺς, καὶ πάντες οἱ σὺν αὐτῷ (ἡ οὐδα αἰρέσις τῶν Σαδδουχαίων), ἐπληρώθησαν ζήλου*, and the account of Demetrius and the shrine-makers at Ephesus, being curiously similar. But let me not overlook the still more curious difference, between the Apostles St. Peter and St. John being liberated by an angel, and St. Paul befriended by the Asiarchs, and brought off by the town clerk. In the first case, divine power, alone; in the other, secular instrumentality. The one, befitting the plan for merely forming the leaven; the other, no less suitable to that, which was to transfuse the leaven through the meal.

So much for the matters in Acts xix.: but how strictly correspondent, are following events. The commencement, (as far as relates to the Gentile church,) of regular episcopacy there, in the appointment of Timothy; a well chosen first bishop of a system, which was to be, transferred, enlarged, sublimated, analogical, judaism; he being maternally Jewish, and paternally Grecian; and of a system, which was to operate, chiefly, in an hereditary way; the faith, which he had, being derived from his grandmother, and mother; and (need I add?) of a system, which was to act through education, he having known the scripture from his youth.

The epistle to the Ephesians comes in with strictest harmony. In other epistles, the *μαρτυριον* is the ruling subject, in general, the only one. Here, it is eminently, almost wholly, the *μυστηριον*. This distinction may be new to you. But compare 1 Cor. ii. 1. with the 7th and following verses of the same chapter; and with Ephesians *passim*; and then judge, whether the *μαρτυριον* is not the object of *πιστις*; the *μυστηριον*, of *ἐπιγνωσις*: the first, of course, to be communicated to all; the latter, to the perfect only. I could say something, in this connection, of our Lord's distinction, between the world believing, and the world knowing: St. John xvii.: but I hasten onward.

The superior depth of this epistle, has been acknowledged by all. Ignatius, quoted by Michaelis, and lying now before me, says to the Ephesians, *Ὑμεῖς δὲ Παύλου συμμυσταὶ εἰς τὸ ἡγιασμένον*. St. Chrysostom, in the above-quoted preface, states it as a received opinion, that St. Paul made special communications to the Ephesians. I have not that volume of the Greek; but the latin translation of Musculus, is, *'Dicitur et illis, tanquam jam imbutis profundiora spiritualium sensuum concedidisse.'* I think, *'dicitur'*, implies what I say. St. Chrysostom then adds, as his own judgment, *'Est autem hæc epistola sublimibus reperta sensibus et dogmatibus'*: and again, *'abundat vehementer sublimibus et excellentibus sensibus.'*

Nam quæ fere nusquam locutus est, hic loquitur; utpote cum dicit, ut nota fiat principatibus, ac potestatibus cœlestibus, per ecclesiam, multiformis sapientia Dei.' I add to this ancient testimony, Grotius's more modern, but wonderfully strong one; 'Paulus jam vetus in apostolico munere, et ob evangelium Romæ vinctus, ostendit illis, quanta sit vis evangelii prae doctrinis omnibus: quomodo omnia Dei consilia, ab omni sevo, eo tetenderint: quam admiranda sit in eo Dei efficacia: rerum sublimitatem adæquans verbis sublimioribus, quam ulla unquam habuit lingua humana.'

What, then, does St. Paul communicate to the Ephesians, to bear out all these strong plaudits? This, I conceive, . . . that christianity was to be an analogical judaism; acting on all human society, in proportion as God should extend it, as the Jewish dispensation acted, on that single nation: that thus, the christian church was, on a grand scale, to take the place of judaism; was to be, in a sublimer way, or for a nobler purpose, a similar apparatus; was, consequently, to be as appositely fitted to its great end; and, on the whole, was to be the sphere, in which, as well as the organ, by which, all the magnificent prophecies of the Old Testament were to have their final fulfilment.

The secrecy, on this subject, to others, throws additional light on what has been said to the Ephesians. But the most remarkable concealment is, that, in the epistle to the Colossians; wrote, as we have ground to think, at the same time; and curiously touching on the same topics. This has deceived many into a belief, that they really treated on the same points; but with an adroitness, not almost to be imagined, St. Paul does not, in any single instance, drop a word to the Colossians, which could light the train of thought he pursues, in writing to the Ephesians. In fact, he seems to do something amazingly of the same kind, but yet not of the same kind. For, to the Colossians, the mystery is 'Christ in you the hope of glory'; whereas, to the Ephesians, it is the *Ἀνακεφαλαιώσις τῶν πάντων ἐν Χριστῷ . . . εἰς οἰκονομίαν πληρώματος τῶν καιρῶν*. As a farther illustration, compare Colossians i. 21, 22, 23. with Ephesians ii. 11, 12, &c. &c. This last-quoted passage, I should observe, is that on which I found an analogical judaism.

Now, even to name this to the Colossians, would have been dangerous; as a tendency to gross judaism, was the epidemic of the day; and to have talked of an analogical judaism to nine out of ten, would have been thought to sanction gross judaism. Another cause was, that they only, who could use this world without abusing it, could understand how the church could make the world its own; and to speak to others, of the church

mingling with the world, might be tempting the weak to commixture inconsistent with all safety. On the contrary, the Ephesians having, more than any other church, risen above worldly temptations, (mark Acts xix. 19.,) might be trusted above any church, with the whole. I can but just add, that the epistles to St. Timothy, wonderfully accord with that to the Ephesians themselves. The church is, in 1 Tim., the house of God, *στυλος και εδραιωμα* of the truth: mark, *στυλος* visibility, and *εδραιωμα* establishment: in 2 Tim. ii. 20. a great house, in which must be various vessels; some to honor, some to dishonor. But its being the pillar and ground of truth, is wonderful! A house, a great house, is the commencement often of a city; it was to be so here. Our Lord spoke of both a house and a city; St. Matt. v. 14, 15.: but first, of a candlestick and candle. And observe, the Apocalypse has them all. By that time, wisdom had builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars. But Ephesus is the first of them all. 'I will remove thy candlestick', seems to be 'I will take away thy primacy'.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 69.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Feb. 22. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ASSURE you, had you sent me your sermon, without assigning any reason, I should have thanked you for it cordially. In some respects, I like it better, than any I have yet read, or heard, of yours. I find no sentiment in it, which my head and heart do not accord with; and the peroration, I have read with the sincerest pleasure, as being exquisitely what it should be. What I most admire in the whole, is an unlabored fluency, which, I think, rises higher, than in any former instance.

Yet I must say, with this, that a firmer foundation might have been laid for this noble superstructure. The part where I think this might have been done, lies, in great measure, between the reference to Simplicius, and that to Paley. If I am to define the want here, I would say, that more of analogy might have been useful. The ground of loving God for his own sake, needs to be well, and clearly laid. When understood, it is self-evident; but it needs elucidation, though not demonstration. The next head, in which the reference to Paley occurs, is also a delicate business. What you say on it, is as indisputable to me,

as the meridian sun ; but I doubt, if many in your audience could understand it ; I doubt if any, but yourself, and any pious Methodist who happened to be there.

On what ground our friend might not have relished it, I cannot conceive. If his judgment comparatively, and quoad modum, dissented from what I have now been in a degree censuring ; I should not blame him, nor would you. But I should be sorry for his own sake, more than on any other account, that his heart should have disrelished what he heard. I say, on his own account ; for his place in God's great scheme, would not be, some way or other, unsupplied ; but the loss to himself, what could make up ?

But I persuade myself this cannot be. I know, and you know, that the mechanical part of our friend's mind is not strong ; and I can deeply sympathize with one, to whose weakness, a little deficiency, might appear a great aberration. I can truly say, I have been frightened, at my own dread of hearing from you, in the Asylum, or College Chapel, an over-strong expression.

On the whole, you have much cause to thank God on your own account ; for the day will soon come, when it will have been better to have written that sermon, than to have had the fee-simple of the solar system. And I do believe, you need not be unsatisfied, on the other ground ; for, if even there should be a wrong warp, it will not remain. There are minds, that will not go wrong ; there are others, who may go wrong, but will not remain so.

J. F. takes some matters to you. One is a light work, which I thought worth having, the memoirs of an American lady ; the other, of my sending, is a wonderful treat, I mean the introduction. How, except in this way, could what I venture to anticipate, make its commencement ? The first movements must be of a mixed quality ; how could they be of a milder nature, than those manifested in this volume ?

I greatly like —. I think he will be a comfort to you and me ; and I hope no one else will be a discomfort to either of us. But we neither of us build our happiness on frail man ; therefore, sure I am, that, even in frail man, we shall be less likely to be disappointed. In as much, as, through God's grace, we shall not contribute to the occurrence of any such calamity.

Yours ever, in much hope and little fear,

A. K.

LETTER LXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 23. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR most valuable letter I could not read till this morning ; and I cannot postpone for two days, tomorrow not being a post day, expressing hastily the great delight it has given me : nothing can be clearer and plainer ; and I see at once, that your point will be luminously made out ; but I long to see the whole exfoliated.

As to the fitness of Ephesus, as a place, I have just found a very striking passage, too long for present quotation, in Castalio's comment : which, at another time, I will send.

Not only the depth, but the obscurity of this epistle has been remarked.

Erasmus says, '*Idem in hac epistola Pauli fervor, eadem profunditas, idem omnino spiritus, et pectus. Verum, non alibi sermo, hyperbatis, anapodotis, aliisque incommoditatibus molestior, sive id interpretis fuit, quo fuit usus in hac, sive sensuum sublimitatem sermonis facultas non est assecuta. Certe stylus tantum dissonat a cæteris Pauli epistolis, ut alienus videri possit, nisi pectus atque indoles Paulinæ mentis hanc prorsus illi vindicaret.*' For this obscurity, Michaelis (p. 151.) does not even attempt to assign a cause. Erasmus, you see, has done so aliquatenus ; but may we not add, that the obscurity was possibly designed, to prevent St. Paul's esotericks from being knowable to the uninitiated ? You must certainly recollect, (I cannot now turn to books,) that, when Alexander complained to Aristotle, that he had done ill to give the world his esotericks, the philosopher replied : '*I have published them, and I have not published them ; for none but the initiated will understand me.*'

One thing more ; have you remarked the quotation from St. Basil, in Michaelis, p. 143. ; with his observations ? The whole appears to me very striking ; and very important, in a way that no German critic ever could have dreamed of. In my next, I shall have something to say about myself. This is not worth postage ; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of telling you, that you have poured in a flood of new light upon me, and I had it so many days shut up in a dark lanthorn ! i. e. in my writing-box. There's a metaphor !

Yours ever,

J. JEEB.

LETTER LXXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Feb. 27. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is curious and pleasant, that your criticisms on my sermon, harmonize exactly with my own. Not an observation did not pass through my mind, even before the sermon was preached. When the season comes for correction, your suggestions shall be carefully kept in view. All you say of our friend, is most just. And I am willing to hope that all will yet be right. — and — are here, and both of them exactly what could be wished.

I mentioned what Castalio says about the Ephesians, or rather, about Ephesus. It is, perhaps, nothing to your purpose, but such as it is, I will transcribe it. ‘Ephesus fuit civitas mercatoria, admodum frequens ac opulenta, et sicut Plinius, lib. v., inquit, ‘alterum lumen Minoris Asiæ.’ In ea convertenda, Apostolus diu multumque, et cum ingenti periculo, sudavit, dubus potissimum causis, sicut et Corinthi, ita spiritu Dei eum regente motus, nempe quod cum ob mercaturam et magnitudinem, tum ob navigationis commoditatem maxima ibi semper erat hominum frequentia, ut et ibi multos docere et convertere et per illos conversos porro late per orbem terrarum spargere evangelium potuerit. Situ enim est in extremo littore Asiæ Minoris versus occasum, et ferme etiam meridiem, ut illic transeundum fuerit navigantibus ex Syria aut Ægypto, in Græciam, Macedoniam, et Pontum, ac contra; at item ex Asia minore Romam, et vicissim. Sicut et ipse Apostolus sæpe proficiscens in Macedoniam aut Græciam, et iterum rediens, illic transivit. Eisdem commoditatibus, ac occasionibus, verisimile est ipsum quoque Johannem Evangelistam motum, ut ubi diutissime, sicut omnes sacri his torici scribunt, docuerit, atque adeo etiam ibidem consenuerit, mortuusque sit.’

It strikes me, that some particulars in the above may be better accounted for, than Sebastian Castalio knew any thing about. On your hypothesis, there is a great cause for St. Paul’s long, laborious, perilous labors; and for St. John’s latest exertions, his old age, and his death, at the place, which was the metropolis of sublime, and pure, philosophical christianity.

Yours ever most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 70.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

March 8. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SAY a word, in reply to your last, less expeditiously than I could have wished.

I have two additional observations to make on the sermon. I am not clear, that to speak of 'loving God for his own sake ; and not primarily, on account of any benefits that we have received, that we do receive, or that we hope hereafter to receive, at his hands', &c. is, on the whole, an eligible, or even strictly tenable way, of exhibiting the truth on this great subject. I am well aware of the sanction of great names, and good hearts, which it has. But I see it has been greatly abused ; and that, as I conceive, not by distorting it, but by pressing its liberality. I think every valuable end would be safely answered, by showing, that our love is not genuine, if it be on account of any earthly benefit ; or even any supposed eternal benefit, which is not of a moral, or spiritual nature. This strikes me as the safest, and truest line ; since, to delight in any thing, is, radically and essentially, to feel conscious benefit in it ; the apprehension that it is good in itself, implying, I conceive, that it is, if not individually, generally good to us. I simply think, that the sense of good is fundamental to the apprehension of good ; there must be the *αισθησις*, before there can be the *νοημα*. Abstract truth has nothing to do with feeling. Good can no more exist, without being felt, than light, without being seen, or sound, without being heard. But to feel good, is essentially to feel good *for me*. 'As reason', says Bishop Butler, 'tends to, and rests in the discernment of truth, so the very nature of affection, consists in tending towards, and resting on its objects, as an end', &c. ; as he adds soon after, 'being gratified in the same way, as the appetite of hunger is satisfied with food', and therefore, says he farther, 'it is absurd to ask, in this case, what advantage a man hath in such a course ? The advantage consists in the delight itself, which arises from such a faculty's having its object.' On this ground, then, it is evident, that there can be no idea formed of love, which does not contain the idea of benefit to him that loves. The delight of love, being the very wing on which it rises ; and to be delightful, being, in moral intelligences, identically the same as to be lovely.

I know you did not mean to controvert one tittle of all this :

knowing this, therefore, I submit to you, whether it would not always be, both sounder in itself, and more intelligible to those that hear, to show the purity and sublimity of the benefit, in this case looked for and prized; than to throw benefit, even 'primarily', out of view. I like to hear Jonathan Edwards speak in this way to calvinists; because *their* extreme, needs another extreme, to produce a temperament: but, though it may be, occasionally and relatively, useful in controversy; I do not think it good for unsophisticated nature. This is taught, by all its instinctive, as well as reflective movements, to unite benefit and loveliness, in an indissoluble band. And, after all that the good mystics have done, to counteract nature, in this instance, the profound Butler comes, and, as I take it, silences them, and seals the indissolubility.

In fact, I know not a more practically pernicious error, (I enlarge, not because you need it, but because I like the subject;) I say, I know not any more pernicious practical error, (I have misplaced my two words, it does not signify) than unconditional pulling down of selfishness. The more I consider human nature, and the sphere of action in which it is placed, the more convinced I am, that we cannot be too selfish, if we are selfish in a right way. We cannot, I conceive, desire that which is supremely beneficial, with any excess of intensity; nor too much regard it, *as beneficial*. In this bright and blessed centre, lines, elsewhere remote, and more and more diverging as that is receded from, so essentially unite, that to seek such benefit, is to seek excellence; and to be infinitely selfish, is to be exquisitely pure and virtuous. I know well, *how* poor self-love has been stigmatized and execrated. But, if she were fairly heard plead in arrest of judgment, I think she would yet come off in triumph. It could be shown, that the evils did not rise from self being over loved, but from the love of external things being misplaced; from the narrow and scanty matters, being loved; so narrow and scanty, that he who solely possessed them, would be wretched, *Æstuat in foelix*, &c., consequently, when claimed by many, what could they produce but wars and fightings among them?

Fluctuat, heu, miser
Alternaque potentum
Mundus diripitur manu.
Punctum est mors avidis quod secat ensibu
Inter tot populos. CASIMIR.

This is the fact. Savages fight about their hunting grounds; but never about air or sunshine. Thus the supreme and infinite good, cures all the ills ascribed to selfishness; not by abating

its force, nor by contracting its range, but by satisfying it to the extent, and without a possibility of any jarring interest; there being infinitely enough for all, through boundless eternity.

The observation which I made about analogy, and was gratified by your approving, comes in here. There can be no analogy, as I conceive, between any common love on earth, and a strictly unselfish love of God; from which cause, mystics seldom convey a clear meaning, to the uninitiated. But there is a most intelligible analogy, between seeking a lower, and a higher happiness; between the gratification of our animal, and that of our spiritual nature; between endeavoring, in vain, to find satisfaction in the world, and the enjoying it, in its fulness, in God. In all this, while there would be impressive contrast, there would be, also, instructive parallelism; the benefit of which is lost, as it strikes me, when the idea of strict disinterestedness is presented.

I am sure you will understand, that I am not combating any sentiment of yours; for you imply all I contend for, when you speak of delighting ourselves in God, as the synonyme of loving him for his own sake. But, because I so well know your sentiments, I remark upon your language; in the persuasion, that, on a review of the passage, you will not greatly differ from me.

For instance, do you not think that there is some jar between these words, 'If, indeed, our love be no better than a refined selfishness, than a fond complacency in favors, heaped on us', and those which follow in the same paragraph: 'But, if we are brought to delight in God, chiefly, and supremely, for the moral goodness of his nature, then, nothing will satisfy us, but a participation of that goodness?' I allow, 'no better than' and 'fond', have a reconciling tendency; but still, to delight, I imagine, has self, essentially, in it; and 'not to be satisfied but with a participation', is selfishness downright: 'refined selfishness', I grant; nobly and blessedly refined; but still, selfishness, the quintessence of selfishness; and yet, without wrong to any fellow-being in the universe: a soul-exalting selfishness; which, as it gives glory to God in the highest, teems with peace upon earth, good will amongst men.

When Young says, in his Night Thoughts,

'My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest,'

does he not speak the strictest language of nature? And when our Redeemer speaks of treasure in the heavens, of being rich toward God, of a pearl of great price, of one thing needful, of rest, of a well of water, &c., does he not adopt a like analogy, and build on the same basis of nature; that is, on selfishness,

not weakened, much less extinguished, but refined and sublimated, by a transfer, from baseness to excellence, from the imprisonment of the carnal mind, to the immensity of uncreated good. Surely, not to be satisfied without a participation of this, is a thirsting ejusdem generis with any loan-taker's appetite for wealth, or with any opposition-man's rabies for power; with the difference, only, of a lower, and higher appetite; a degrading, and an exalting object: *φθορημα*, equally, in both cases: but *φθορημα της σαρκος*, in the one; *φθορημα του πνευματος* in the other.

Now this I take to be in strict congruity with the analogical system. And it is accordingly remarkable, that the great discoverer of this system, is also the detector of the mistakes about selfishness; that is, he shows, that selfishness has exactly as great a place, in the exercise of love to God, and benevolence to man, as it has in our love to, or pursuit of, any other external object; and conversely, may have as little room in our pursuit of a common external object, as in our love of God, or of our neighbor. 'There have been persons', says he, 'in all ages, who have professed, that they found satisfaction in the pursuit of what is just, and right, and good, as the general bent of their mind, and end of their life; and that doing an action of baseness or cruelty, would be as great violence to their self, as much breaking in on their nature, as any external force.'

The selfishness, therefore, which you protest against, I do not take to be 'refined selfishness'; for, on Butler's principles, I conceive this a radical ingredient, in all that is interesting, or exalting: but a self-deceptive substitution of a lower, and indeed, imaginary good, in the place of the highest, and all perfect good; in the mistaking an animal complacency in the one, for spiritual delight in the other.

If, in reading these remarks, you should find anything that startles you, or seems to jar with any moral truth; remember, I am not describing what is actually felt, but I am attempting to analyze the metaphysical matter of the feeling. If selfishness were to be as much in view, as it is in existence and operation, it would defeat its own instinctive object. There could be no love of any thing; all would be cold calculation. 'Tis not because we love ourselves', says Butler, 'that we find delight in such and such objects; but because we have particular affections towards them. Take away these affections, and you leave self-love absolutely nothing at all to employ itself about; no end, or object for it to pursue, excepting only, that of avoiding pain.' Reflective self-love, then, would be absolutely self-obstructive, if not self-destructive. On the other hand, rightly directed self-love, is regulative. In a word, my notion is, not that the

evil you guard against, (of an imaginary love of God, on low and sordid accounts) is not a real case, as well as real evil ; but that it may be better corrected, by exposing the falseness of the object, than by condemning the nature of the feeling. In the former, the mind would be set right, if it could be set right. In the latter way, it will be, in all probability, taken out of its depth ; and, to a moral certainty, not benefitted ; for, in whatever mind, it is subtle thought which is thus excited, rather than sound feeling. When I say, 'by exposing the falseness of the object', I mean, 'exposure by contrast, as well as by direct detection.'

I hope I am not tiring, nor teasing you, by, perhaps, going out of my own depths, and pretending to draw the bow of Ulysses ; but I own I am excited on this subject by ——'s last charity sermon. I forget whether I told you of it, but I think I did. With him, selfishness was, in such a manner, all vice, and affection to our kind, all virtue, as, apparently, to leave things in possible good condition, though there were but our own coterie in the universe. Atheism is a terrible thought ; and, therefore, I do not like to throw on any man's theory, so foul an imputation ; especially, when, in fact, far from that man's thoughts. But, in the talk I refer to, there was no explicit pointing to God, on the one hand ; nor any direct, and decided reprobation of that embodying and embruting of the soul, which is the true antipode to pure and undefiled religion, on the other : but such a crude condemnation of selfish feelings, as to bring even devotional pleasure into suspicion ; and such an exaltation of benevolence, as to make it not only the sole heaven upon earth, but the very heaven of heaven.

And why all this ? 'Because,' said he to me a day or two after, 'I do think, I exercise more religion in kissing my child, than in all the fine feelings you talk about : for, if I even feel these in my closet, I am not three minutes in the world, till they are dissipated.' So then because —— finds no difficulty in kissing his child, but a great difficulty in retaining devotional feeling ; the latter is to be voted down, and the former to take its place. If this were not so easily detected, I should be ready to call it one of the depths of Satan. How —— will emerge, I know not, or what resting place he will find ; but I suspect his long visit to Dublin, and living with his old friends, unbraced the habits he had seemed to acquire at —— . This ought, eventually, to do him good, if he could be brought to see his real deficiency. 'Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God ?' On which, how well says Basil, *Ὡς μὲν οὖν υἱὸς φυσικῶς κεκτηταὶ τοῦ πατρὸς· ὥς δὲ μορφογενὴς ὅλα ἐχει ἐν ἑαυτῷ συλλαβὼν, οὐδεὶς*

καταμερίζομενον προς ἕτερον, ἐξ αὐτῆς τοίνυν τῆς νύου προσηγορίας διδασκομεθα, ὅτι τῆς φύσεως ἐστὶ κοινῶνος· οὐ προσταγμάτων πισθεῖς, ἀλλ' ἐκ τῆς οὐσίας ἐκλαμψας ἀδιαστατῶς. I believe it ever has been, and ever will be made good: on the one hand 'He that gathereth not with me, scattereth'; and on the other, 'I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture': *Καὶ εἰσελευσεται, καὶ ἐξελευσεται, καὶ νομὴν εὖρησει.* What a depth of meaning there is in these words! What a plenitude of liberty, and certainty of provision! The two symphonious words clearly mean, what no merely conscientious person, nor even, I should think, a sectarian religionist, can understand; for the merely conscientious christian, does not go in; and the sectarian religionist, does not come out. To find pasture, seems to me to signify, (what is perfectly accordant) that such a one is not, like the merely conscientious, at a loss for pasture, without finding it, or understanding the want: nor, like the sectarian, dependent upon place and person for being fed; but he finds pasture for himself, and finds it, more or less, every where.

'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

But in whom was this ever verified, but in a Catholic christian?

I must, however, trouble you a little farther, on selfishness. I am, not only now especially, but, at all times, habitually on the alert, against the unanalogical view; because I see, that it has served an evil purpose among one class, as effectually, as the grossest antinomian calvinism has done in another. Even in the hands of the amiable Fénelon, what anodynes does it not enable him to give, to slothful, self-indulgent, I would almost say, semi-christians? I mean not to judge, what I can only conjecture; and I do not mean to question, that, in Fénelon, there are fine observations, proceeding from noble feelings, every where occurring; but when I hear him say, in one letter, 'Vous savez qu'il faut porter la croix, et la porter en pleines ténèbres. Le parfait amour, ne cherche, ni à voir, ni à sentir. Il est content de souffrir; sans savoir s'il souffre bien; et d'aimer, sans savoir s'il aime. O que l'abandon, sans aucun retour, ni repli caché, est pur, et digne de Dieu! Il est lui seul plus détruisant, que mille et mille vertus austères, et soutenues, d'une régularité aperçue.

'Soyez simple et petit enfant. C'est dans l'enfance qu'habite la paix inaltérable, et à toute épreuve. Toutes les régularités où l'on possède sa vertu, sont sujettes à l'illusion, et au mécompte. Il n'y a que les âmes desappropriées par l'abnégation évangélique, qui n'ont plus rien à perdre. Il n'y a que ceux,

qui ne cherchent aucune lumière, qui ne se trompent point. Il n'y a que les petits enfans, qui trouvent en Dieu la sagesse, qui n'est point dans les grands et les sages qu'on admire.'

I say, when I read this very amazing talk in one letter; and in another, 'Cherchez à vous amuser à toutes les choses qui peuvent adoucir votre solitude, et vous garantir de l'ennui, sans vous passionner, ni dissiper, par le goût du monde'. Or, as elsewhere, 'Il ne faut pourtant pas tellement se taire, que vous manquiez d'ouverture et de complaisance dans les récréations, mais alors il ne faut parler que de choses à-peu-près indifférentes, et supprimer tout ce qui peut avoir quelque conséquence. Il faut, dans ces récréations, ce que St. François de Sales appelle, joyeuseté; c'est à dire se réjouir, et réjouir les autres, en disant des riens.' Without putting any severity of construction on these latter passages, I seem to myself to see, nay am confident I do see, a depth of self-deception, and serpentine seduction: for observe, the tastes of our higher nature must be all rooted up; while the tastes of our lower nature are still suffered, in a certain degree, to grow. No pleasure must be sought in piety; because, to be content to love, without knowing that one loves, is the height of perfection; and because, 'c'est dans l'oubli du moi, qu'habite la paix'; but, at the same time, pleasure may be taken, and very frivolous pleasure, (en disant des riens!) in things of the world, because this is needful for human weakness, and 'pour vous garantir de l'ennui.' From this, then, what can follow, according to every law of nature, but radically growing heart-attachment, to what *does* give actual pleasure; and more radically growing heart-detachment, from that which gives none?

After hearing such things, how refreshing that right and sound sentiment of Saurin. 'Heureux le fidèle, qui dans les combats que lui livrent les ennemis de son salut, peut opposer plaisirs à plaisirs, délices à délices; les plaisirs de la prière, et de la méditation, aux plaisirs du monde; les délices du silence, et de la retraite, à celles des cercles, des dissipations, des spectacles! Un tel homme est jeune dans ses devoirs, même parcequ'il est homme; et qu'il ne dépend pas d'un homme, de ne pas aimer, ce qui lui ouvre des sources de joie: un tel homme, s'attache, à la religion, par des motifs semblables à ceux, qui portent les gens du monde à s'attacher aux objets de leurs passions; parcequ'elles leur procurent des plaisirs ineffables. Un tel homme, ne peut jamais succomber entièrement, sous les tentations; parceque, selon l'énergique expression d'un apôtre, la paix de Dieu, qui est au-dessus de tout entendement, garde, c'est à dire, préserve les sens, et empêche, par les délectations dont elles l'inonde, qu'ils ne l'entraînent dans le crime.'

I must return to Fénelon ; that I may mention something, perhaps not unconnected with those strange quotations.

Voltaire concludes his chapter on quietism, in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, with the following curious statement.

‘Après avoir été vaincu sur des disputes de l’école, il eût été peut-être plus convenable, qu’il ne se mêlât point des querelles du jansenisme ; cependant il y entra. Le Cardinal de Noailles avoit pris contre lui, autrefois, le parti du plus fort. L’Archevêque de Cambrai en usa de même. Il espéra qu’il reviendrait à la cour, et qu’il y seroit consulté : tant l’esprit humain a de peine à se détacher des affaires, quand une fois elles ont servi d’aliment à son inquiétude. Ses désirs, cependant, étoient modérés comme ses écrits ; et même sur la fin de sa vie, il méprisa enfin toutes les disputes ; semblable, en cela seul, à l’évêque d’Avranches, Huet, l’un des plus savans hommes de l’Europe ; qui, sur la fin de ses jours, reconnut la vanité de la plupart des sciences, et celles de l’esprit humain. L’Archevêque de Cambrai (qui le croiroit !) parodie ainsi un air de Lulli :

‘Jeune, j’étois trop sage,
Et voulois trop savoir ;
Je ne veux en partage,
Que badinage,
Et touche au dernier âge,
Sans rien prévoir.’

‘Il fit ces vers en présence de son neveu, le Marquis de Fénelon, depuis ambassadeur à la Haie. C’est de lui que je les tiens. Je garantie la certitude de ce fait. Il seroit peu important par lui-même, s’il ne prouvoit à quel point nous voions souvent avec des regards différens, dans la triste tranquillité de la vieillesse, ce qui nous parut si grand, et si intéressant, dans l’âge où l’esprit plus actif est le jouët de ses désirs, et de ses illusions.’

Did the crafty wiliness of this son of the Serpent, ever more cordially disport itself, than in recording this *peu important* anecdote ?

Mark how every sentence, and almost every word, is made to tell in favor of his infernal purpose. I have seen this little poem disputed by some one ; on the ground of its being incredible, that such a thing could have been written by Fénelon. It is incredible, that he should have written any thing, with such a meaning, as Voltaire would attribute to this ; and as the words seem to warrant, if interpreted *au pied de la lettre*. But, that he might have written these lines on some occasion, at a less considerate moment, would appear probable, from their strange agreement with some of the sentiments quoted above. For

example, with the first two lines : 'Il n'y a que ceux qui ne cherchent aucune lumière, qui ne se trompent point'; with the next two, 'Se réjouir, et réjouir les autres, en disant des riens'; and with the last two 'Il est content d'aimer, sans savoir s'il aime'; therefore, necessarily, 'sans rien prévoir'. Is not this very curious ?

I do not know whether William Law, may not be thought to have outdone Fénelon, in depth of spiritual apathy. His little work on regeneration, (that is, against Mr. Wesley's view of regeneration) contains most extraordinary protests, against seeking for any thing in religion, but implicit abandonment of every thing.

'The sacrifices', says he, 'which we make of worldly goods, honors, or pleasures, are but small matters ; compared to that sacrifice, and destruction of all selfishness, as well spiritual as natural, that must be made, before our regeneration hath its perfect work.

'There is a denial of our own will, and certain degrees even of self-denying virtues, which yet give no disturbance to this selfishness. To be humble, mortified, devout, patient, to a certain degree ; and to be persecuted for our virtues, are no hurt to this selfishness ; nay, spiritual self, must have all these virtues to subsist upon ; and his life consists, in seeing, knowing, and feeling, the bulk, strength, and *reality* of them. But still, in all this show, and glitter of virtue, there is an unpurified bottom on which they stand ; there is a selfishness, which can no more enter into the kingdom of heaven, than the grossness of flesh and blood can enter into it.

'To know no more, and to seek to know no more of our salvation, than we can know by an implicit faith, an absolute resignation of ourselves to God, in Christ Jesus, is the true saving knowledge of Christ ; and such as keeps us in the highest degree of fitness to receive our perfect salvation.

'I believe that, to repentance and faith in Christ, salvation is made as secure, and as absolutely assured, as paradise was made sure to the dying thief. I believe that my own sins, were they greater, and more, than the sins of the whole world, would be wholly expiated, and taken away, by my faith in the blood and life of my blessed Savior.

'But, if I now want to add something of my own to this faith ; if this great and glorious faith is defective, and saves me not, till I can add my own sense, and my own feeling to it, at such a time, and in such a manner ; is not this saying, in the plainest manner, that faith, alone, cannot justify me. Is not this making this faith in the blood of Christ defective, and insufficient to my salvation, till a self-satisfaction, an own pleasure, an own taste, are joined

with it ? Might it not better be said, that faith could not justify me, till it had works ; than that it cannot justify me, without these inward workings, feelings, witnessings, of my own mind, sense, imagination ? Is there not likely to be a more hurtful self-trust, a more dangerous self-deceit, in making faith to depend upon these inward workings and feelings, than in making it depend upon outward good works of our own ?

In this last passage, you will observe some things objected to, or implied to be objected to, in Mr. Wesley's system, which, doubtless, admitted of animadversion : but, into what a wonderfully opposite extreme does he run ? And how completely is the whole tenor of Scripture lost sight of ? Assuredly, if these doctrines be true, our Redeemer, and his apostles, taught a far lower kind of religion, than that discovered, and taught, by Mr. Law. In truth, there are no teachers, on whom Mr. Law's denouncements would fall more heavily, than on those who teach us in the Bible.

What is curious, is, that thus, Law and Walker come to speak, substantially, in unison. After severally circum-ambulating the globe, they meet at length, and take their stand on the same meridian.

'Believing on him', (the Lord Jesus Christ) says Mr. Walker, 'with the heart trusting in him, as he is exhibited in the Gospel, the Savior of his people from their sins, the Scriptures warrant me to trust in him, with the fullest confidence ; to trust in him, as my righteousness and strength, and to know, that eternal life is mine, as the gift of God in him ; and this, without any supplementary revelation, or new voice from heaven, to announce to me that I am justified. A voice, indeed, there is, but it is in the word of God ; which, through all its sacred pages, in the Old Testament and in the New, gives the divine testimony to the Son of God and man, as the only, the all-sufficient, the faithful Savior of all, who believe upon his name. By that precious faith of him, the christian is called to walk ; not by sight, not by sense, not by feeling.'

In another place, Mr. W. says, (no less in unison) 'In every religious system which has self for its fundamental principle, the world can find something to approve, and something which it understands. But the Gospel, which proposes a foundation for the sinner's hope, altogether *out of* himself, is, on this account, peculiarly offensive to the world, and peculiarly unintelligible.'

I add no more in the way of quotation ; as this last one states the case for the whole genus, fairly and well. And to what, finally, does it come, but to this ; that common sense, is felt to be the common enemy of all such transcendentalists ;

and that, whether they feel it or not, in attacking common sense, they attack all substantial, solid virtue ; all that can make Holy Scripture intelligible, principles steady, life regular, reflection useful and comfortable ; all, in a word, which either elicits, or feeds those thoughts, a few of which, as Burnet so well tells us, ‘ spread strength into the mind, by which it is made capable of doing, or suffering, the hardest things ; through that life which they give, and that calm which they bring.’

I have said quite enough on one point ; I now briefly touch on another. You say, it is a remarkable circumstance, that there is not any stated, periodical time appointed, in the New Testament, for private prayer, and you assign an, apparently, probable reason for the omission. That such a reason had no share, is what I will not affirm. But there certainly was another reason, of a different kind, namely, that the habit of private prayer, had already ample precedents, to direct and regulate it. Into this reason, we have to resolve several other omissions ; and, on the whole, we see it a general rule, that things of the same nature were to go on, under the christian, as they had gone on, under the Jewish dispensation. Now, we know David, or the Psalmist, says, ‘ In the evening, and morning, and at noon-day, will I pray.’ And, if possible, still more decisively, are we told of Daniel, that he ‘ kneeled upon his knees three times a day ; and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.’ What these hours were, is matter of mere curiosity ; but one of the three, (the middle one of course) is fixed, by St. Peter going up to the house-top to pray, at the sixth hour. Most probably, the other two times, had corresponded to the morning and evening sacrifice. In Daniel’s case, we cannot doubt it ; for the same motive, which led him to have his window open toward Jerusalem, would, self-evidently, lead him, as it led Elijah on Mount Carmel, to recognize those justly interesting seasons. And, to this keeping time with the sacrifices, we cannot hesitate to refer, Cornelius’s praying in his house, (an expression implying statedness,) at the third hour. We find, however, from St. Luke i. 10. that it was the incense, rather than the sacrifice, with which the act of prayer was connected ; and it is a curious circumstance, that the moment of offering the incense within, was notified to those without, by the tinkling of a little bell, just as is still done in the service of the mass. But it is more interesting to observe, that the connection between prayer and the incense, is sublimely alluded to in Apoc. viii. 3, 4. The sacrifice was no doubt, also kept in view, though less immediately, in those stated devotional acts ; for David connects both, in his elegant simile, ‘ Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight, as the incense ; and let the lifting up of my hands, be as the

evening sacrifice.' Meaning, as I conceive, to refer to his morning devotion, in the first member of the couplet; and to his evening devotion, in the latter: and to introduce the two great public acts connected with devotion, so as to intimate, that, though there was a connection with both, it was closer with the one than with the other. Somewhat in this way, our establishment expresses its connection, with both the great divisions of the christian church, at large, by using collects from both, in its morning and evening prayer; but intimating a closer connection with the Greek, than with the Latin church, by giving precedence to the Greek in the morning, and, yet, to do equal justice, giving like precedence to the Latin church, in the evening. And when David describes the public service, by the incense, in the morning, and by the sacrifice, in the evening; he, too, gives a preference, but without doing any injustice.

The practice of praying at the time of incense, in the private, though public manner, which that verse in St. Luke intimates, and writers on Jewish usages describe, (the deep silence then prevailing through the courts, being particularly noticed by them) would naturally form a habit of praying at the same time, when at a distance; and the facts already referred to, advance this supposition into matter of certainty. The New Testament dispensation would take away the motive for being thus regular, as to the morning and evening hour; and yet, I think it likely, that, in adjusting the times of daily public worship, the Jewish hours would not be wholly out of view. But, whatever might be the attention, or inattention, paid to this circumstance, the practice of praying thrice a day, after the example of David and Daniel, would hardly be overlooked, by those who were taught to find lessons of piety, no less in the Old Testament, than in the New; and particularly to consider the Psalms, as formula-ries for the christian church, no less than for the Jewish.

I think I will stop here: though I had one or two remarks (not a bit connected with the sermon, but a little with some of these latter observations) to have added. But if I do not pause now, I cannot send this to-day. And the matters I had in my thoughts, will do just as well for another occasion.

On the whole, a very little matter indeed, and that too, in expression, rather than in any thing else, has occasioned a longer letter from me, than you have had for a long time. I fear it may be rather ill-connected, for I have been interrupted continually. But my object has been to give you, at once, not merely my objection, but the whole of my grounds for it; that you might have before you all that was in my thoughts. The truth is, I so much rejoice in our peculiar property, (given to us by him who gives all) of reducing every thing to principles of common sense,

(and yet not with injury to, but thorough confirmation of, every catholic verity) that I own myself jealous of every inch of our 'fair ground, and goodly heritage.' And will you wonder, that, where you are concerned, or where there can be a question respecting your plan of proceedings, involving, ever so slightly, a better, and a less good method, I should be on the alert to assist you in fixing your eye, on whatever shall deserve to be considered as the more excellent way.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and
believe me ever, cordially yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER LXXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, March 10. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I most cordially thank you for your valuable observations; especially for your ample illustrations of mystical absurdity, and your very curious and satisfactory proof, that mysticism and calvinism, after 'many a long-long wandering', meet at last. As to the passages in my sermon, they certainly require modification: the expressions were not sufficiently guarded; and some of them were by no means literally tenable. Calvinism, low christianity, (which, though people do not suspect it, is, in fact, low calvinism,) and especially Dr. Paley, (see for example his second sermon,) were chiefly in my view. And I did not, at the time, sufficiently advert to the opposite errors of mysticism; which, you will readily believe, is, and was, most abhorrent, both from my thoughts and feelings. But this, you will admit, was somewhat natural: as the latter errors rarely meet me; while the former perpetually stare me in the face. I cannot but add, that, however low and mercenary christianity may revolt me, it has some reference to real existence; to what is actually in man's constitution; whilst mysticism is at open war, with all natural feeling, all substantial good, and all common sense: it is in the clouds.

Not a syllable in your letter has 'tired', or 'teazed', or 'startled' me; or 'appeared to jar with moral truth.' Most completely the reverse. I do soberly think, that self-love necessarily enters into the composition, of every thing great, and good, and admirable in man; that, in self-love, there never can be excess; that, without self-love, there can be no rational, or deep love of God; and that self-love is intrinsically more noble

and excellent, than benevolence itself. If this last be not the case, why should the best and wisest of all teachers, make self-love, the measure of love to our neighbor? The measure, surely, always gives the idea of something more perfect than the thing measured; the archetype, than the resemblance. We are to be perfect, as God is perfect; we are to love our neighbor, as ourselves; the perfection of God, is not more absolutely made the rule of our perfection, than the love of ourselves, is made the rule of our love to our neighbors: therefore, the love of ourselves, has both the priority, as to existence, and the supremacy, as to value, over the love of our neighbor.

Still, however, I must beg leave to doubt the propriety of your expressions, 'that we cannot be too selfish, if we are selfish in a right way'; that, 'to be infinitely selfish, is to be exquisitely pure and virtuous'; that there is 'a soul-exalting selfishness', &c. Observe, that I cannot discover in myself 'the shadow of the shade' of dissent, from your principle; that I most deeply concur in believing and feeling 'that we cannot desire that which is supremely beneficial, with any excess of intensity; nor regard it too much, as beneficial.' I am disposed to except against your expressions, in what appears to me a deficiency of philological, and, by easy inference, both of philosophical, and practical precision.

My notion is, that the words, selfish, and selfishness, should never be used in a good sense. I must endeavor to give my reasons. It is universally allowed, that the Saxon word *ISH*, [*ɪʃ*] when joined to an adjective, denotes diminution, a small degree, an incipient state of any quality: 'When to substantives', says Johnson, 'it imports similitude, or tendency to a character.' (Observe, not the very nature of that character, for I do believe it never denotes any thing higher than approximation. Hence, the obvious difference between *brutish*, and *brutal*; *sluggish* and *sluggard* or *sluggardly*, &c. &c.) But my chief observation, and which seems wholly to have escaped Johnson, is this, that all words, (patronymicks excepted, such as *Irish*, *English*, *Spanish*, &c.) into whose composition the *ISH* enters, invariably give us the idea of something mean, trifling, contemptible, unworthy, or hateful. I cannot find a single exception, (can you point one out?) whilst corroborative examples are most abundant. *Childish-ness*; *foolish-ness*; *thievish-ness*; *mawkish-ness*; *garish-ness*; *clownish-ness*; *sluttish-ness*; *sluggish-ness*; *waspish-ness*; *peevish-ness*; *snappish-ness*; *bearish-ness*; *lavish-ness*; *sheepish-ness*; *boorish-ness*; *churlish-ness*; &c. &c. &c. This universal usage can, I conceive, be accounted for, only by the irreversible meaning of the word or particle, *ISH*, limiting it to a bad sense. Whilst the other

terminative particles, al, ive, ful, ous, eous, ly, &c., are of common use, being of common meaning, e. g. we say hateful, and graceful; full signifying repletion and a repletion of good or bad, being equally possible; not so, with the termination ISH; which, according to my hypothesis, must mean something diminutive, contemptible, defective. Now, if there be any justice in all this, why should the words selfish, and selfishness, make any exception to the general rule? I wish I could ascertain from Skinner, Wallis, or Junius, the precise meaning of 17C. For a precise meaning, it surely must have.

Thus much is certain, that it is the general practice, in accordance, as I conceive, with strict philological propriety, to annex a bad meaning to the words selfish, and selfishness; and I should be loth to run counter to the current, from an almost certain conviction, that I should be overwhelmed by the prejudices, misapprehensions, and alarms, of by far the greater part of those, with whom I might have occasion to talk. To speak of a right selfishness, and a wrong selfishness, a noble selfishness, and a base selfishness, is, in my humble apprehension, to talk obscurely. I would say, that all self-love is right; all selfishness wrong: that all self-love is noble; all selfishness, base: and that selfishness is not more decidedly opposed to the love of God, and the love of our neighbor, than it is to the love of ourselves. My great caution and guardedness, on this point, would be, never to use either term, without letting it be clearly seen, what is my precise meaning. This, I conceive, would be to speak luminously, and without leaving any probable room for misapprehension. Let a person use the terms, self-love, and selfishness, promiscuously; and, though his own sentiments and conceptions be ever so just and clear, it is an hundred to one, that he will send away his auditor, with a perplexed, unsatisfied, and fluctuating mind. Let the same person, with precisely the same opinions, use the terms distinctively; and I can hardly question his giving complete satisfaction, to any hearer of candor, and of decent apprehension.

So far, then, as self-love is concerned, I cordially agree with you, 'that the evil of an imaginary love of God, on low and mercenary accounts, may be better corrected, by exposing the falseness of the object, than by condemning the nature of the feeling'. That is, I would, in no case soever, condemn the feeling of self-love; but expose the universal odiousness of selfishness, by exposing the uniform falseness of its object. But what need I seek for expressions to convey my thoughts, when you have yourself most exquisitely expressed them? 'I know well', you say, 'how poor self-love has been stigmatized and execrated; but, if she were fairly heard plead in arrest of judg-

ment, I think she would yet come off with triumph. It could be shown, that the evil did not arise from self being loved, but from the love of external things being misplaced ; from too narrow and scanty matters being loved ; so narrow and scanty, that he who solely possessed them, would be wretched. 'Æstuat infelix', &c. &c. It appears to me, that your very words might admirably serve for a definition of selfishness. It may be called, 'a misplaced love of external things, from which we expect to derive pleasure or advantage ; an inordinate love of matters too scanty', &c. &c.

The objects of selfishness admit of competition, of jarring interests, of exhaustion, of decay. Those of self-love, to use your own ideas, are like 'the air or sunshine', &c. But I differ from you so far, that I conceive it most desirable, 'to abate the force, and contract the range of selfishness.' Whilst I again agree with you, 'that the supreme and intimate good, satisfies, not selfishness, but self-love, to the extent, and without a possibility of jarring interest ; there being infinitely enough for all, through boundless eternity.'

The distinction between self-love and selfishness, which I have here, perhaps crudely and unsatisfactorily, endeavored to unfold, I certainly had in view, when I wrote my sermon ; and this led me to use the words, 'refined selfishness',* fond complacency in favors', &c. &c. too unguardedly, I grant, but still, on my principles, not jarringly with my subsequent expressions ; 'nothing less will satisfy us, than a participation,' &c. It never having been my intention to exclude self-love ; and self-love necessarily seeking its own satisfaction. But, is not this mere talk about words ? I humbly conceive, not ; inasmuch as, when there is a right, and a wrong, it is of essential importance to have a definite term for each. I clearly perceive, that I was too abstract, too unqualified, too little illustrative. Still, I think I had some advantage, not in what I wrote, but in what, with a hint from you, I might have written, by having a distinct, and opposite meaning, for the terms in question. This, I am in great hopes, you will not dissent from. The distinction, once well laid down, may save many a troublesome periphrasis, and perplexing obscurity of words. And I am the more anxious to recommend it, because I soberly believe, that selfishness is the very antipode of self-love.

Poor — ! I entirely disapprove, I truly lament, but I do not greatly wonder at his wanderings. It is impossible, almost, to conjecture where they will end. I would far rather burn all

* On my principle, though all selfishness is wrong ; it may admit the distinction of gross and refined, as we talk of gross and refined sensuality.

the sermons I ever wrote, than that, through the means of any one of them, I should, in any measure, sanction or promote, even so far as my poor influence could go, errors such as pervaded that sermon, which you did not mention to me before. God has been gracious and merciful to me, by placing in my way a religion of common sense ; and by giving me a friend to watch over every tendency to aberration, from that good and plain path ; a path too, abundantly strewn with flowers, as well as supplied with every suitable provision, and necessary accommodation.

A few words, as to the omission of any positive institution, in the New Testament, of special times for private prayer. Every syllable that you mention, about David, Daniel, St. Peter, the Apocalypse, incense, &c. &c., and Jewish habits of private devotion, was completely in my view, when I wrote the sermon. (This is to me a pleasant coincidence, and will not be displeasing to you.) Why, then, did I not mention them, in the sermon ? Because I had not room within its limits ; I therefore discarded my prepared thoughts, and some written notes too ; and was compelled to substitute what I say, about stated hours of prayer having been ' uniformly resorted to, by all pious and spiritual members of the Jewish, and the christian church ; of which, I added, ' scripture examples were numerous and striking', &c. Now, when I wrote these words, what I had in my mind's eye, was precisely what you have thrown out in your letter.

As to want of authoritative appointment, I do not think, however, that your reason will do ; inasmuch as it only throws back the crux, from the New Testament to the Old. Why were there no positive appointments of stated times, under the earlier dispensation ? Why were good men left to establish precedents ? Clearly, I conceive, for the reasons assigned by me. Authoritative appointments would have chilled the spirit of devotion ; while elective imitation of good men, whose choice of hours, again, was guided by an association with all that was grand, affecting, and lovely, in the public service of God, infused a charm and a gracefulness into the private devotions, of both Jewish and christian churches, that at once excites my admiration, and wins my heart.

My chief employment, for the last eight days, has been a little poetical excursus. You told me, more than a year ago, that I had a narrow escape of being a poet ; and little did I then imagine, that I should ever again have scribbled verses. But so it happened, that I was excited unawares ; and, as my constitution seems to require recreation, sometimes for days together, I did not choose to tie on a bandage. I had been reading

Cowper's translation of the *Epitaphium Damonis*; and it appeared, in many instances, absolutely erroneous, and, in most, miserably defective; insomuch, that I believe Cowper could not have written even his first draught, *con amore*; and could never afterwards have retouched it, with his masterly hand. Almost insensibly, I was led to make an effort myself; and yesterday I found myself advanced more than twenty lines, not despicably executed; and, unless I am a gross miscalculator, in some respects preferable, either to Langhorne, or Cowper. When finished, I will send you a copy, if you think it worth your while to read idle verse. Towards the evening of yesterday, I was beginning to ask, 'Do you take sufficient care, my good sir, not to let your poetic jade run away with you, and fling you?' Happily, your letter relieved my doubts; for I have employed myself, ever since the receipt of it, in matters remote from the muses, and employed myself right pleasantly. The fact is, I have come recreated to my business. This, I hope, is no bad test. Was I wrong in accounting my small poetic interlude, a sort of providential remuneration, for having given up, (I am persuaded on just grounds,) my trip to town? I stated to you, chiefly, things prudential. Some other, and perhaps higher motives, concurred in fixing the relinquishment. Pray, have you ever looked into Benson on the Epistles? This man appears to me to have more heart, than any of his Arian brethren; and sometimes beautifully, as well as ingeniously, illustrates, both the manner, and the spirit of St. Paul. In particular, his comment on the Epistle to Philemon, is one of the neatest specimens of sacred criticism, and most cordial testimonies to St. Paul's great qualities both of head and heart, that I ever read. I wish you would borrow the book, and judge for yourself. I think you will be much gratified.

It occurred to me last night, that there might be a most useful essay written, on the characters and teaching of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, and St. James. It should proceed, however, from a person, with views such as ours; and who would prepare himself fully with matter, both from the New Testament, and other sources. The natural temperament and character of each should be first deduced, from an induction of facts; and from such imitations, whether direct or indirect, as occur in their writings, as well as from the general complexion of their style. The correction, modification, and new direction, should be next illustrated, in the same manner. And, lastly, their mode of teaching, should be considered with reference, not only to their own peculiar habits of thinking and feeling, but, also, to the special occasions on which they wrote, and the specific exigences, which required a specific remedy.

There would be, in such a work, a noble opportunity of adverting to different species of workmen, or witnesses; to the foundation of grace, and the superstructure of holiness. And, at the same time, the prevailing tendency of insisting on some peculiar mode, might be directly, but powerfully counteracted. At present, it is notoriously evident, that one party as pertinaciously requires an imitation of St. James's manner, as another party does of St. Paul's. While few, or none, advert to the natural distinctions of character in the two Apostles, and to the emergencies which gave rise to their several epistolary writings.

Many less observable particulars, also, might be pointed out. For instance, the suitableness of the means used for St. Paul's conversion; a spirit so vehement and daring, could not, probably, have been subdued, by a milder process. Again, St. Paul and St. Peter, both, betray a little wrongness; which is recorded, probably amongst other reasons, to inculcate the salutary lesson, 'that we should not be high-minded, but fear': they go wrong in different ways, conformable to their different characters: the former being hurried into a momentary ebullition of passion; and the latter betrayed into a timid compromise: just as we might have expected, in the one case, from him who had been a violent persecutor; and in the other, from him who denied his Divine Master. Is it not a peculiar instance of fitness, that St. John, who was of an aspiring temper, and wished to attain the highest dignity in the Messiah's temporal kingdom, should be the advocate of christian perfection? And, again, that St. Peter, who had himself so deeply experienced the mischief of pride, and the efficacy of humble repentance, should be the person to exhort christians to be 'clothed with humility', because 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble?' Is it not a striking exemplification, too, of the transforming energy of divine grace, that the apostle chosen, or, at least, providentially excited, to inspire his brethren with fortitude under persecution, should be that very St. Peter, who, through fear of persecution, had denied Christ?

These thoughts have been thrown on paper rapidly, and almost at random; they may either be trite and obvious, or fanciful and visionary, for aught that I can tell. With some slight exception, I do not recollect having met with them elsewhere; but of this I am well assured, that your mind is stored with valuable ideas, which would far better illustrate the subject; and what I wish, is, that you would undertake an essay, or essays, such as I have been rudely and imperfectly sketching the outline of. It would be a most seasonable work; and I soberly think, that in few ways could the views we love be put forward, with better prospect of attracting the notice, and per-

haps conciliating the good will of the religious public. In pursuing such a plan, it would be easy to support our opinions, in a popular and uncontroversial style, from the example, the feelings, and the reasonings of the apostles : whilst the biographic form, would give an interest, and intelligibility, to all that might be said, which could not, perhaps, be so readily attained, in any other mode. If you would engage in this undertaking, you might reckon upon me as an under workman, in making any researches, or in any branch that you could employ me. But should you decline it, I myself would willingly endeavor to turn my thoughts and studies this way ; provided you would furnish me with hints to be enlarged upon ; and lead me to such sources of information, as I am not acquainted with. Some sources, not very commonly explored, I have within my reach, and would gladly resort to ; others, I have already applied to, not without satisfaction ; and above all, by communication with you, I got hold of a clue, which I have hitherto found a satisfactory guide through labyrinths, in which multitudes are bewildered. My first wish, however, would be, that you should write.

If you think the plan a wild, or unpromising one, do not hesitate to give your opinion freely ; it is a child but of a day's growth ; and has not yet so entwined itself about my affections, as to prevent my resigning it with perfect composure. Or if, thinking the work might be serviceable, you question the expediency of my engaging in it, be equally candid. My illnesses have, at least, this good effect ; that they keep me, I trust, diffident of my powers ; and ready to be dissuaded from any disproportionate undertaking, by those who know better than myself,

.... quid ferre recusant,
Quid valeant humeri.

At the same time, I honestly own a feeling, that some continuous work in prospect, would give a stimulus, and zest, and unity to my studies ; and would, I think, aid me in the composition of sermons, by suggesting trains of thought, which might be worked up into discourses. If I had matter, (and that is, perhaps, not out of my reach,) and if my health should be spared, I see no reason, why I might not hope to clothe my ideas in language, at least equal to that of my visitation sermon.

When your eyes permit, I shall be most happy to hear from you ; but do not think of writing, till you can do it with safety ; I hope I have not now tired or injured you, and am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged

and affectionate Friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXXII.

To A. Knor, Esq.

March 1808.

* * * * *

I MUST now return, for a moment, to the subject of selfishness. Dr. Johnson defines it, 'attention to one's own interest, without any regard to others; self-love.' To the last word of this definition, of course, I greatly object. But this is not the only fault I have to find. For whilst I hold, that attention to ourselves, to the exclusion of others, enters deeply into the essence of selfishness, I am far from thinking that all such attention, even though amounting to the utmost pitch of exclusiveness, should be stigmatized as selfishness. For instance, if I am placed within reach of a plank, on a stormy sea, along with a fellow-sufferer, who has been washed overboard; and, if that plank can receive but one person; surely, here, to preserve myself, is but a fair exercise of self-love. I should rather describe selfishness, as 'an undue and excessive pursuit of earthly, and unspiritual objects, in which we hope to find advantage or enjoyment; and in pursuit of which, we are regardless of others.' This is my unblocked thought: it might, doubtless, receive a far better shape; but, when finished off, it might possibly answer the purpose.

The reason why I wish to have selfishness always considered as a wrong passion, is this; that numbers of good people, have stigmatized it, and do what we may, will stigmatize it, to the end of the chapter. But they rarely do it on right grounds; rarely without involving poor self-love in the censure and disgrace. Now, I can conceive no such effectual mode of cutting up their error by the roots, as at once admitting selfishness to be wrong; then, fully defining, illustrating, and describing, what it really is; and then, claiming those fair, and just honors for self-love, of which it has been long most iniquitously deprived. This seems to me to accord with truth. And as to expediency, can it be doubted, that to use the same term, sometimes in a good, sometimes in a bad sense, must inevitably leave occasion for eternal misconceptions, misrepresentations, nebulousities, and logomachies? Or, on the other hand, can it be questioned, that a steady use of definite terms, adequately exfoliated and expanded, must, in due time, produce, at least a great approximation and unity of sentiment?

Now, as to the point from whence all this discussion started;

I am disposed to think, that the pure love of God may be very satisfactorily, and perhaps most satisfactorily explained, without directly adverting to selfishness at all. The more we simplify, the less we implicate the foreign matter, the more thoroughly shall we be understood. When fair, and needful occasions arise, I would talk in my own way, of self-love, and selfishness ; but I believe occasions should not be created ; and far less should we go an inch out of our way, to create them.

And now I may venture to tell you, that even my poetical interlude, has had another little interlude inclosed within it. On Sunday night as I lay in bed, half awake, and half dreaming, a thought arose, that it would be right to show some little mark, at once of my respect and feeling, on the occasion of Miss ——'s marriage. And what should this mark be ? A copy of Cowper's poems, with a little inscription on a blank leaf. To work my mind immediately went, even in its morphean state ; and I produced a stanza ; and the next morning I completed my inscription ; and then I wrote to Archer, for a copy of Cowper ; and last night I received the said copy ; and just now I have finished my transcription ; and you may read my lines on the next page.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF COWPER'S POEMS,

PRESENTED, ON HER MARRIAGE,

TO MARY, VISCOUNTESS BERNARD.

Lady, were Cowper's spirit here,
That sainted spirit sure would breathe,
A fervent wish, a vow sincere,
And twine them with thy bridal wreath.

He would not of thy goodness tell,
For purest virtue courts the shade ;
He would not on thy features dwell,
For beauty's short-lived flower must fade.

No, lady ; cease thy modest fears,
More pleased his artless muse would feel,
To consecrate the filial tears,
Which from thy trembling eyelids steal :

To cherish, on this joyful day,
The glistening tribute of thy heart,
For years, of mild paternal sway,
For cares, that made thee, what thou art !

Then would he pray, that white-robed truth,
 And purest peace, and joy serene,
 (Blest guardians of thy vernal youth,)
 Might shield thee thro' life's various scene.

But Cowper lives in realms of light
 Where kindred seraphs ceaseless sing;
 Far other hands this wreath unite,
 Far other hands this offering bring!

Yet, lady, wilt thou kindly deign
 ('Tis all the unpractised muse can give,)
 Accept this rudely warbled strain,
 And let it, bound with Cowper's, live?

These volumes too, I fondly ween,
 May for their author's sake, be prized,
 When thine own hearth shall match the scene,
 By Weston's bard immortalized.

For sure, thou lov'st domestic joys,
 And hours of intimate delight,
 And days retired from vulgar noise,
 And converse bland that cheats the night.

Such joys be *THINE*, be *HIS*! and still,
 In *h* art united, as in hands,
 Blessing and blest, may each fulfil,
 The glorious task your place demands.

Lights of the world, may each dispense
 New lustre through your ample sphere,
 And, very late, be summoned hence,
 To shine thro' heaven's eternal year.

P. S. Perhaps it may be fair to say, that, whatever is for the real good of a person, is to him the legitimate object of self-love: whatever is not really good for him, the object of selfishness.

—oo—
LETTER 71.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
 I CANNOT say more than a word or two; but I know you will wish for a prompt acknowledgment of your last communication.

I believe I may say, unreservedly, that I subscribe to every word you have said; your philological remarks are conclusive.

In short, as usual, we are in unison. But I must, at the same time, fairly confess my ignorance, and acknowledge, that the indubitable force of *ish*, if it had ever been before me, was not present to my mind. 'Terminatio *ish*, adjectivis præcipue addita (et non raro substantivis) *diminutionem* innuit.' . . . WALLIS.

How capital a grammarian, and how indifferent a divine !

I assure you, while I was writing about times of prayer, I was questioning whether I might not be uselessly employed ; on the ground of your certainly knowing, all I could say on the subject.

But let me call your attention to one thing ; I was not supporting the legitimacy of the term, selfishness. At least, I meant no such thing ; I was certainly not aware of the clearly depreciating meaning, which the justest etymology stamps upon it. But neither did I desire, that it should be honorably mentioned. I observed, that I was not *describing* feelings, but *analyzing* them ; and in pure ignorance, I used the term selfishness, not from regard to the term, but merely because it was explicit. Still, I think, true and strict as the etymology is, what you say in your concluding paragraph on the subject, is not more just, than important ; that the ' pure love of God, may be very satisfactorily, and perhaps, most satisfactorily explained, without directly adverting to selfishness at all ; and, that the more we simplify, the less we implicate with foreign matter, the more thoroughly shall we be understood.'

You will just advert to my sentiment, that to be reflectively selfish, is to be incapable of love. This, I conceive, is as accordant with all you say, as it can be ; for, on your very clear principles, self-love is the just and fair sensation ; but selfishness is that reflective movement, with which no extrinsic love is compatible ; and indeed, by consequence, no comfort, no pleasure.

If any end was necessary to be answered by my remarks, it is answered most completely.

Your Epithalamium is very beautiful ; so thinks Dr. M—— also, to whom I read it. I should be more surprised at the poetic vein beginning to flow fresh, after so long a stagnation, were I not accustomed to wonderful things. It has just struck seven*, and therefore I cannot explain : but you will make no bad conjecture at my meaning.

Hannah More's new book, *Cœlebs*, an odd sort of redivived religious courtship, is not exactly what it ought to be. I have it from the author ; and am puzzled how to speak about it. It is

* The post hour. . . ED.

as low as it well can be. The thing you might suppose from the high praise of ———.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 72.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St. March 17*. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I LONG to hear some remarks from you, on the introduction to the Cath. Apol., which I sent by J. F.

Easter being now at hand, it is natural to think about it. Will you, therefore, turn to the 7th verse of the 5th chapter of 1st Corinthians, in your Greek Testament; and judge, whether there is not as express a recognition of the christian Pasch, there, as could be conveyed in language. Judge, also, whether our translation does any justice to, or even makes sound sense of the passage. There are various reasons, from internal evidence, to conclude, that the Apostle wrote in, or about, the paschal season. He takes occasion, therefore, from the exactness of the Jews in ceremonial matters, to urge upon the Corinthians a like attention to moral expurgation. And, as an apposite motive, he says, *Και γαρ το πασχα ἡμῶν ὑπερ ἡμῶν ἐθυθῆ Χριστός, ὥστε ἐορταζόμεν, &c.* What is this, but 'For our Passover, also, was sacrificed for us, even Christ; therefore let us keep the feast?' That is, let us be as spiritually diligent, as they are, ceremonially: for we have our Passover, as really as they. As to the construction, compare St. John iv. 45., last words of the verse.

I must say no more, but that I am ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 73.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, April 24. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SENT you *meo periculo*, by J. F., the four published volumes

* Mr. Knox's birth-day. . . ED.

of Edwards's works. You say nothing of them, but I cannot doubt your liking to have them; and, if you were of somewhat another mind, I could soon reason you out of it: Jonathan Edwards being really one of the grandest of our allies. He doubtless pushes his voyages of discovery, up into the antarctic ice of metaphysic; but his own heart had a warmth, that no intellectual climate could chill; and therefore, he not only lives, but glows, where any weaker moral vitality would have been frost-bitten.

What for the present I wish to point your attention to, are those parts, which seem eminently fitted to meet existing errors. For instance, vol. iii. 296, 7, 8. 497. . . 502. 541, 2, 3, 4, 5. 549, 50, 1, 2. I also think the following 'Reflection (iv.)' is worth reading; as giving Jonathan Edwards's ideas of Calvinism. Had he been better read in ecclesiastical antiquity, he would have adopted another appellation; his plan being really, not calvinism, but augustinism; and his leading principle, (p. 550) 'that the grace, or virtue, of truly good men, not only differs from the virtue of others, in degree, but even in nature and kind'; being, not even augustinism, but the sentiment of Basil and Macarius, and, I am sure I might say, of all the catholic fathers, as really, as of Augustin. Probably he would have refused to admit, what I conceive those referred to, hold; that the lower goodness predisposed, or might at least predispose, for the higher. But, as for the thing itself, it seems to be no more than St. Paul's distinction, of the righteousness of the law, and the righteousness of faith.

But, in the parts of the volume I am bidding you turn over, will you not find something also, tending to show, that the sublimest truths, need to be cautiously, . . . circumferentially guarded? Look, for instance, at what Brainard says, in the 501st page, and at what Edwards himself says, in the 1st paragraph of the 3d section of the Reflections, (p. 539.) and judge, whether there is not a verging towards mysticism? Brainard slightly; but Edwards, I conceive, more decidedly. In fact, Brainard learned it from Edwards; being, at the same time, peculiarly predisposed to it, both by the virtues, and the defects of his mind.

You will observe, I am not censuring these sentiments, in the connection in which I now find them: because I think it morally impossible, that thorough-bred calvinists, could have become the adequate correctors of their native errors, without passing into this species of extreme. But still, especially as Edwards expresses it, an extreme I must hold it to be; and an extreme terminating (as shown in the parallelism between Law and Walker) in an error of the very sort, which Edwards is anxious to extirpate. 'His joy', says he p. 539. 'was joy in God, and

not in himself; not so much the consideration of the sure grounds he had, to think that his state was good, but the sweet meditations, and entertaining views, he had of divine things, without himself.' Now, in Brainard and Edwards (and in Richard Baxter, who, in his account of his own later feelings, talks in the same way) this might be, and was, perfectly safe. But let the truth of this principle be generally admitted, and what room may it leave for minds of an equally subtle, but less delicately moral cast, to let the ground of their hearts run wild, while they themselves were occupied in transcendental contemplations? I humbly hope, both you and I possess an advantage above Edwards, Brainard, Leighton, and many others; namely, that we have no original incongruities. This is the point. He that has been the captive of any one error, during the former part of life, can hardly avoid making alliance with some opposite error, when the dangers, attendant on his first unmixed theory, present themselves to his view. Yet this, no doubt, has its use, beyond the individual; it appears to be necessary for the more extended expelling of the error. The fact of Brainard and Edwards running, from the abuses of their own system, into almost an opposite abuse, being evidently more impressive, than all our temperament of truth. I believe I have a peculiar jealousy of every thing, that can, in any respect, imply sickness of mind. I feel so deeply, that revealed religion is adapted to the full organ of our inner man, that I dread the idea of a single stop being out of order. And I believe, that, if there be a mind on this earth, which rivals mine in this feeling, it is your own; for which reason, when any occasion suggests such thoughts, as I have been now expressing, they naturally, and almost necessarily, take vent to you.

Did I desire you to read Chrysostom's exposition of the 9th verse of the 10th chap. of St. John? What he says on going in and out, is very remarkable.

You know from —, that I got your little poem printed. Shall I send you some copies? I do not think it would have been quite the thing for yourself to have done; but when a friend did it *ex mero motu*, you might give a copy to one that might wish to have it, and state the simple fact.

Mrs. Forster (James F.'s mother,) got a copy from me to send to —. The reply was, 'I thank you 1000 times for the pretty lines on —. I am sure she is a sweet creature; and I trust the good advice and wishes, contained in the few last lines, will be granted.'

* * * * * *

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 74.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 29. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You shall have a line or two from me this afternoon, Deo placente, be the same more or less.

I was gratified at your so fully agreeing with me, respecting those passages in Edwards. But the most important work of that extraordinary man, has not yet come forward in this edition. I mean, his History of Redemption. I consider that work to be one of the most valuable, that have come from an uninspired human pen. Though I really think, that, in such works, there is a secondary inspiration: such as the later Jews used to call, *Bath col.* 'The daughter of a voice', I think, they translate it.

Two reformations were necessary: one in the individual view, in opposition to unphilosophical dogmatism; the other, in the collective view, in opposition to sectarianism. The book on the affections, wonderfully provides for the one; that on redemption, as wonderfully makes way, and furnishes means, for the other. I own it amazes me, to find a calvinistic champion, famous in the congregation, and one of renown, so affording materials for demolishing the system, of which he himself seemed to make a part, and by the individuals of which, he is virtually canonized.

A propos to canonized. This day I was at a book-auction of a deceased priest; and there was such a phalanx of sacrificial bidders, as, in one or two instances, to distance poor me. For instance, I wished to have 'Nicole sur l'Unité de l'Eglise', a duodecimo volume; and it went off against me, at ten shillings. In truth, there was a great zeal amongst them to catch what they liked. But, when a large paper Elzevir Colloquia Erasmi, came forward, I got it at a third of its value; not one of them having a word to say on that subject. This was very knowing, and very proper, provided they were not afraid of one another; but the silence, in the midst of such eagerness, was amusing.

Mercier remarked to me on their zeal to purchase; and so did Jones; therefore, it is no fancy of mine. But it is a great confirmation of my fancies; for, if they will read, they will think; and if they think, in this reformed land, light will come

in upon them, in spite of themselves. I grow in all my notions, . .

Parva metu primo, vires acquirit eundo.

Who can doubt, that a reading and thinking R. C. clergy, will, at length, come to 'the unity'* ; of which, I humbly conceive, we are the first fruits.

It is wonderful what provision is made for disabusing them, as soon as they shall be capable of thinking, I was led to examine St. Cyprian, a few days ago, on the points between us, and the Church of Rome ; and what I found there, exceeds my expectation. I have always thought, there were just two points of real difficulty : the supremacy of the pope, and transubstantiation. On both, St. Cyprian gives deep satisfaction. Respecting the first, read *Epist. lxxiii.*, in Fell's edition. Mark, particularly, in the 2d paragraph, '*Ecce enim, &c.*' ; and observe, also, that remarkable expression, in the last paragraph, '*Etsi pastores multi, unum tamen gregem pascimus, &c.*' ; and above all, lower down, speaking of the heretical Gallic Bishop Marcianus, '*Nec sic agat, quasi ipse indicaverit de collegio sacerdotum, quando ipse sit ab universis sacerdotibus judicatus.*' I cannot but deem this last, a brain-blow ; if a second is necessary, we have it in the end of the *lxxii.* letter (to *Brother Stephen*, also). '*Qua in re, nec nos vim iniquam facimus, aut legem damus, cum habeat in ecclesiæ administratione voluntatis suæ arbitrium liberum unusquisque præpositus, rationem actus sui domino redditurus.*'

As to the other point, I only say, read carefully the *lxxiii.* *Epist. to Cecilia* ; and weigh, especially, the 4th and 5th paragraphs.

If things be practicable, I shall like the English expedition much,† and in the mean time, am

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 31. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Two or three lines, to thank you for your letter, and for thinking

* *Ephes. iv. 13.* . . Ed.

† A long-contemplated joint visit to England, (see *Letter LXXXV.*) which took place this year. . . Ed.

about me, at the book auction. I should be glad to have any decent copy of St. Basil secured. To get the best editions of the fathers, is, I fear, hopeless.* Are there any other books that I should have, in the collection of the deceased priest? If so, I would thank you to tell Jones to secure them for me. I see, from the papers, that Mrs. Colbert is to publish, to-morrow, a priced catalogue. Could you get it, and send it me by post; and indeed if, on looking it over, there appears any thing in my way, would you have the goodness to order it?

I shall go to the Library, for the purpose of reading the passages of St. Cyprian that you quote. Meanwhile, I cordially agree, that Cyprian, and men like Cyprian, have been canonized to good purpose; for I have not the shadow of doubt, that they will yet, by their writings, serve to catholicize the romanists, when they come to think; after having had sufficient training in the way of study. Unquestionably this is, with them, the age of reading. It is astonishing, how much they publish, and re-publish. The day before yesterday, I bought, in Clonmel, 'Hawarden's Church of Christ'; first printed in London, 1714. Now reprinted, Dublin by Coyne, 3 vols. 8vo., with 158 ecclesiastical, and 128 lay subscribers, nine of whom have subscribed, for 210 copies; so that here are 486 copies of this work, disposed of by subscription, besides all that may be sold to non-subscribers. For my own part, I am pleased to see works printed and read in Ireland, though against protestantism; or even what I love far better than protestantism, the Catholic Church of England.

Hawarden is well read in the protestant divines; and in his third volume, is a treatise against Dr. Clarke and the Arians. Probably you have the work already; if not, I conceive you should send for it forthwith.

I have this morning been reading the preface to the tract on the Invocation of Saints, in the second volume; and was much struck by what is said § viii. Does not this give a glimpse of the manner, in which they will ultimately come to the unity? In the tract itself, p. 311, § v. 'Jure matris impera filio', was as hyperbolic, as that the blessed Virgin is 'the mother of the whole Trinity.' And if such expressions as these, had ever been approved by the whole church, and used dogmatically (neither of which is true,) *the reformation would have been commendable.* § vi. 'But we say ten Ave Marias for one Paternoster. Is this required by the terms of our communion? If not, you may say ten, or if you please, ten thousand Paternosters, either

* A few years after, the Bishop, when rector of Abington, made nearly a complete collection of the Benedictine editions, which he lived to perfect. . . ED.

for one Ave Maria, or for none at all. And, if ever the controversies, between the two churches, be reduced to this, all good men will easily join, in a common petition to their pastors, that there may be no hyperboles, in any church office.'

I soberly think a trip to England, or at least an excursion somewhere, greatly expedient for me. My mind is sodden, by a full twelve month's absence of any thing that can be fairly called society; save and except a few days with —. But things may not be practicable; therefore I shall, I trust, make up my mind, if not cheerfully, at least with full acquiescence, to disappointment; and rest assured, that even present inconvenience will work for my permanent advantage. This has been the case hitherto; and I humbly hope, will be so to the end.

Yours ever,

J. J.

—oo—

LETTER 75.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 3. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My present letter must be brief indeed, as I am on the wing returning to B—— with my friends, who go in an hour.

As to England, if you clearly make up your own mind to it, I am at your service. It is quite in my power; and, though I have no wish, abstractedly, to move, (though I dare say, I, too, am not out of the need of it,) yet I could not really form to myself an idea of doing any thing more pleasant, than taking such a jaunt with you.

I have a very decent Basil for you; and I shall beg your acceptance of my Fleury; having got a complete set at this late auction. I think you will easily get the supplementary volumes, from the same Frenchman; Dulau, I think, his name is.

I send you a curious pamphlet, which I got a day or two ago from London.

But I have to add, what I had almost forgot, that I am struck, within this day or two, with a motive for not going to Cashel, as soon as I had intended. It is this; the Methodist conference takes place, the first week in July. Ought I to be out of town, at that time? I soberly think, I am gaining deeply on some leading Methodist preachers. One, here in Dublin, is a perfect admirer of our views; so, I may say, is another; if this

could be made to grow, what might not follow! I own this impresses me; and makes me fear I should leave a providential opportunity behind me; if I should go, till that is over. At all events, let me have your thoughts. Thanks for all communications. I could talk of myself, but must say only, that I am, ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 5. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM deeply gratified, at the prospect of our taking together, our long-projected jaunt to England; which, you may recollect, was in agitation precisely ten years ago. After close calculation, I believe I may venture on it, without any thing that properly deserves the name of imprudence; and, where health, and especially the *mens sana*, is at all in question, I conceive that a little additional expense is not to be started from. This morning, therefore, I have 'clearly made up my own mind'; and having done so, I stated my purpose to the Archbishop, and asked his permission, and received his most ready consent. Along with this affair, I coupled your notice for delay; which I think you will not disapprove of. The fact is, the Archbishop had mentioned, two or three days ago, his having some thoughts of giving Ballispellanwater a trial; but the time, he said, must depend on your plans, for the summer campaign; also, he told me, that he must, very shortly, pass a couple of days at Sir W. Barker's. This led me to ask his Grace, whether your coming this week, or somewhat later, might be most convenient; and he was disposed to think the latter. I then produced your letters, and read about the conference; and he decidedly agrees with me, in thinking your presence may be of importance. Then, I suggested the notion of our going to England, immediately after conference, and returning by way of Waterford; so as that your visit might be paid, after his Grace's return from B. Spellan; an arrangement, with which he seemed perfectly satisfied, as most desirable and convenient for all parties: giving us the finest part of the year in England, and leaving *him* the prospect of uninterruptedly enjoying you at Cashel, towards the close of summer. I conclude, therefore, that you will postpone your journey hither. The Archbishop will go next week to Sir

W. B.'s; the week after, on the 22d instant, will be the visitation; and should nothing intervene, on Monday the 25th, if you do not forbid me, I meet you in Dublin; and we can settle matters for sailing, immediately after conference. This is a dull, heavy, prosing statement, full of 'said he's,' and 'said I's'; for which a confused aching head must be my excuse. It will abundantly answer my purpose, however, if it conveys my meaning; but especially, if you do not disapprove of the manner, in which I have arranged matters with the Archbishop.

I have but a moment to thank you, for your most kind and invaluable gift of Henry, as well as for securing me Basil.

Yours ever,

J. J.

—oo—

LETTER 76.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

June 13. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST be very brief; but I do not wish to let an opportunity pass, of giving you all the fixedness of feeling I can, relative to our movements. I like all you say, except the return by Waterford. That, I own, I revolt from; but shall be ready to hear your answers to my objections. One, however, may not be possible to answer; I feel myself bound, by your going, to give Miss Fergusson the gratification of being of the party. I need not tell you, that it will make it much more pleasant to us; and, to her, it will be, please Providence, one of the highest recreations a human creature could enjoy. Hers is just the mind, for drinking in such a pleasure; now I need say nothing more, to explain the difficulty. It will be plain I must reconduct Miss F. home, before I can go any where. I should not be sorry, I own, to see her at Cashel, but that would not become me to intimate; and, in fact, I never wish to be promovent in any thing. The 26th, I purpose being in Dublin.

It is curious, how active the R. C.'s are in publishing. It seems as if they wanted to bring forward all their force; in order to that force being brought to a final trial. There are interesting, and important things in Hawarden. He was far from illiberal, considering his belief. What a noble saying that is, at the end of the first paragraph, Vol. I. Preface, page xi.

But oh! how much is to be settled on all sides! among protestants, no less than among R. C.'s! I own to you, I seem to

myself to be continually rising on that fair hill, which Providence has set me upon, and given me the ambition to scale. And I almost think, that, as I rise, the horizon grows wider, and, in some degree, more luminous.

I must say not one word more ; as Mrs. B., who carries this to town, has summoned me.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 16. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS night, I received your short, but most pleasant and acceptable letter. I rejoice in the acquisition to our party. Our pleasure will be greatly heightened ; and not least, I trust, by being witnesses, and to the best of our power, promoters of Miss Fergusson's enjoyment, in, I believe, her first visit to England. As to Waterford, it is very far from essential to the scheme, on any ground that I know of ; that, and all other matters of detail, we can settle when we meet. All I wish to be laid down, is, that we return to Cashel together ; and I hope that the whole party will be united, in the finale of the jaunt. If there be no providential impediment, I hope to leave this on Tuesday, the 27th instant.

I have had a kindly letter from worthy Mr. Kerr, of the Methodist book-room. Take care that your kindness has not made you relinquish in my favor, what you ought to retain for yourself. You may guess that I gladly sent a request, that the invaluable 'Christian Library', might be reserved for me. But remember, if you wish it, that you are the rightful owner. I procured from London, 32 vols. of Wesley's works ; and also 7, of psalms, hymns, and sacred poems. The Christian Library, to my no small disappointment, had been sold, before I wrote to Lackington.

Farewell, my dearest Friend,

J. J.

LETTER 77.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 20. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter, which had lain a day or two in Dublin, reached me here last night. While I was reading it, I had pleasure in thinking, that, before that time, you had mine in your hands.

* * * * *

I presume you will, about this time, be in possession of the Edinburgh Review. What a set of rough riders they are! And yet how much substantial truth do they throw out. I laughed over the critique on Mr. John Stiles, as much as I have done in reading any thing. The attack on Coelebs is coarse and indiscriminative; bespeaks gross ignorance of facts, and unkindly feelings to all religious strictness, however wisely adopted, or philosophically justifiable. Still, there is truth spoken. They do catch the secret of Methodism, in every page of the work; and the antipathy which is thereby called forth, is not wholly and solely, enmity against goodness, let the aggrieved parties think as they may. The ground of the dislike is fully laid open, in the philippic against Mr. John Stiles; and who, that can judge, will say, that the vulnerable parts are not adroitly hit; or that the inductions are not, in several deeply important instances, as irresistible, as they are revolting.

Yours ever,

A. K.

P. S. Will you have the goodness to look for, and bring with you, my letter to you, containing the outline of the New Testament hierarchical establishment; the Ephesian business, you know: I succeeded pretty well in putting down my thoughts compendiously; and I wish to copy, what I then wrote.

—oo—

LETTER 78.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 21. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a single line to say, that you ought to put up, when you are coming off, as many sermons as you can conveniently

stow ; that is, about half a dozen : not that you would have a call for such a number ; but that you might have choice, if you should any where be called upon.

Mark that curious commencement of the article on Morehead's discourses. I am not disposed to give the Edinburgh Reviewers, a bit more credit than they deserve ; but still, when they speak truth, they deserve to be listened to ; and when they accord with us, we have some reason to wonder, as well as be gratified. In the paragraphs I refer to, however, there are awful, as well as important truths. And the remedy for the evil, which they point out, is astonishingly hit off ; though they are far, from either understanding, or loving, the substance of that system, which they endeavor to bring into notice. Of this, their mode of talking, generally, would be a sufficient proof ; but they directly evince it, by suppressing some of Burnet's strong expressions. And an additional evidence arises, from their critique of Taylor's Plato. Their views of the later platonists, are, I dare say, not wholly unjust ; but their representation of Plato himself, is clearly erroneous. He does put forth positive principles ; and does put them into the mouth of Socrates. For instance, in the Phædo.

Yours ever,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 23. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

As to the success of certain ways of thinking, no one can feel, more thoroughly than I do, that it must be altogether *ouparother*. Providence, it is true, may, and doubtless will, raise instruments to promote what is true and good. But what mortal can presume to decide, upon what is the chosen instrumentality ? Here, the utmost in our power, is, to speculate with modesty, on present probable co-agency : and to do so, not only with great sobriety, but no more than is necessary for our own immediate guidance, I feel to be, if not an absolute duty, at least the more prudent, safe, and comfortable course. Man, or men, can in truth do nothing ; nothing of themselves. But it is the grand consolation, that, whatever of important truth has, hitherto, been appre-

headed, will never be suffered to perish. Attributing, as from my heart you know I do, great wisdom and rightness to certain favorite principles, I have the firmest conviction, that, if you, and all who in any measure think and feel with you, were to be this moment swept from the face of the earth; the same principles, the same sentiments, the same feelings, would, at the properest time, be committed, by Him who best knows how to promote his own cause, to the most suitable instruments and agents; by them to be improved, matured, systematized, promulgated, and finally made triumphant over the face of the whole earth. With this *συντελεία των αιώνων* in view, how can we be, with any justice, uneasy, about the intermediate process? What though 'shadows, clouds, and darkness,' were, in a great measure, to obscure the intervening space; it is surely, a great thing, to behold the sun-gilt eminence, in our horizon, distinctly marked, and exhibiting, at once, the boldest, and the loveliest features: and, it is still greater, humbly to trust, that we are, individually, in progress towards that holy mountain, where none shall hurt nor destroy. If, indeed, we may hope, that we are to be employed, in any degree, in promoting the great consummation, it is surely cause of unspeakable thankfulness and joy. But even if we should clearly be set aside, there would be no just ground to repine, or even strongly to regret; for our own individual rightness being secured, (which, after all, is *our* great business, the rest flowing out of this,) it surely matters little, whether the great scheme be materially advanced, now, or fifty, or a hundred years hence. **THE END WILL SET ALL RIGHT.**

I know not whether all I have said, may be clearly intelligible: but, so far as I can understand myself, it is not only my deliberate judgment, but my settled practical feeling. Doubtless, from bodily, or mental malady, this train of thought and sentiment is frequently diverted; but, on the calmest reflection, I am happy to think, that, whenever I am myself, it returns; and I seem even to perceive, that it returns with considerable addition of strength, flowing from the temporary diversion; as when a deviating branch returns to its parent river, recruited by fresh streams. Discipline, is the nurse, if not the mother of wisdom.

Yours entirely,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I have just received your short letter; and shall attend to your direction about sermons. I have not seen a No. of the Edin. Rev. since the 25th, and am, therefore, at least two Nos. in arrear; but it is curious, that, even from former Nos., H. W. and I have been disposed to view them as allies; irregular skirmishers, to be sure, and with an odd war-whoop of their own,

but still allies. One strong example is, what they said, some Nos. since, about missions. It is a pleasant thing, for the congruities to be brought out, between good sense without religion, and good sense with religion; inasmuch as this may give us a purchase, by which we may gain over people, from irreligion, to religion. This observation, I made this evening to the Archbishop, before receiving your last. He instantly accorded. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is a *δός σου στῶ*:'—was not this well?

—oo—

LETTER 79.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Dec. 6. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM looking particularly at L——'s Bampton Lectures; in the notes to which, there is a great deal of interesting matter. The point is clearly made out, that Cranmer had the Lutheran confession of faith in his view; and adhered to it, whenever moderation did not require that it should be dropped for a time. But L—— does not enough see, that our reformers were not founders of a church. He does not enough see, that, in recognizing the right of the church to decide in controversies of faith, there was an allegiance to the church catholic, acknowledged by our church; which reduces all that was done about articles and homilies, to such a municipal rank, as to make it, of necessity, but subordinately and conditionally obligatory, even on subscribers. In such a subscription, the rights of the church catholic were self-evidently saved, by the simultaneous acknowledgment of those rights: it being, not the church of England merely, but, *à fortiori* at least, the church universal, which ought to be listened to. If, therefore, the church of England, has unwittingly attested any thing, contrary to the voice of the church catholic, she has placed herself under correction, by the paramount principle which she has acknowledged; and all her specific propositions are, of course, to be limited, by her primary concession.

Yours unalterably,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. How near was I forgetting, what I ought not to forget. You are to know, that an early day is a great object, at the Asylum, for the charity sermons; accordingly, with difficulty, the third Sunday in February has been taken possession of. I do

not know how this will suit you ; but I venture to say, that the day cannot be well altered. I therefore tell you in time ; that you may think, and act accordingly.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 6. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may naturally begin to wonder at me ; and, in truth, I wonder at myself. I have not, however, been so negligent as I must appear ; for I have now on my table, a letter written to you, dated the 22d November ; which, by some oversight, I neglected sending to the post that day, and afterwards intended to replace, by something fuller. Since my return, a smart cold has kept me pretty closely confined to the house. Some time was necessarily given to unpacking, more to arranging, and most of all, to looking over my books, so as to form an acquaintance with them. They have all arrived in high preservation. The expences of them, from London, somewhat exceeded 10*l*. I took one liberty, which I know not whether you will think justifiable ; namely, with very slight alterations, I preached your Whitsunday sermon, which improved on me, as I became better acquainted with it. What I chiefly admire is, that it familiarizes a subject, which is too seldom familiarly treated ; and gives definite and rationally intelligible views, instead of vague and rapturous declamation. Last Sunday, I preached a sermon, which I wrote in the preceding week : if it be not one of my best, (and I think it is not,) neither is it, by any means, one of my worst. There is some flow in it ; and to have done any thing, is rather encouraging.

You will be pleased to hear, that I rather enjoy my nest ; that the bird's wings do not begin to flutter for another flight. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque, &c.* ; before I was sixteen, I scribbled verses in praise of solitude ; and, even then, occasional seclusion was my best medicine, when any thing wrong within, ruffled my mind, or depressed my spirits. It is, therefore, not wonderful, that, after having been near five months in uninterrupted society, retirement should be felt to have some charms, and, I trust, some advantages. I have been taking a full, and certainly not a morbid retrospect of my deportment, during our never-to-be forgotten journey ; and I must take shame to myself, for having too often indulged a cavilling, disputatious

spirit, when it should much rather have been my delight to listen and improve, and thankfully avail myself of the uncommon advantages with which I was blest. This, I say soberly, deliberately, and after making every fair allowance for the state of my health. You well know, that 'bad nerves, bad health, and naturally bad spirits,' were insufficient to disturb the sweet benignity of Benson. And I, too, though far from the 'templa serena', which this good man had happily reached, might have borne up better, if I had more diligently sought the best aid, and improved the means of self-discipline, that were within my power. I am now most conscious, that, in almost every instance, where we differed in opinion, I was wrong; particularly, on different occasions at Mr. Stocks*; at B——, when we talked of Cowper's imitation of Horace; and in the conversation about Hannah More, the last day I dined with you. Your patience and forbearance, now surprise me; and I have recalled to my mind many instances, in which you took the kindest pains to save me from little uneasinesses, though I am sure many more such instances, will never be known to me, at least in this life. If I were sure that what has passed, may not have lowered me, both in your esteem and affection, I should not greatly regret it. The tendency and temper were manifestly in me; and was it not, on the whole, desirable, that they should show themselves? It is hard to combat with a hidden foe; and an unsuspected ambuscade, is next to inevitable. I now know the quarter on which I am exposed, as well as the enemy I have to guard against. I shall, however, make no professions; for professions are dangerous things. Let me simply add, that, even if truth had been on my side, I too often expressed myself in a manner, not to say in terms, that truth itself could by no means justify. François de Sales has furnished me with two maxims, which I wish never to forget, and which I have placed like a motto, fully intelligible only to myself, in the very front of my scrap book.†

*'Il faut mieux taire une vérité, que de la dire de mauvaise grace :
Le silence judicieux, est toujours meilleur, qu'une vérité non charitable.'*

As I was finishing the last sentence, your most welcome letter was brought in to me; the subscription of it, 'yours unalterably,' was peculiarly consoling to me, amidst fears, which I could not help entertaining, that I had given but too much cause

* Thomas Stock, Esq., of Bristol; whose friendship Bishop Jebb ever esteemed, as among the most valued blessings of his life. In justice to the Bishop's memory, the editor cannot omit this name, and must only throw himself on his excellent friend's indulgence for thus inserting it.

† The Bishop's scrap books of which he left several, were all formed in the spirit of this motto. . . . Ed.

for alteration. I shall now be more disposed to hope, that all may yet be well. By the way, tell my kind friend Miss Fergusson, with my best regards, that I feel it an act of justice, not more to the memory of François de Sales, than to my own poor judgment, to retract, as I now do most fully, whatever of a depreciating nature I may have said, of that bien-heureux. He was not only one of the best, but most judicious of human beings; and I rejoice in having so much of his remains. I wish you, very particularly, to look at Saint Augustin de doctrina Christiana; Lib. iv. cap. 20.; and to begin with the words, 'in illis autem apostolicis verbis, dictio temperata est, &c.'; and to end 'hæc inde non transtulit.' There is something, in all this, wonderfully accordant with our views of Hebrew poetry. If you think with me, and would like something of the same stamp, I will transcribe, in my next, some very remarkable passages of Erasmus.

I had been anxious to hear about your health. I rejoice in having an account, on the whole, so favorable. The weather has been, indeed, trying. I have had my own share of indisposition; and I trust a change will do us both good. I believe we should both do well to walk, but you have more inducements.

Farewell, and believe me ever,

Your most cordially attached,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I happened on a little sentence or two, in Clemens Alexandrinus, that pleased me mightily. *Αγαθος μὲν ὁ Θεὸς δι' αὐτόν, δίκαιος δὲ ἡδὲ δι' ἡμᾶς, καὶ τὸτο οὕτω αγαθος.* And again, *πρὶν γὰρ πιστὴν γενεσθαι, Θεὸς ἦν, αγαθος ἦν καὶ διὰ τὸτο, καὶ δημιουργός, καὶ πατὴρ ἠβέλυσεν.* Tom. i. ix. p. 150.

I make a little use of my books. St. Augustin will have his share of my attention and regard. What think you of what follows? I take it from my scrap book. 'Festinemus itaque ad illud bonum, quod neque locis grassatur, nec tempore volvitur; et unde speciem formamque accipiunt omnes locales, temporalesque naturæ. Ad quod videndum, mundemus cor, per fidem domini nostri, Jesu Christi; qui ait, Beati mundi corde, quoniam ipsi videbunt Deum. Non autem eos oculos ad illud bonum cernendum præparari oportet, quibus cernitur lux ista diffusa per locos, et non ubique integra. Sed aliam partem hic habens, alibi aliam verum illum aspectum aciemque purgemus, quo cernitur, quantum in hæc vitâ licet, quid sit justum, quid pium, quid sit sapientiæ pulchritudo. . . quæ, quisquis cernit, præponit longè omnium localium spaciorem plenitudini; et sentit, ut ista cernat non per locorum spacia diffundi aciem mentis

suæ, sed incorporæ potentiâ stabiliri.'—Lib. Cont. Epistol. Manieh. chap. xli.

—oo—

LETTER 80.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Dec. 9. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I can say but little by this post, I must say something. Words cannot express, how much I have your well-being at heart: therefore, I rejoice with all my soul, in every sentiment of yours, whether fully warranted by past facts, or not, which implies energy in the mental '*vis medicatrix naturæ*'. You more than do justice to my movements toward you; and you are, at least, not a bit indulgent to yourself. But severity to one's self, is a good side to err upon: I must, therefore, say, I never did receive a letter from you, which gave me such deep comfort and satisfaction.

Your being able to write a sermon for last Sunday, and the account you gave of it, are highly gratifying to me.

As a subject [for the Asylum sermon] I have thoughts of 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.*' The first words teach us, how we should feel, towards sinners through ignorance, . . . misguidedness, . . . unhappy combination of circumstances. The latter words show, how such objects of commiseration are to feel, when once favored with sufficient light, and bettered circumstances. How you could expand these topics, I cannot pronounce. I would say, that this voice of our Savior was in wonderful unison, with his own scheme of providence; in which he beareth with the wicked daily: a fact which is astonishing, considering how much is daily done to provoke God. But why does he thus forbear? Evidently, because 'he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever.' He looketh over all the earth; and he sees, that the majority of sinners, allowing full atrocity to be in their sins, are really objects of compassion; because, in the majority, there is ignorance, misguidedness, and, very often, infelicity of circumstances. This, the more the case is impartially looked into, will be found to be the truth. But is it

* See 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical'; Sermon X.: the most highly wrought of all the Bishop's discourses. The editor possesses the original draughts of the exordium; which was transcribed, if his recollection serves, at least thirty times, before his friend felt satisfied with the effect; it being his object to make this discourse a model for himself, and a specimen of the capabilities of the English language, for rhythmical composition. . . . Ed.

not a dangerous truth? No: for it is thus limited. He that, from knowing it, can apply it to his own ill-founded comfort, has no right whatever to make the application. That ignorance, which constitutes the apology, ceases, the moment that light enough, to reason upon the case, has entered the mind. This, then, is the beauty of our Savior's gracious language, that, while it teaches us to make the most extensive allowance for others, it gives us no warrant to make flattering inferences for ourselves. He knew all that moved within the bosom; therefore, *he* could safely acquit: we do not know what moves within the bosom; therefore, *we* cannot safely condemn. Probably, we are ignorant of other men's minds, that we may not be severe upon them. Certainly, we know ourselves, in order that we may exercise, on ourselves, salutary severity.

But it was not mere suavity of nature, that made our Lord speak. He did not condemn, because he came to save. He hated the sin, but he loved the sinner; and therefore, all he said and did, was pointed to one end, . . . the making mankind better, individually and collectively. Why, then, did he say, 'neither do I condemn thee?' Was it, that he did not reprobate the deed done? By no means; but that he might win this soul to himself, by the attraction of kindness. He saw this to be possible; and he teaches us, by this proceeding, that it is still equally possible, in similar cases. He gives us his divine example, too, as to manner. He instructs us, that, even in the most desperate cases, gentleness and tenderness are to be used, so long as they can be used. That even gross vice, is not, in the first instance, to be encountered with menaces and fulminations; but that a fair trial is to be made, whether, under the most unpromising appearances, there may not be some latent spark of virtuous sensibility, which may be roused and enkindled, by the soft breath of charity; while the opposite method, may not only 'break the bruised reed,' but 'quench the smoking flax.'

But, as was said, all this applies to us, in our conduct towards others. The only part that an individual can apply to himself, is, 'go and sin no more.' Here, the gentleness passes into inexpressible awfulness: Go, that is, forthwith: commence a new course, and let that course be uniform. You have now escaped, because Divine goodness saw something to excuse. But that is over: you cannot now sin, as you did once, through ignorance, or inadvertency. Your future crimes, if you are guilty of crimes, will be sins against light, against experience, against tried and tasted mercy; therefore, sin no more; lest, if the unclean spirit should enter again, he might take with him seven devils more wicked than himself.

Who that hears, may not stand in this danger? It might be wished, to confine such a warning, to atrocious instances. But it may not be. He said to that paralytic, against whom no charge was made, 'Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee'; that is, he spoke to him, even more alarmingly, than he did to the adulteress. God judgeth not of faults, as man judgeth; therefore, who can tell, how oft he offendeth? Uniform, unremitting vigilance, over every part of conduct, inward and outward, is the only sure way to avert this menace of infinite goodness. We can, then only, be assured, that we are safe from sinning no more, when we are growing in grace, and in the knowledge, &c.

The institution embraces both parts of our Lord's gracious dealing. It does not condemn; but it does say, 'sin no more.' How glorious the example! how benignant the object! This is an emulating of angels, because it is an imitating of Christ.

You were as welcome to my sermon as you could be. I am sincerely gratified by your liking it. Send me all manner of scraps. Miss Fergusson sends her love.

Most cordially yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 81.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 27. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

PRAY have you Dr. Watts's works? If you have not, I think you will do well to have them. They contain more to our purpose, than I once thought likely. In fact, they exhibit a very singular spectacle, of a mind, partly free, and partly fettered. And, though the incongruity, arising from this inward variance, is striking, yet, so many just remarks are made, so many important concessions occur, and so many useful lessons are to be deduced from the entire case; that I cannot but consider Watts, as occupying a place of moment, in the concatenated scheme. At an earlier stage, I consider Baxter and Owen, as opposite *inter se*. Baxter drawing off all that was sentimentally and philosophically pious, into one reservoir; and Owen, all that was dogmatically doctrinal, into another. Now, it seems to me, that this very distinction is carried on, with an eye to refined usefulness, in Doddridge and Watts.

In Doddridge, Baxter is filtrated, and in a manner sublimated. I do not mean as to thought, but as to pure piety. In Watts, Owen is subtilized, exfoliated, and untwisted. But with not the very effect, I think, that the latter worthy theological chemist intended. It seems he hoped, with no small confidence, that something would be made of calvinism, which would quadrate with improved intellect, and enlarged philosophy: for, most surely, his own intellect sought improvement; and he wished to unite christianity with philosophy. But I conceive, that, in exact proportion to the respectability of his own thinking and reasoning faculty, he evinces the utter impossibility of accomplishing what he aimed at. If the theory of christianity could not be made out, in some better manner than he has exemplified, it would stand in perilous circumstances; and the christian would be much to be pitied, when he had to plead his cause at the bar of unsophisticated reason. All this appears the more, as Watts was a clear and candid reasoner. Not strong, not succinct, not luminous, most certainly; yet, on the whole, one would think, highly capable of having done every thing better, if his views had been more just. But, then, he would not have shown, what he shows now, the intrinsic impossibility of calvinism being reconciled, with the least movement of unfettered thought.

Farewell, my dear friend; for it is past one, and I grow sleepy. Every blessing to which this blessed season leads the thoughts, I wish to you,

And am, most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. When I say Watts was not luminous, I mean strictly to distinguish that word from lucid; for this, I think he was. I see his meaning ever; but it is, in great measure, a moonlight meaning, though the heart of the good man was far from cold.

—oo—

LETTER 82.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., April 6. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LITTLE or much, I will say a word to you to tell you that the Bristol box has made its appearance, and all your books are safe.

* * * * *

Miller was brilliantly attended yesterday.* The Chancellor, Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam, Chief Justice, Commander of the Forces, various Bishops, some Lords, Attorney-General, and Sir Edward Littlehales; two military generals, besides Lord Harrington; Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corry: and had ladies been admissible, there would have been the two Duchesses†, cum multis aliis. For, had their Graces led, who would not have followed? It was a good lecture; but too recapitulatory to be particularly striking to those, who had been constant auditors.

I have discovered a queer little fact; that my old friend, Mac-laine, has, in various instances, without I suppose intending it, misrepresented Mosheim's meaning; by giving his own idea of the fact, instead of literally adhering to the purport of the original.

For example; Mac-laine says what follows, respecting the settlement of the church of England by Elizabeth: 'Thus was that form of religion established in Britain, which separated the English, equally, from the church of Rome on the one side, and from the other churches, which had renounced popery, on the other.' But Mosheim's own words are '*Hac ratione, illa quidem veteris religionis correctio, quæ Britannos, æque a pontificiis, atque a reliquis familiis, quæ pontificiis dominationi renunciarunt, sejungit, firmata et stabilita.*' Again, Mac-laine says, 'if we consider the genius, and spirit of the church of England, during that period, we shall plainly see, that the doctrine of the gomarists, concerning grace and predestination, could not meet, there, with a favorable reception; since the leading doctors of that church, were zealous in modelling its doctrine and discipline, after the sentiments and institutions, that were received in the primitive times; and since those early fathers, whom they followed with a profound submission, had never presumed, before Augustine, to set limits to the extent of the divine grace and mercy.'

What a paraphrase is this, and something more than a paraphrase, of the following sentence?

'Atque hoc, ut acciderit, necesse pœne fuit, quum Angli ecclesiam suam, ad primorum seculorum instituta, sententias, et leges, componi velint. Patres autem, quos nominant, ante Augustinum, a decretis Dordracenis plane abhorruerint.'

These, I consider as a fair specimen of the Doctor's manner of rendering his original. I need not call your observation, to the entire leaving out of '*illa veteris religionis correctio,*' in the

* On the delivery of the conclusion of a course of lectures, upon the philology of modern history... &c.

† The Duchesses of Richmond and Gordon.

first passage; that being too palpable not to manifest itself: but I would point out to you the curious interpolation, in the second, of 'during that period.' You see, clearly, that Mosheim does not single out that period; but speaks of the Anglican church, in its rooted character. The wish to keep it primitive, not being the peculiar temper of that age, but the uniform spirit and feeling of all the Anglican divines; yet Maclaine would seem to wish to put the Anglican church, on irresponsible ground. He appears to insinuate, that the English church has no fixt belief, but is, what the prevalent party may choose to make it. But is this the idea of Mosheim?

I must end.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and believe me
ever most affectionately yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 11. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FROM a mistake of my servant, I did not receive your most acceptable letter till yesterday; to which I cannot now say more than a few words in reply. My health has, on the whole, been not such as I have reason to complain of; but the fluctuations of the weather, and the easterly wind of the last few days, have affected me. I trust it may blow over.

The Archbishop desires me to say, that he will hold an ordination for Mr. Jellett* and Mr. Torrens, either on the Sunday before Easter, or on the Tuesday immediately succeeding; therefore Mr. J. had better manage matters so, as to be here in the course of Easter week. My examination, in this case, will be to me only a pleasant morning's conversation.

I took the opportunity of reminding the Archbishop, of my letter written last year, as to the appointment of a preacher: and I suggested Jellett for the situation. More and more do I feel, that this is not a fit sphere, or a congenial scene for me. I am damped and paralyzed, by the pressure of duties, which I cannot discharge, and from the absence of opportunities and stimuli, which I cannot create. However, for the present, I must only acquiesce in what is the will of providence. Shall I just now urge the appointment of a preacher, and of Jellett as

* The late Rev. Morgan Jellett, M. A.

the man? There might easily be made a salary of 75*l.* The Chapter give 50*l.*, I would readily give 25*l.* myself.

Two persons are talking beside me; and have been so, as I wrote this scrawl, which I am writing against time.

May I hope for a line by return of post?

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER LXXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashol, April 11. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE very hurried letter that I wrote this morning, under a great pressure as to time, and with much of nervousness about me, must, I am conscious, not add to your comfort: could I, at this moment, recal it, I would gladly do so; but, 'volat irrevocabile.' The only expedient left, therefore, is, that I should immediately follow it, by something less incoherent. That there are certain uneasinesses and awkwardnesses, attached to my present situation, I cannot, indeed, but feel; that situation, is, however, I am well assured, a wholesome discipline: and I am hopeful, that the day may arrive, when I shall far more distinctly perceive its providential bearings, and more unmixedly feel its beneficial results. As it is, it gives scope for those interior vicissitudes, which, perhaps beyond all other circumstances, give us a measure of self-acquaintance, and self-management:

'The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Give all the strength and color of our life.'

In the quiet of my little book-room, which Providence has enabled me to furnish so richly, and especially at this hour of the night, I often experience a species of enjoyment, which would be ill-changed, for all that mere change of external circumstances could afford; though that change were to place me, in the most enlarged intellectual sphere. And who can tell, whether, in such a sphere, I could enjoy my books and my fireside, as I sometimes do? Might I not be too much exteriorated? Might I not live too much upon the pleasures of society? Might I not be led to put myself forth, in premature, and consequently, in abortive efforts? The world has great allurements, and I am conscious of great weakness. It is there-

fore, I dare venture to conclude, both most wisely, and most kindly ordered, that I should be kept back, till I have attained greater strength.

Many thanks for the interesting matter from Mosheim. It came opportunely; for I shall, I trust, avail myself of it in an ordination sermon, now rolling in my thoughts. I rejoice in Miller's celebrity; putting out of the question love of the system, and kindly feeling towards him, it is truly pleasant to see solid ability working its way, by mere weight of metal.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER XC.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 14. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a few hasty lines, to accompany a little paper of —'s, of which, if you think as I think, you will forward it to the editor of the Christ. Obs. I wish particularly that this may be done, because this little matter, that grew out of a conversation, evinces, to me at least, a capacity of writing with ease, on practical subjects; and of passing, with a very happy facility, from obvious matter of fact considerations, to deep metaphysical, and philosophical truths, which —, by all means, ought to cultivate; and which he might be deterred from cultivating, if this effort were nipped in the bud. A propos, have you yet seen the No. of the C. O. for January? You may remember, it did not reach you in due course. On opening it, I was not a little surprised to see, in the front of it, my cviith Psalm. I suppose Mr. — thought I had empowered him to use it as he saw fit. Had I known his intention, I should have begged to make, at least, two corrections. One, of the mistake as to the two semi-choruses. N'importe. Both will pass muster.

I have another letter to write, and the post soon goes out. Therefore, I can only say, that I am ever, most affectionately yours,

J. JEBB.

LETTER 83.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., April 16. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LEST you should misconstrue my silence, I say something, however brief.

I need say no more I believe, for the present, about —, than I said on Friday. Your feelings, and wishes, must ever be too interesting to me, to imply the shadow of a shade of teasing. To whom should you tell your whole mind, but to me? And should I be annoyed by your communication, I should deserve neither eyes to see with, nor ears to hear with. What you say, will ever be felt and weighed; and my head will give its best service to my heart, in furnishing an answer. What you yourself so well and wisely say, added to thoughts of my own, makes me look up, in all this, to a higher hand. You and I are both machines of a construction, not certain to go on well, with common treatment. Deeply do I feel, that circumstances have been exquisitely adjusted, to my peculiar case. And I doubt not but time will show, that a like management has been used in yours.

You wished me to mark authorities, corroborative of Joseph Mede's notion of the primitive spirit of our church. In reading the original passages from Mosheim, I meant to do something of the kind, as well as to communicate a curious fact. I now wish to point out another still more powerful authority, which I need only refer to, if I were sure that you had Limborch's *Epistolæ Virorum Illustrium et Eruditorum*. The passage I am going to give you, occurs in a letter from Bishop Overal to Hugo Grotius; in which the following remark is made, respecting a new publication of the latter.

‘Credo pauca esse, in libro tuo, quæ Eliensi, aliisque ex doctioribus nostrum, non probentur, nisi forte in illis hæreant, quæ judicium de rebus fidei definitivum laicis potestatibus tribueri, et potestatem ac jurisdictionem veram pastorum Ecclesiæ negare, et episcopatum in non necessariis ponere videntur. Tenent enim nostri judicium de rebus fidei definiendi Synodis episcoporum, aliorumque doctorum ministrorum Ecclesiæ, ad hoc delectorum et convocatorum, deferendum esse; secundum consuetudinem veteris ecclesiæ, *ex sacris literis*, PER CONSENSUM VETERIS ECCLESIE, non privatum spiritum neotericum, *explicatis*, terminandum?’ There is more to the same purpose, but

this is the most material. Should you have the book, the page is, 486.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER XCI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 16. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM greatly pleased with what you tell me of the Archbishop of Dublin. That he should criticize my sermon, and object to particular passages, or even to my view of the text, I do not at all wonder; but, though I should be gratified by his approving, I really think the sermon a minor consideration. What I like, is, his copying the letter. This is to have done business; his object, indeed, may be only to have the facts there stated; but he will also have the principles before him: and who can tell, what effect they may ultimately produce? At all events, it is no trivial matter, that his Grace should be under the impression, that a sober, broad, and intelligent view of things, can be taken in our school. If I am hereafter to grow better in health, and more ready with my pen, does it not look as if I were permitted and enabled, (as they do in legal cases, when they are not fully prepared for a trial,) from time to time to put in an appearance, by way of keeping the cause alive? There has been rolling in my mind, for the last ten days, the scheme of an ordination sermon. I have not been sufficiently well to write a word as yet. One thing I have done, indeed, which at least is gratifying as a recreation. I have collected some very decided, and very beautiful testimonies, that our church reverences christian antiquity, next to the sacred Scripture.

I wish you would look into your Griesbach (I cannot revert to him, having made a present of my copy to the Archbishop,) at Ephesians, v. 9. There is a various reading, *ὁ γὰρ πατήρ τοῦ φωτός*, which I believe is the true reading. Wetstein quotes numerous authorities. The Alexandrine, Beza's, and three more uncial MSS. Three other MSS. of good note. Colindus' edit. The Vulgate, Syriac, Coptic, and Ethiopic versions. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Lucifer, Hilary, Jerome, Pelagius, Augustine, Castalio, Erasmus, Grotius, Mill and Bengel. To which testimonies, I would add, Ambrose, Theophylact, Marcellinus, Antherus, Zezenus, Thomas Gale, Hammond, Mat-

thew Poole. Probably Griesbach may furnish still more. The internal evidence, I conceive, is strongly in favor of *φωτος*, not only from the preceding verse . . 8; but, also, from the antithetical clause, v. 11., *τοῖς ἔργοις τοῖς ἀκαρποῖς τοῦ σκοτους*, finely opposed to the *καρπος τοῦ φωτος*, not at all to the vulgar reading. Observe, too, how the idea of light is adverted to, v. 13. and 14. In Galatians, v. 22, we have, indeed, *καρπος τοῦ πνευματος*, but then it is opposed to *εργα*, (not as in Ephesians, *τοῦ σκοτους*;) *τῆς σαρκος*. By the way, how exquisite the propriety of expression in both epistles!

$$\text{καρπος} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{τοῦ πνευματος} \\ \text{τοῦ φωτος} \end{array} \right\} \text{εργα} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{τῆς σαρκος} \\ \text{τοῦ σκοτους} \end{array} \right\}$$

καρπος, on the good side; *εργα ἀκαρπα*, on the bad.

Doddridge, with his usual love of indistinctness and ambiguity, says, 'The sense is the same; but the number of varying manuscripts, seems not sufficient to confirm that reading (*φωτος*). Yet I have had some regard to it in the paraphrase, as in some other instances of a like nature.' I humbly conceive, that the sense is very different. Some, we are told, bring forth fruit thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold; now, is it not probable, and it is not perfectly accordant with the schemes, respectively, of the two epistles, and the condition of the two churches, that the passage in the Galatians, should relate to *δικαιοσύνη*; that, in Ephesians, to *ἀγιασμος*; the former to *ἀρετή*, the latter to *ἀληθεία*; the former to inchoate, the latter to perfect christianity? But, after all, I fear it is impertinent, or at best supererogatory, to throw out these criticisms to you, who have made yourself a master of the epistle to the Ephesians.

I regret that you should have so much trouble about my books; but I presume that it would be the best plan, to get them back from the lodging house, at which they were left. If Keene or Mercier have got any thing that I ought to have, or if the 30th No. of the Edin. Rev. be out, I would thank you to send them by Mr. Jellett; also to get me a 12mo paper book, bound in red morocco, of the best yellow-wove paper, and send it, also, by the same opportunity. My scrap-book is almost filled, and I wish to have another to succeed it.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
And believe me ever,

most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 84.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, April 18. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHATEVER I can put upon this paper, between the present moment and the latest post hour, you shall have, though it cost me three pence sterling.

I give you the fac-simile of Griesbach :—

ὁ γὰρ καρπὸς τοῦ ἡρώτος ἐν πασῇ ἀγαθωσυνῇ καὶ δικαιοσυνῇ καὶ ὑληθείᾳ.

ἡ πνεύματος.

ᵃABD*EFG 6. 10. 17. 47. 67.**Barb. 1 Syr. Erp. Copt. Sahid. Aeth. Arm. Vulg. Il. Greg. Thaummat. Lucif. Ambest. Auct. de singular. Cleric. Hier. Aug. Pel. πνεύματος φῶς. 71. ap Birch.

If you can make out his meaning, I shall be glad ; but I am incompetent, not having studied his scheme. But I guess he is with you ; though the small letters in the text, and the large in the margin, would seem to imply that the alteration was hesitatingly made. For many reasons, I deem the Vulgate, strong authority. It is, to my mind, equivalent, to undisturbed possession for so many years ; which is a good title, until a better can be opposed to it.

I have time only to add, that, from full examination of Collier's Eccles. Hist., I have determined to secure one, in the present sale, for you, it being a work you ought to have ; and to mention a saying of Ridley, in one of his very latest letters, which, probably, you are already possessed of. In speaking of Knox's opposition (at Frankfort) to private baptism, he asks, ' What would he, in that case, should be done ? Peradventure, he will say, it is better, then, to let them die without. For this, his *better*, what word hath he in Scripture ? And if he have none, why will he not rather follow that, which the sentence of the ancient writers does more allow ? From whom to dissent, without warrant of God's word, I cannot think it any godly wisdom.'

There was a golden saying ! That is the right principle, the safe path, as well expressed as it could be in human language.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER XCII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 16. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST write a few lines to say, that though, from the severe weather, far from comfortable in body, I could not have been, at present, so sickly in mind, as to misinterpret, or misconceive your silence. Your letter, however, has been most acceptable; as, indeed, it always is a cordial to me, to read your hand-writing on a superscription.

Many thanks for your interesting quotation. It just falls in with some of my late inquiries; and shall be added to my collections. I have just read the letter at large. Pray, are you aware, that in the year 1571, in full convocation, and with the sanction of Elizabeth, the following canon was passed. *De concionatoribus?*

‘Imprimis verò videbunt, ne quid unquam doceant pro concione quod à populo religiose teneri et credi velint, nisi quod consentaneum sit doctrinæ Veteris aut Novi Testamenti; quodque ex illa ipsa doctrina, catholici patres et veteres episcopi collegierint.’ This is one of my strongest authorities; but I have others, too, very curious.

Do you know, too, that, in giving the college library the original Rambler, you give it a very valuable document. Mr. Chalmers, in his late preface, having stated, that there are no less than 6000 corrections, chiefly in point of style, made in the work, as afterwards collected into volumes. Mr. C. has given an entire paper, as it stands in the original; and I have been amusing myself, this morning, by collating it. The alterations, are just such, as I should have myself been likely to wish for. Compare, e. g. the following passage of No. 180, as it originally stood, with the present copy. ‘Such, however, is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious whisperers of greatness, are to be collected from these seminaries, which are appropriated to the study of wisdom, and the contemplation of virtue; in which it was intended, that appetite should learn to be content with little, and hope to aspire to honours, which no human power can give or take away.’

Could you tell Mr. Jellett to get me, at Keene’s, Adam Clarke’s Succession of Sacred Literature, and bring it with him. I gave mine to H. Woodward. I must have done.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JERR.

LETTER XCIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 24. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE barely time to say, that I am now about to enclose your character of Jellett to the Archbishop; not being sufficiently at leisure to call with it myself. I have prepared the way, by telling the Archbishop; and I believe there will be no objection to taking J. on trial, though he is, for the present, to know nothing of such an intention.

I enclose you a half note for 50*l.*; and, when this is acknowledged, shall send the other. I hope that you have not been inconvenienced by the loan; could I have replaced it, you should not have been so long unpaid.

My sermon occupies my mind fully; especially, as I have transferred not quite a page to paper. A train of thought and inquiry has been opened by it, which, however I may fail, for the immediate object of this ordination, I should like to pursue for some months, if I were left completely my own master; and to lay the result before the public.

Yours ever, my dear Friend,

most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 85.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, April 27. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE time only to tell you, that I received yours, here, yesterday.

I am very glad things are in such a train about J.; but still more glad, that there is a prospect of your being relieved from a burthen, in which I have most truly sympathized; understanding, well and thoroughly, what it could not but imply.

I came here on Tuesday, and must return on Monday; so that you may direct to Dublin. I shall be curious to know the nature of your train of thought.

I did not tell you how very much I admire H. W's paper. There is a style of thinking in it, which to me appears master-

ly; and which, I hope and trust, will be exercised with equal strength, on ampler, and more momentous subjects. If so, he may absolutely do great things.

Farewell, my dear friend; your health, and comfort, and studies, and thoughts, will ever be most interesting to him, who is,

Most truly yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER XCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 21. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE business of the ordination, &c. being over, I can now write you a few lines. And first, let me say, what I know you will be rejoiced to hear; the Archbishop authorized me, last night, to acquaint Jellett with his appointment, as assistant preacher: I have done so this morning; and, after giving him next Sunday's law, he is to proceed. I like him greatly. In examining him, I could not help thinking, that he was perfectly qualified to discharge the same office towards me. I got him to write a little paper for me; which was drawn up with great neatness, elegance, and perspicuity; condensing much important thought, and pious feeling, into a very narrow compass. He has opened to me greatly in conversation, both as to his opinions, and as to himself; having given me a most interesting little sketch of his life. I am sure he will be a great acquisition; and the Archbishop, I believe, thinks so too. I showed his Grace your letter, which gave him full satisfaction.

I am in too great a state of mental exhaustion, to form any sound judgment upon my sermon. It may be positively bad, as a sermon; and it may, for ought I know, be more than tolerably good. The range has been so wide, and so much matter has been brought together, that I cannot attempt giving a sketch of my plan; but I hope, next week, to copy and send it to you. There will be little or nothing new to you: yet it cost me a prodigious deal of laborious thinking: not, thinking, to originate argument, but to arrange, to methodize, to give condensation, consecutiveness, and if possible, unity, to a mass of materials. The Archbishop has asked to borrow it, but passed no manner of opinion. By the way, has the Archbishop of D. made any further observations? If so, no matter how unfavorable, I should like to hear them: at any fair opportunity, you might tell

his Grace, that I feel *both* the words he has objected to are incorrect ; and that I should alter them, were the sermon to be preached over again. I love to have special objections made. General disapprobation, often mortifies, without ever conferring benefit. But there seldom is a definite objection made, that, whether founded, or unfounded, does not lead one to discover something wrong ; some nicer shade of expression, that might be improved ; some word, that might be retrenched ; or something explanatory, that might be added.

I am delighted at your high approbation of H. W.'s paper ; and I hope you have sent it forward. Have you secured the Collier, and what have you paid for the Chrysostom ? My letter must now be closed, but I hope to write at length, this week, or the next.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

and believe me ever,
most faithfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.



LETTER XCV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 14. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE harsh easterly winds effectually prevented me, from having, long since, dispatched a large packet to you. I have been able to transcribe a very small portion of my sermon : which, together with certain literary projects that it has given birth to, I greatly wish to submit to your judgment ; intending to conduct myself, implicitly, as you recommend. J——'s appointment leaves me, as I conceive, at liberty to pursue my own plans ; and assuredly, it is very remote from my wishes, to eat the bread of idleness. At the same time, I have little doubt, that my plans would not be quite to the mind of our excellent friend. He would like to have me at details, to which I am incompetent ; but, if I had the sanction of your judgment, I should not suffer myself, on that account, to be prevented from taking a wider range, more suited to my taste, and at least, not more disproportioned to my powers. Before this week closes, I hope to lay the whole before you. By the way, I have just been highly gratified, by reading your review. It is, in all respects, what I could wish : and, if you could, now and then, endeavor to indoctrinate the more hopeful of the semi-evangelicals, through the Chris.

Obs., by similar productions, you might do a great service ; rather, indeed, if you would engage in publishing a volume of essays.

Jellett, I greatly like ; and, what is of more consequence, he has greatly pleased the Archbishop. He entered on his duties yesterday se'nnight, with an excellent sermon, on 'faith which worketh by love.' You have seen it, as it originally stood ; but he made very considerable alterations, before he submitted it to my inspection. As he preached it, I question whether there ever came from the pulpit, so fully matured a first essay. The subject matter, omni exceptione major ; the illustrations happy ; the language peculiarly well chosen ; and the style exquisitely chaste and simple. He has a fine voice, too ; and, with great modesty, was perfectly at home in the pulpit. The Archbishop was delighted ; and I am sure thought Jellett's mode of preaching, the very thing he had been wishing for. I am sure he is qualified to do, what I never could effect : to branch out important principles into detail ; and to pursue them through their consequences and results ; thus \angle or thus $\angle\angle$: my power is of the opposite kind, to combine, and to trace ramifications to their root and principle ; thus \triangleright or thus $\triangleright\triangleright$. Each mode is useful in its way : but I believe the Archbishop has no relish for the latter. I preached an old sermon yesterday, that I might give J. a little law. He has been hard at work ; and desires me to mention this, as his apology for not having written to you. Indeed, at this moment, he is composing a sermon in my other room.

The books have safely reached this. When I asked, could you distinguish our several properties, I had a view to strict distributive justice, against which, I must inform you, you have erred ; inasmuch as, I have no title to the three following articles ; viz. 'Winder's Hist. of Knowledge,' 'Sparrow's Rationale of the common Prayer,' and 'Drexelius de Vitiis Linguae.'

I had an application by letter, from Mr. Stewart, the Methodist preacher of this district, through the master of the Charter School, for aid for the fund of decayed preachers ; so I called this morning on the latter, and gave him two guineas : at the same time, declining to become an annual subscriber ; and telling my mind fully, about the dissenting overt-act of the last conference. This was new to Mr. Watts, who is a thorough churchman. He took in excellent part all that I said ; and I went pretty much at large into the evils of dissenterism. Was I wrong in all this ?

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever your most attached and affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 86.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 14. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I COULD wish to write a long letter to you, but it must be a short one. Your last gave me the most heartfelt pleasure; and I have been looking out for the sermon, which has not yet arrived, with avidity; yet I do not wish you should make the transcript more expeditiously, than will be completely comfortable.

Alas! I could not get the Collier: for the Archbishop of C. was your rival. I think Ottridge could get it for you at once. It went off at forty shillings.

I got the Chrysostom this day, at seventeen guineas and a half. An order from London rose to seventeen guineas; and I was obliged to give the half, to prove that all was fair.

I have very much to put on paper, in writing to you; but I am occupied. How, you shall know ere it be long.

Wilberforce's speech, against receiving the petition from the —, delights me. I am very glad of his taking such a part; and what he has done, he appears to have done ably.

Adieu, my dear Friend, ever yours,

A. K.

P. S. I got Lightfoot, in good order, for 1*l.* 5*s.* Strype's Annals for Henry, Edward, Mary, 59*s.* and $\frac{1}{2}$. A little Aquinas, the date 1497, 11*s.* 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* Baronius's Annals, 3*l.* 12*s.*, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem, 1*l.* 4*s.*

—oo—

LETTER XCVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

May 17. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE accompanying sermon has been transcribed, under the influence of an easterly wind; and, I consequently fear, much may be illegible.

You will observe that the close is huddled up. I had neither time, nor space, to complete my plan. It had been my intention to show, both the light, and the shade, of our Church of England, as those of the church at large: and to specify, that,

analogous to heresies which uncatholicized, were popery, on the one hand, and dissenterism, on the other ; by a conflict with which, our church had its character formed, from the Reformation, till the Revolution : that, from that period, the foes were more of the household, analogous to errors, which did not uncatholicize ; the dread of popery being removed, by the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the fierceness of dissenterism mitigated, by the act of toleration. Thence, within the pale of the Church of England, her true sons kept the mean, between rationalizing christianity, on the one hand, and dogmatizing doctrinality, on the other. The former, the offspring of Hales, Chillingworth, and the remonstrants ; the latter, the genuine descendants of those doctrinal puritans, who, after the Marian persecution, did not separate from the church ; and who, before the revolution, had been employed against the common enemy, . . the dissenters and the papists. And I should have attempted to suggest the beneficial results to our church, of these collisions.

The plan which I now have in view, is to divide the sermon, as it now stands, into two parts. The first, before ; the second, after the Reformation ; and into the second part, to introduce the above train of thought. These two sermons, I should like to preach in the College Chapel, next year ; and, in the interim, to prepare materials for, and even enter on the composition of, dissertations, which would grow out of the discourses ; and which, with them, might form a not unsystematic volume.

I am anxious not to eat the bread of idleness ; and think that this work may be particularly suited to my habits and relishes. It may, indeed, be too great for my powers. But consisting of dissertations, each of which is to be a whole, I might make short stages on my journey. I wish for your opinion, whether to give myself to this pursuit, or to relinquish it. Premising, that, if this be relinquished, I intreat you will point out some line of occupation ; for my trains of thinking, and my habits of mental movement, are altogether alien, from sermon-making for a common congregation. I shall be happy to have your thoughts, and to abide by your decision. But, as I am writing against time, I can now only subjoin the titles of such subjects as have occurred to me ; for every one of which, you will see there is, or may be, a hook provided in the discourse.

-
1. On the commission of our Lord to the apostles, as recorded by the four Evangelists.
 2. On the plan of individual conversion.

3. On miraculous power in the first three centuries ; with reference to Middleton, Farmer, and to the whole sadducean system.
4. On the persecutions : with reference to Dodwell's scheme ; and to Gibbon.
5. On national christianity, as a continuation and expansion of judaism.
6. On the character of ecclesiastical historians ; and on the best manner of extracting from them, a just view of christian doctrine and practice, in the different ages of the church.
7. On the influence and bearing of special events, upon the general system.
8. On the uses of heresies.
9. On the principle of our English reformation. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* ; illustrated by our Articles, Homilies, Liturgy, by the canon of Queen Elizabeth, by Ridley, Sir D. Carlton, Overal, Grotius, Casaubon, Jewel, Mede, Hammond, Beveridge, Bull, Leslie, Mosheim, &c. &c. &c., with an analysis and defence of Vincentius against Lardner.
10. Same subject, with reference to the works of Barbeyrac, Dailé, and Whitby, against the fathers. On the right use of the fathers.
11. Difference of the Church of England, from other branches of the Reformation.
12. On the Liturgy.
13. On the spirit of our church, as an establishment.
14. On the balance of parties in the Church of England.
15. On dogmatical doctrinality.
16. On rationalism.
17. On methodism.
18. On the characters of our chief Divines, in the church of England.
19. On the present state of the church.
20. On the studies of clergymen, and particularly on the philosophical character of Scripture ; with a view of Heb. poetry, in the New Testament.
21. On the best mode, in which clergymen of our church may co-operate with the great providential system.

These, my dear Friend, have been thrown down with the utmost rapidity ; but I hope they may put you tolerably in possession of my meaning. You may either encourage me to proceed, or place an extinguisher.

I shall be greatly gratified to know, when you have leisure, how you have been occupied. No person living, perhaps, takes such an interest in your occupations." — said to me, 'Mr. Jebb, did you ever read any thing more beautiful than the review of Taylor?' I replied, that I liked it exceedingly, but that I had read what pleased me as much. I had no time for further explanation, but shall recall the subject to-day. You know my cordial, and decided opinion of the review. But we are both fond of being appropriately discriminative in our approbation. I think I shall satisfy — ; but I hope to see, from you, many papers equally good, and some more beautiful than the review ; which, be it observed, I think better executed, than either of your former articles in the Eclectic.

I felicitate you on all your good bargains ; but St. Chrysostom above all. Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 87.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 17. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BE it much or little, I must write to you, in reply to yours received yesterday.

I suppose ———'s essay will most certainly appear in the next C. O. Governor M——'s note, of May 7th, is as follows :—

'I was much gratified, a few days since, by receiving a note from you, accompanying a very useful, and well written paper, on the subject, &c. &c., which is now in the hands of the printer of the Chris. Obs. * * * I assure you, sir, I, and the members of the circle in which I usually move, retain a very lively recollection of the pleasure which we derived, from your society, and that of Mr. Jebb ; and as we are separated by so envious a distance, we should be glad to receive, occasionally, some proof, both of your remembrance of us, and of your wish to contribute to our enjoyment and edification.

P. S. Mrs. H. T. has just been delivered of a fine boy. Mrs. H. M.'s health is much mended.'

I am gratified by your unqualified liking of the review ; I must give you an extract from Parken's* letter to me.

* In 1808 (when they met in London,) this gentleman drew a description of Mr. Knox's person and manner, together with the character of his eloquence in conversation ; the fidelity of which, will at once be recognized, by all who knew

'It is impossible I should speak of the remarks on Taylor in terms, that would not expose me to the suspicion of flattery. The beauty of the critical opinions, the elegance of the style, the unquestionable accuracy, as well as depth, of many observations, will probably protect the passages which bear hard upon the systematic theologians, from any great severity of censure. Hitherto, I have heard nothing but approbation expressed. But I cannot doubt, that many zealous, good men, who preach the primary truths of religion, and deal in controversy, will give me their opinions in a different tone. In deference to them, as well as from a wish to print nothing I thought capable of injurious misrepresentation, I have presumed to qualify one phrase; which is the only instance of alteration, I believe, in the whole article. Instead of 'those who had never wandered,' it reads, 'those who, in some sense, had never wandered.'

I will not fall out with him, for that single qualification.

Butterworth has sent me my letter of 105 pages, written in 1807; and, along with other kind things, he says,

'I have frequent reason to advert to your sentiments; and I think substantial benefit has been derived from them. My son (who is, at this moment I am now writing, gone to church for confirmation, after much previous thought, prayer, and counsel) has been reading your letter with deep attention, and much pleasure. It is, my dear sir, a matter of no small consolation, that a boy of seventeen, is directing his thoughts to these subjects.'

I fear, I shall be too late.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 88.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 29. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM this afternoon at liberty to say something to you; every hour which I could command, being employed, till now, on the object of which I gave you a vague hint. The truth is, I was not easy, till I had completed my plan. I was not uneasy; on the contrary, my work was highly pleasant to me; but I could

him: it possesses, in truth, the realizing properties of portrait-painting. This felicitous sketch will be found, in the Introduction to Bishop Jebb's edition of Burnet's Lives. . . Ed.

not be at ease, in going to any thing else. This day, the last of my manuscript went to the bookseller; and therefore I can, at this moment, follow my inclination.

I have, in short, now lying before me, forty printed pages of a defence of the R. C.s against Dr. Duigenan's two positions, of constitutional incapacitation, and moral unfitness; the one, founded on the articles of union with Scotland; the other, on the doctrine of exclusive salvation. I have replied to both; and I cannot but hope, that you will approve of the course I have taken. I found a necessity for notes. I have allowed myself to be so copious in them, that I suppose the different size of the type will alone prevent the hinder parts of the periwig, preponderating against its front.

Possibly, by to-morrow's post, I may send you the body of the pamphlet; its eleven satellites must be waited for; for so many are my notes, and some of them little essays. I do not know how I shall be read; but I do know, I have wrought pleasantly; and I never sent any thing to the press, with more harmonic concurrence of my head and heart.

Time for me, now, to thank you for your ordination sermon.* Every thing, (I believe I may have marked some little matter, to be taken ad referendum, but substantially every thing,) I approved of; and the latter part, greatly and deeply liked. *Vires acquirit eundo*. You walked with a strong, but very distinct step, through the former part; but, toward the close, you stretch your wings, and fly. I cannot but like your plan of enlargement. Every point in it, we have passed through together, either conjointly, or sympathetically. The latter curiously, in the case of *Vincentius Lirinensis*, and Lardner. I assure you, within this month, I read, with much motion of my spirit within me, what Lardner so densely and dully says, against the *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*.

I must stop, for my labor (Kempis says 'easy businesses are hard to the weak') has tired me. Tell Miss —, my next thought will be to write to her. But that will probably not be, till I have witnessed the establishment of — in D——. If I am able, I go there on Friday. He is not yet come; but I reckon on his being here on Thursday. Tell the Archbishop, when you see him, that he is never long out of my thoughts. Many times, I am sure, I think of him, every day of my life. Tell Jellett, and Jas. Forster, I remember them. In truth, I forget nobody that loves me.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

* See: 'Practical Theology', Vol. I. Discourse vii. . . Ed.

LETTER XCVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, June 2. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD been in hopes of hearing from you before I left Cashel, at the beginning of this week ; and on coming here, gave directions, that any letter of yours might be forwarded to me by a special messenger. I am well convinced, that there is no voluntary omission in the case. Your mind may, most probably, have been fully engaged about other matters ; and, whenever it is so engaged, 'in commoda publica peccem', if I should wish, for a moment, to divert your thoughts. But let me say, I am not without apprehensions, that not approving either my sermon, or the scheme founded upon it, or both one and the other, you have felt somewhat at a loss what reply to give. If this be so, it is my most cordial wish to free you from any difficulty, which kindness and delicacy may have imposed. In laying my thoughts before you, I wished, simply, as I said, to be implicitly guided by your opinion. The sermon may, very possibly, have been ill judged ; and the plan founded on it, may, perhaps, be still more objectionable. I must cordially confess my incapacity of judging ; but, I may safely say, that I never was more deeply persuaded of the expediency of keeping myself quiet. Prematurity of effort, is, in all matters, to be deprecated ; but, most of all, in enunciating any part of our system. Besides, it would remain to be considered, whether, at any time, I should be likely to produce those opinions with effect. I am perfectly willing to remain in the back ground, so long as that appears, to your judgment, my proper destination ; and even should it never be my lot to emerge, I trust I should be enabled to acquiesce, with cheerfulness and complacency. That I have hitherto been hampered by impediments, both internal and external, is to me a manifest, and most beneficial appointment of Providence ; and, if a similar discipline be continued, I question not, the day will come, when it will appear to have been yet more gracious and salutary. The truth is, that, however remarkable my course of discipline may be, it is a far less severe one, than many others have found it their happiness to undergo ; and, whether the progress is to become more, or less, of a trying nature, I feel, I trust, an unpresumptuous confidence, that the result will not be grievous, but joyous ; and a sure conviction, that the intermediate stages will present no trials, but such as shall be strictly *ανθρωπινα*.

I could say much to you, about many matters, did time, or the circumstances in which I now am, admit of it. Tell Miss F., with my best regards, that I have, after a shameful delay, finished the little *Itinerary**, and shall take an early opportunity of sending it.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER XCVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

June 5. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your letter and parcel, which I found on my return from Glankeen. The former, far outgoes my expectation; I had looked for a far different judgment, both of my sermon, and my essay plan. As to your pamphlet, I have not been able yet, to gratify myself with a single page. The Archbishop evidently wished for a first reading of it, and I have just got it back. I keep it for a *bonne bouche* in the evening, having many letters to dispatch by post. I am truly delighted at your having taken up this subject; and can venture to predict, that I shall thoroughly approve. The truth is, I expect both an infusion of new ideas, and an establishment (that I may change the metaphor) of old.

The Archbishop probably told you of the living of Abington being now mine. It is worth, I believe, 1000*l.* per ann., with an incomparable house, &c. (for which I must pay smartly.) But what delights me, is the situation. It is sufficiently near Cashel, (twenty-four miles) to admit of occasional visits, for a few days at a time; and sufficiently remote, to leave me a free agent. It sends me to act in a new sphere; when, perhaps, my occupation was almost gone in the present. It constitutes me a sort of centre to the diocese of Emly; and it places me

* Of the excursion to England, in the summer of the preceding year (1809), in which Mr. Knox and the Bishop had been accompanied by the excellent person here alluded to, and so frequently mentioned throughout the Correspondence. For a still longer term of years, Miss Fergusson had been to Mr. Knox, all that Mrs. Unwin had been to Cowper. It will hereafter appear, that the *Itinerary* of their English tour, drawn up on a sheet of letter-paper by Mr. Jebb, at the request of this lady, was by her carefully preserved till her death, in 1828-9. Shortly before, she had shown it to Mr. Knox, as a memorial of former days. The beautiful MS. was returned to the Bishop, on his friend's death; and is now in the editor's possession.

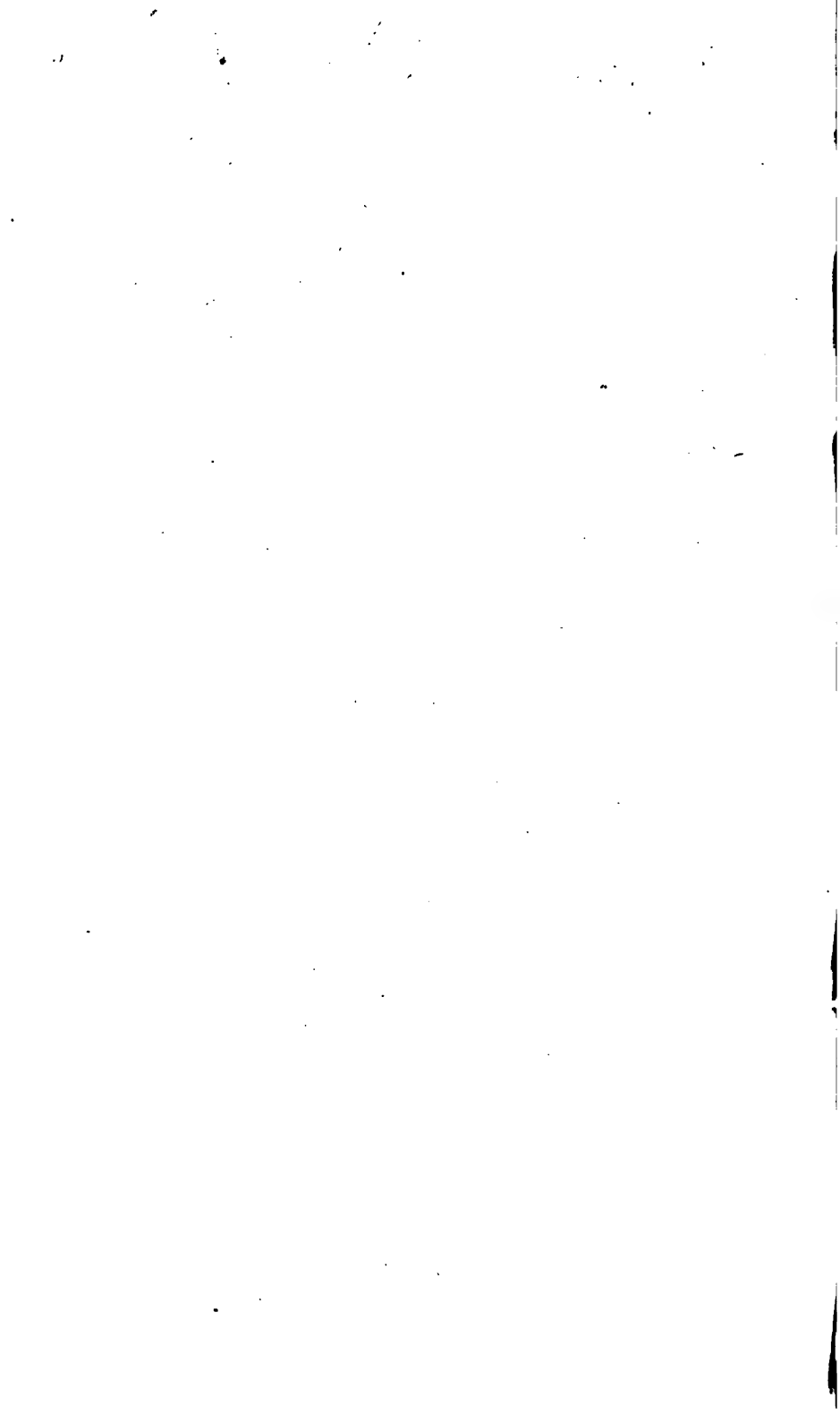
within nine miles of Limerick. Who can tell, but that some providential purpose may be answered, by my being brought into the sphere of a great city ; already the theatre of theological disputes ; where calvinism is incipient ; and where the opponents of calvinism, may possibly receive some indoctrination ? I wish not to be sanguine, but odd presentiments have occurred to me ; and I know not whether I should, with equal satisfaction, view my advancement, to any other preferment, in his Grace's gift.

To Whitty he has given Kiltinane ; and to poor J. Torrens, Whitty's living, worth 160*l.* per ann., to help out his school. Is not this well ?

I hope you will come amongst us. You are most earnestly wished for at the palace. ——'s heart is set upon your coming : I need not say what I feel. In 1805, you immediately succeeded my appointment to Kiltinane : may I not, in 1810, hope for your benediction, on my movement to Abington ? I shall hereafter have room enough for my friends. It would be my happiness, to have one apartment denominated yours ; and entitled to the denomination, by your occasional occupancy of it : and you must also know, that your visits would be deemed by me lame and incomplete, without the accompaniment of my kind and valued fellow-traveller. In truth, my dear friend, it would rob my settlement of one of its principal charms, if you were to deny me the prospect of having you and Miss F. under my roof. Be so good as to purchase for me, and bring along with you, for I look upon your visit to Cashel as settled, Miss Smith's Job, and Duigenan's work, which I have not read ; also, for Whitty, Cowper's translation of Madame Guion's hymns.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
Ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I wish you could come before the visitation. It would be a scene that would please you ; and I also should be gratified, by your witnessing the decorum and moderation of a Cashel visitation dinner.



THIRTY YEARS'
CORRESPONDENCE,

&c. &c.

VOL. II.

THIRTY YEARS'
CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN

JOHN JEBB, D.D. F.R.S.
BISHOP OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT, AND AGHADOE,

AND

ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH :
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA :
CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.
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"The above letter, is almost the earliest of a series, terminating only with the year of Mr. Knox's death, (1831,) which the editor has long cherished, among his choicest treasures. How much he owes to this correspondence, . . . how much to the free, familiar, yet paternal converse, of many thousand happy hours, . . . how much to the uniform example of this true-hearted christian philosopher, will not be known, until the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. But thus much he can say, with certainty, that, scarce a day elapses, in which some energetic truth, some pregnant principle, or some happy illustration, (and those illustrations were always powerful arguments,) does not present itself, for which he was primarily indebted, to the ever-salient mind of ALEXANDER KNOX."

BISHOP JEBB, *Extract from his new Edition of Burnet's Lives, Introduction, p. xxix.*

E. & L. Merriam, Printers,
Brookfield, Mass.

LETTER XCIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

June 5. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT resist, and, indeed, I do not wish to resist, the impulse that I feel, to write you a few lines before I go to bed. I have just finished my *first* perusal of your sheets, for I hope to gratify myself with many; and never did I read a paper of yours, with such deep, such cordial, such unmixed, and yet, I trust, with such discriminative approbation.

Your political argument could not, in my humble apprehension, be more forcibly, or more luminously put. And I cannot but anticipate its favorable operation, on all public men, (*Eheu, quam rari nantes in gurgite vasto!*) that have comprehensiveness of intellect, and liberality of sentiment. But your theological branch far exceeds all praise that I could give. My mind and heart accorded with every paragraph, as I went along: a deposit, thought I, is here made, which, however it may be overlooked by superficial thinkers, or disrelished by bigoted lovers of negative religion, must, sooner or later, produce the happiest effects, both on Roman Catholics, and on members of our establishment. I trust that you will, even now, 'fit audience find'; but I own, on this point, I am comparatively careless; for truth, so ably enunciated, must live; and perhaps it is in our disembodied state, (the thorough consciousness of which, we are sufficiently catholic most cordially to maintain,) that we shall witness the best, and deepest results of those pages, which, in a happy vein, you have been enabled to throw off. If a minor consideration, but still, to my judgment at least, of no small consequence, may be adverted to, let me add, that I deeply like your style. It is, throughout, true, luminous, and exquisitely English; so that from these few pages alone, I would undertake to prove, that, without the slightest mixture of ungraceful idiom, it is possible to be strictly Anglican. Will you tolerate a little

honest self-gratulation, when I say, that in some passages, I flattered myself, I could trace the influence of my verbal criticisms? It is not that I can pretend to have suggested any principles of composition, to which you were a stranger; but that, by objections, sometimes founded, sometimes hypercritical, too frequently, I fear, captious and presuming, I may have contributed to keep my friend on the alert, to preserve Homer from nodding. I rejoice that you have been inspirited and enabled to bring this most interesting essay to a close; and I thank you for having kept your secret so long, as I have thus enjoyed a most agreeable surprise.

As to my sermon and essays; if, on full consideration, you do not disapprove, I should greatly like to pursue them, when settled at my living. There, I trust, I may be enabled to work pleasantly; because voluntarily, and on an elective subject. Occasional excursions, occasional visits from a few chosen friends, and ornamental gardening, (for I put farming out of the question,) shall, Deo volente, be my recreations; and my study, my grand scene of action. As to parochial duties, they will be few; and of sermons for my church, I have a pretty little stock; and then it is my wish to get a curate forthwith: who will have so little to occupy him parochially, that he may preach, at least, every second Sunday. I feel my mind beginning to put forth a promise of recruited vigor and alacrity, upon this change: and, I humbly pray, that, if the prognostic be not deceitful, I may be enabled to devote my best powers, with an effect suitable to my mediocrity, to the best of causes.

I wish you could find out for me, a thoroughly eligible curate. What accommodation, or how near my church a house might be procured, I cannot tell; but I would endeavor, and I trust altogether not unsuccessfully, to make the situation pleasant to a studious, active, pious, and gentleman-like young man. I must now, my good Friend, wish you good night.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER C.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 7. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may naturally begin to wonder what is become of me; and yet I can say with truth, that I cannot look back upon a single day, since we parted, in which I could comfortably sit.

down to converse with you. Thus much, however, is certain, that you have been seldom absent from my thoughts, never from my affections.

I have completely cleared out of Cashel; but not by any means completely established myself here: this is the fourth day of my residence; for I do not reckon two or three days, a week ago, when I came merely as a lodger, to pack up my wine. And, during the last three days, I have been uninterrupted by a single call from visitors; and unable to move further than church, not as yet having so much as a single horse: I must look to complete solitude, for some time longer; but, whenever I can procure a carpenter, which, in this remote spot, is a matter of some difficulty, I shall have some occupation in arranging my books. As to congregation, I fear I cannot reckon on ever having more, than from thirty to forty, old and young. The last three Sundays, I did not average more than twenty-four; and as the people are very plain, I must get into the habit of throwing off the plainest possible discourses, nearly approaching to extemporaneous talk.

I felt many pangs on leaving Cashel, and especially on parting with the admirable Archbishop. The more I know of that truly good man, the more I love and respect him. He has been to me, almost a parent; and when I look back to all our intercourse, the innumerable acts and words of kindness and forbearance that I have experienced from him, very far outweigh the great and substantial favors, which will, by and by, place me in a state of pecuniary ease and comfort. Since he left Cashel, I had from him a most invaluable letter, in all respects like himself. It is, indeed, too kind; and speaks of me, in terms far more flattering than I at all deserve. It is delightful, however, to be so thought of, by such a man. May this prove an additional incentive to my efforts and prayers, that I may be enabled, *εν τη αληθεια περιπατειν*.

My new situation appears to me very strange; and I am frequently saddened, and almost overwhelmed, by nervous apprehensions. Still I am sensible, that I have hitherto had the worst to encounter; and that, when I have so established myself, as to see my friends here, and procure the means of moving occasionally from hence, things will probably begin to wear a brighter aspect. Much as I felt at leaving Cashel, and still feel at the recollection of it, my judgment is fully convinced that a removal was indispensable. In that place, a flatness of mind was gradually stealing upon me; and, from circumstances beyond my own control, must have continued so to do. New scenes, and new occupations, seem to have been wanting, both to my body and mind: the present sphere, does not indeed, in all respects,

seem the most eligible, but it is the sphere providentially allotted; and viewed as a part of my pilgrimage, I trust it may furnish me with some materials for self-discipline, and self-improvement. Still, I must look little beyond myself, and my books, for enjoyment; and I believe I should sink outright, were it not for the prospect, that, when my house is ready for their reception, some chosen friends may be induced to cheer and invigorate me, by occasional visits. On you, above all, I reckon. A room is destined for you; another for Miss Fergusson; one adjoining yours, for Michael. You shall have a sofa in your bed-chamber; a table with a drawer for your papers; a bracket for your books, and a little rug for your hearth-stone. Next year, I hope to paint and paper; but, in the present, though the walls are bare, they are quite dry. Could you come to me, before you go to the Archbishop in autumn? I would then accompany you over, and I hope may be able to set you down in a post-chaise of my own.*

I greatly wish to hear from you; and, if your avocations would admit of your frequently writing, your letters would be a great and invaluable relief. I never needed more to be so cheered.

Farewell, my dearest Friend,
and believe me ever, most entirely yours,
JOHN JERR.

P. S. Direct to Abington Glebe, Limerick.

—oo—

LETTER CI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 28. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AM I peculiarly ingenious in the art of self-tormenting, or is there any ground for my apprehensions, that you have entirely given me up? More than two months have now elapsed, since I was constrained to part from you at Cashel; to me, the most trying and desolate months of my life: and during that space, not a line of advice, of comfort, or support, from the friend, to whom, beyond any inhabitant of this earth, I cling. The truth is, I never, my dear Sir, more needed to be cheered by you. I am now advancing towards the fourth week of total solitude, with-

* Until Bishop of Limerick, however, my friend never indulged himself with any equipage, beyond a gig... ED.

out a single being to whom I can speak on any interesting topic; with no immediate neighborhood; without the means of moving from home; without the power of attracting to me those friends who had flattered me with the hopes of seeing them here. Many perplexities presented themselves at first; but it is a solid satisfaction, that I have surmounted the greatest part of them: within doors, every thing is beginning to wear a comfortable aspect; and without, I have no reason to dread many embarrassing avocations, as I am resolved to draw on the Limerick markets, for almost all articles of consumption. The mind, however, has hitherto been unexercised; and I should greatly fear, that, if this manner of life should long continue, I shall merge into a mere creature of the lower faculties. If you have not given me up, do, my dear Sir, afford me a little food for my mind, and my affections. Had I a curate, I should endeavor to see you for a short time: but I know not when Mr. Rose* will be able to come to me. In the interim, I am chained, not to my oar, but to my boat; which, again, is idle . . . chained to the beach. Or, to drop metaphor, I am confined to a parish, in which, Sundays excepted, there is nothing for me to do; and, even then, I have but a congregation of twenty, old and young. This letter, I know, must seem desponding; I am, indeed, at present, not free from nervousness; therefore you must not take this specimen, as a fair picture of my general frame. Sometimes, my spirits have been considerably better; sometimes, I have been sunk in far deeper dejection, and have almost trembled for my intellect. I trust, however, that, through God's goodness, I shall emerge; and I have the firmest confidence, that this discipline, or pilgrimage, is not only good for me, but that it is a necessary stage to be passed through, in order to my mental and spiritual advancement. Sometimes, when I heard of your delightful party at B——, I was tempted to repine; and to contrast, with the enjoyment of all that such an earthly paradise can bestow, the cheerless, solitary, unblest, unintellectual hours, of this retirement. But I have been happily checked, and even comforted by the reflection, that you have passed through a far more painful probation than mine; that my manifold infirmities and wrongnesses require, at least, as severe trials to correct them, as I have been visited with; and, let me add, a hope has presented itself, that, from all this, effects will be ultimately produced, for which I shall hereafter see abundant reason to

* The Rev. Henry H. Rose, now in the diocese of Limerick: the first appointment made by the Bishop, after his elevation. . . Ed.

bless Him, who afflicteth not willingly, nor grieveth the children of men.*

Farewell, my dear friend, and if you love me, write to me.
Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.



LETTER 89.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Sept. 2. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TAKE the first opportunity which presents itself, since the receipt of yours of the 28th, to assure you, that never was there a more unjust or unfounded act of self-torment, than that which you have been inflicting on yourself. No, my friend, it is as impossible for me to give you up, as for me to give up one of the fingers of the hand which is writing to you. Your happiness, your feelings, your eternal comforts, all that appertains to you, will ever be present to my mind, as matters of most cordial and continued concern. And not to hear of you, or to know about you, for any length of time together, will ever be to me, the occasion of unfeigned and painful anxiety.

Why, then, did I inflict this very feeling upon you? Simply because, I have had nearly six weeks, (indeed more, ever since

* The following extract from a private note-book, found, since his death, among the Bishop's papers at Limerick, gives delightful proof, that the hope here so affectingly expressed, was more than realized: the original MS., inscribed *τα περὶ ἑαυτοῦ*, (of the existence of which the editor himself had been unware,) bears date March, 1823; and was written, consequently, immediately after his consecration, as Bishop of Limerick: . . 'I left Cashel in deep sorrow, and, for weeks and months, Abington, without a single congenial associate, and without any field of parochial exertion, was to me a dreary wilderness: But the good hand of Providence was, I doubt not, in this whole transaction. This hermitage, so remote, so retired, and apparently so ill adapted to my habits, became the scene of my last and happiest exertions: nor do I think a settlement in any other spot of the empire, could, in so many ways, have elicited, whatever powers it has pleased God to give me. Often, indeed, during the twelve years and a half that I passed there, my heart and spirit have sunk within me; but I was enabled, from time to time, to recruit and rally. Often, have almost all my friends regretted that I was buried in the desert; but they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude, to my sojourn there; and were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me, in the new and arduous sphere, on which I am obliged to enter. May it be ordered (if it be for my everlasting good) that the see of Limerick shall be to me half so productive of use, and of enjoyment, as the quiet rectory of Abington!' . . ED.

the Archbishop was here,) of such health, as I have not experienced for nine preceding years. I could have written, as to mere power, but a severe pain in my leg forced me to use a recumbent posture ; and using a pen, in this situation, was so very painful, that, except when a few lines were indispensable, I did not attempt it. I was, at the same time, liable to a terrible pain in my stomach ; and on this account, I found it necessary to keep myself in as great quietness, even of posture, as was practicable. I thank God, my complaints never become extreme. But, sometimes, I was frightened at the idea of what they might become ; and my kind friend Mr. — was still more alarmed than myself. No one ever was taken better care of. And, for the last ten days, I have been gradually growing better. Yet I did not venture to church to-day ; nor did I think it right for me to go to the chapel this evening. I therefore occupy that time, in writing to you.

I feel for every inconvenience you state ; and I like well all your remarks upon it. I am as confident as I can be, that the honest conflict you maintain with those painful feelings, with which divine Providence permits you to be visited, will end, as you so reasonably hope. Your bearing up, as you have done, has been to me, often, a matter of wonder. I think, or rather I trust, you will at last have nothing worse to endure ; and so sure as you have not, your better elements will finally conquer. When maladies of a constitutional kind grow no worse, about your age, they infallibly grow better, at a somewhat later age. I do believe many natural circumstances are in your favor ; and I trust, surer standards will not be wanting.

— came here yesterday, after an absence of ten days, with the —s, to settle himself in his glebe. He and I go on together very pleasantly. I even hope I gain upon him, and that he sees more than he used to see, in my ideas. He likes better to talk to me ; owns himself, in some important points, to have mistaken me ; and in short, so far bids fair to agree with me, as to make our intercourse, if Providence permits it to continue, truly comfortable, I hope to us both, and I am confident to me.

I am not well yet. I perceive I must take the strictest care of myself. Adieu, my dear friend,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 90.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 26 and 27. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEING able to rise, this morning, earlier than for many mornings past, (which perhaps is a mark of convalescence, after long indisposition,) I gladly employ it, in writing something, be the same more or less, to you: you will be pleased to have a few lines from me, though they may be but few; and when I so well know that fact, be assured I have the cordial disposition to respond to your kindly feeling.

I have always delighted in the following passage, in Leighton's Ethico-critical Meditation on the 130th Psalm: . . ' True and lively faith, is the eye of the inner man, which beholds an infinitely amiable God, the lucid and perpetual fountain of grace; and by the view, is immoderately kindled into most fervent love. That divine light, which is sent from heaven into the soul, is the vehicle of heat too; and by its ardent rays, presently sets the heart on fire. The flame rises sublime, and bears all the affections of the mind with it, to that consummate beauty which it renders visible.'

You may judge, then, how I was gratified, on meeting the following passage in the xxviiiith Homily of Macarius: . . *Τοῦτο γὰρ οφείλει γινώσκειν ἕκαστος, ὅτι εἰσιν οφθαλμοὶ ἐνδοτεροὶ τῶν οφθαλμῶν τούτων, καὶ ἐστὶν ἀκοὴ ἐνδοτέρα τῆς ἀκοῆς ταυτῆς, καὶ ὥσπερ οὗτοι οἱ οφθαλμοὶ αἰσθητικῶς βλέπουσιν, καὶ κατανοοῦσιν τὸ πρόσωπον τοῦ φίλου ἢ τοῦ ἀγαπητοῦ, οὕτως καὶ οἱ τῆς ἀξίας καὶ πίστεως ψυχῆς οφθαλμοὶ, πνευματικῶς φωτισθέντες, φωτὶ, θεῷ βλέπουσι, καὶ κατανοοῦσι τὸν ἀληθινὸν φίλον, καὶ γλυκυτάτον καὶ πολυπόθητον νυμφίον, τὸν κυρίον καταλαμπομένης τῆς ψυχῆς ὑπο τοῦ προσκυνήτου πνεύματος· καὶ οὕτω βλέπουσα νοερώς τὸ ἐπιθυμητόν, καὶ μόνον ἀνεκλάλητον κάλλος, εἰς ἡρώτα θεῶν τιτρώσκεται.*

If I remember right, *you* did not equally admire the sentence in Leighton; you thought it wanted bottom. That is, you thought images were too freely used, without a sufficient substantiation of the thing to be elucidated. I can understand, that it should appear so, to a mind chiefly accustomed to attain its object *by thinking*. Such a mind is necessarily obliged to stop and ask, what is this 'eye', this 'lucid fountain', this 'light', these 'rays', the 'sublime flame', &c. But when the movements within, have been first in the feelings, and afterwards in

the thoughts, the apprehension of such a figurative statement is direct and unembarrassed, because the mind has already been habituated to these assimilations (at least of the same kind) in order to designate what it itself felt ; which it could not so satisfactorily do, as by resemblances from external nature, or rather, could not otherwise do it at all. 'These' says Bacon 'be not allusions, but communities.'

Be all this as it may, is not the agreement, between the two passages curious ? I think it can hardly be doubted, that Leighton had the passage in Macarius in his mind, when he was delivering the words quoted.

I wish to direct your attention, to the latter part, of the 6th chapter to the Romans. It seems to me, that, after having, in the 5th chapter, represented admission into a state of grace, as an invaluable benefit, St. Paul deems it necessary to give another view of it, in the 6th chapter, as implying work or service to be faithfully performed ; and this, it seems to me, St. Paul calls, speaking 'after the manner of men' ; because it was, in same sort, coming down to the level of mere human nature. The flight, arising from the first impulse, is taken for granted to be comparatively over ; and if there is motion onward, it must be by effort, and through a faithful application of all the powers of the mind. This lowered view the apostle gives, 'because of the infirmity of their flesh. That is, as I take it, because he reckoned on a declension, from their first μακαρισμος, as too likely to happen ; rather, all circumstances considered, as morally certain, in consequence of that infirmity. He knew human nature too well, to conclude, that consolation, arising from any sudden cause, could, in the general, be lasting, or, in any instance, continue at its height. He, therefore, calls in conscience and reflection, to aid sentiment ; and mingles strong admonition, with cheering encouragement : his main argument, however, is taken from the difference of the two services ; the service, of sin, in which they had formerly been enthralled, and the service of righteousness, in which they were now happily engaged ; above all, from the opposite results. In the service of sin, nothing was to be expected, but progress in the same wretchedness. They had yielded their members servants to uncleanness and iniquity ; but now, their good employment is to lead them, to something far better than itself ; they are now to yield their members, servants 'to righteousness, unto holiness.' The labor of sin, was infinitely sterile : 'what fruit had ye, in those things whereof ye are now ashamed ?' The labor of righteousness, is, on the other hand, most richly productive, even in this present time, for the fruit of 'righteousness' is holiness : *ἔχετε τον καρπον ὁμων εἰς ἀγιασμον.*

Now observe, that this is the first mention of *ἀγιασμός*, in this epistle. I mean, it does not occur, until it is introduced in the 19th verse of this chapter. It is then, evidently, not to be confounded with mere *δικαιοσύνη*: on the contrary, it is an end to which *δικαιοσύνη* serves. Such an end, as fruit is, of horticultural labor. I need not observe, that this idea must be confined to *δικαιοσύνη*, as exercised, not as divinely implanted: for, in this latter sense, it corresponds to *ἀγιασμός*, as vegetation to fructification.

I do not know how this will strike you. But I own I think it very interesting; as it shows that Saint Paul never loses sight, in any one place, of what he lays down in another. There are concomitant beauties, if I had room to mention them; and it is implied, that the sinner, is a mere laborer, who reaps nothing, and gets death for his wages. On the contrary, the righteous man, is a usufructuary, who gets his compensation in what he reaps; and, therefore, what he receives hereafter, is not wages, but *χαρίσμα*.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I mean to go to town next week. I have not spent a night in Dublin, since the 11th June.

—oo—

LETTER CII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 23. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON many accounts, I reproach myself for having been so long your debtor, and yet now I am unable to write more than two or three lines; not from ill health, for I have great reason to be thankful that my health has of late been much recruited; not from lowness of spirits, for here, too, I have been greatly advancing; but simply because it is late on Sunday night, and I am rather drowsy, and my messenger is to be dispatched early in the morning.

My object, in this present note, is to say, that, if it be not inconvenient to you, it would be a very great accommodation to me, if you would pay M. the bookbinder, on my account, 29*l*. 3*s*. 1*d*. I had sent him, before my late preferment, a large cargo of books to be bound; they have lately reached me, and I have reason to believe he is somewhat distressed for money, so

that I do not like to remain for any time in his debt* ; whilst, at the same time, my late very great expenditures, would make me wish for two or three months' delay. If you can advance this sum, I trust I can with perfect ease replace it in January.

Believe, my dear Sir,
ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I hope to write you a long letter, in two or three days.

—oo—

LETTER 91.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 31. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours this morning, with no little satisfaction. I had heard good accounts of you ; but then, said I to myself, if there be no exaggeration in these reports, why does he not tell the fact *to me*, who would be so glad to know it? You have now done so, and I rejoice that I am assured of what, I own, I was before afraid to give full credit to.

I am sorry not to be able to do *exactly* as you wish, my receipts this half-year being a little tardy ; but I have taken M. off your hands. I have promised to give him fifteen pounds to-morrow, and the remainder as soon as I can safely part with it. He seemed perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. I cannot give as good an account of myself, as you give of yourself. For the last five weeks, I have been more nervous, than for eight years before. My nerves, being my weakest part, are of course the scene of conflict : they have, in similar cases, been always so with me, and so long as the contention lasts, I must suffer more or less. I do not despair of being relieved, but *how* it will be I cannot tell ; and I endeavor, with some little success, not to be anxious. In truth, to be nervously unwell, I am gently affected ;

* The thoughtful consideration for others, shown in this passage, is peculiarly characteristic. It forcibly reminds the editor of a similar circumstance, at the time of the Bishop's great illness, in 1827. On the eve of his attack, he had written to a Dublin bookseller for his account, thinking the amount might be a convenience. The answer did not arrive, until the day after his seizure. And the first effort of returning speech was directed to convey his wish, that a draft should be enclosed by that day's post, in order that the worthy bookseller might not experience an hour's needless disappointment, in consequence of his illness. The words 'draw . . write', (the only ones he could articulate, as he held the account, in his remaining hand, to help out his meaning) left an indelible impression on the medical gentlemen, no less than on the other friends present. . . Ed.

and I do find, that in such a case, deeply formed habits of sober devotion are the best and sweetest resource, that mortal man could be blessed with. I find this, I say, but by no means in the degree which I could wish. I possess a little, and thank God for this invaluable *catholicism*; but I deeply feel, that I need still more and more, and I often think that my present indisposition is intended to teach me that I have wants, the filling up of which, ought to be my primary and paramount object. If I learn this lesson to any purpose, all will be well.

Have you read Q.'s pamphlet? If I conceive aright, he proceeds upon a principle, that will fall to the ground with a touch; namely, that episcopal power, is limited by the canons. In my judgment, this must be wrong; because bishops ruled the church, before any of those English canons were enacted. They, therefore, possessed a power, which the canon-makers never dreamed of abridging, but only of directing. Their authority, therefore, is not to be collected from canons alone, but from prescription also; were it otherwise, a bishop would be no more than what a German superintendent is. But I need not argue the case; the following two passages appear to settle it; that is, they prove Mr. Q. perfectly adrift as to authorities. He, (Q—) says, 'The right does not appear to be granted to your lordship, either by the statute, or the canon law; that it is not granted by, nor even claimed under the former, your lordship will readily acknowledge; and whether by the latter, the canons which relate particularly to the subject of preaching and preachers, must testify. We shall allow them to speak for themselves. The — of the English canons ecclesiastical, &c. &c. . . so he proceeds to adduce English and Irish canons, until, by their supposed implication, he thinks he has settled the point.

But, says Sir John Nicholl (in his judgment about the baptism of dissenters) 'The law of the Church of England, is to be deduced from the ancient general canon law; from the particular constitutions made in this country, to regulate the English church (meaning evidently before the Reformation); from our own canons, &c.'

Therefore Mr. Q.'s reasonings are perfectly inconclusive; because they are founded, not on the whole, but on a very limited part, of the law of the English church.

I am gratified by the prospect of a long letter from you; but, I assure you, I never wish you to give me that pleasure, at the risk of hurt to yourself.

Have you Dugald Stewart's book, on the philosophy of the mind? If you have, read the introduction, 1st and 2nd part. I think you will see in it a remarkable correspondence, to favor-

its views of yours and mine. I would say more about it, if I had room.

— preached a sermon, Sunday se'nnight, in D—, on delighting in God; about which he said to Mr. P. L., that there was more of Knox in that sermon, than in any other he had ever preached. I have deeply comfortable hopes about him.

The Archbishop has returned to Ireland much better than he left it. Miss F. begs me to assure you of her great pleasure, in hearing of your good health and happiness.

Believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Nov. 10. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You should have heard from me many days ago, had I not been considerably thrown back, by the transit from autumn to winter. It is to be hoped, however, that this has been merely a slight constitutional tax, levied, after the manner of taxgatherers, early in the season. If this, like our pecuniary imports, is to be paid in advance, it is matter of comfort, that some instalments have already been collected; but the grand consolation of all, is, that, if we prove faithful subjects, and obedient children, whatever is levied, will be applied to our own immediate advantage. In this view, I have the firmest reliance, that your present ailments are, at this moment, producing an invaluable effect, *πολυ τιμιωτερον χρευσου δια πυρος δοκιμαζομενου*. And when all is over, it is, perhaps, the most painful and mysterious part of the divine process, that will be regarded with greatest admiration, and most unmixed pleasure.

As to myself, I do not find it possible to determine, whether I may not have been intellectually and spiritually retrograde. Certainly my mind and heart do not appear to have been much exercised, since my removal; yet, as I believe I have, through life, been more formed by providential events, than by inward feelings, and as I am by no means sure that both *ψυχη* and *πνευμα* may not have been receiving almost imperceptible impressions, I am not inclined to despair. It is certain, that all my remarkable movements; to Derry; to college; to Swanlinbar; to Dublin, for a short, but memorable interval; and to

Cashel; have been attended by, and, in a good measure, productive of, great changes in my mental habits. To recapitulate these would be tedious, but they are impressed with great vividness on my mind; and I am not without frequent and flattering hopes, that this last movement of mine, may prove the means of giving me, in due time, more expansion and excursiveness of imagination; and, what is of more importance, that by calling me forth, at least, to the occasional exercise of courtesies, before out of my power, it may greatly tend to rub off corners, to smooth asperities, to make me, in a word, somewhat a different fellow-traveller, from him, with whom, in the year 1809, your patience and good nature were so often put to the test. Reading and writing have been almost wholly suspended; but it may be well, that, in these respects, the ground should for a time lie fallow. Meanwhile, the materials of future occupation have been rolling in my mind; whether at any time to be brought forth and compacted, is another question.

I thank you for your observations on Q.'s pamphlet. I have not yet seen it.

I have not Dugald Stewart; but I recollect being forcibly struck, and greatly delighted, by a quotation from him, in a note to Villers on the Reformation pp. 26. . . 33. When I sufficiently recover from the pressure of paying 1270*l.* for my house, to become a book-buyer, (should that ever be the case,) Dugald Stewart should, I think, be among my purchases.

It affords me sincere gratification to hear such a report of our amiable and excellent friend —. I trust he will even outdo his prognostics. I beg my kindest regards to Miss Fergusson: and trust that you will not fail, also, to say every thing that I wish to be said for me, to our invaluable friends at B——, and at D—— Glebe.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. By the way, do you know who was the author of a small treatise on the Covenants, published 1673, to which Baxter prefixed a prefatory address? It says capital things, in favor of moral qualifications being indispensable to justification.

LETTER CIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, Borrisoleigh, 24. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been greatly grieved and alarmed by hearing, that both Miss Fergusson and you have been very unwell : my hope is, that the report has exceeded the reality ; and, at all events, that the worst is now over ; but it would be a great consolation, if I could have even a line from yourself, by return of post, directed here ; or if you would even commission Michael to write a line. As I propose leaving this on Wednesday, a letter written so late as Tuesday, had better be directed to Cashel.

Since I last wrote to you, I had a communication from the Archbishop, through M——, on the subject of Mr. M'Cormick.

It is needless to say how deeply I am gratified, at this result of your kind interference. Mr. M'C. is ready to accede to the proposed exchange, and I had hoped to settle all matters this week, at Cashel. The present rise of income, indeed, will be very inconsiderable ; but it will be to me a most pleasant circumstance, to have my nearest connections thus brought within my reach ; and though I do not consider the Archbishop at all pledged to any further measure, I cannot but indulge the hope, that Mr. M'C.'s character and conduct, will be the means of procuring him, in due time, another step in his profession.

You will not be sorry to hear, that I have begun, in some measure, to resume my interrupted studies ; not indeed in a laborious way, but so far, that I think I understand, as I never did before, our Lord's parting prayer, St. John, xvii. I conceive it is a thorough clue to the whole of the christian system ; and that, from it, can be irrefragably deduced, not only the distinct departments of *αρετη*, and *αληθεια*, but also the whole economy which is unfolded in the Epistle to the Ephesians. I meditate writing a discourse on this wonderful chapter ; an arduous undertaking, indeed ; but which will afford an opportunity of gratifying my taste for accumulation, condensation, and arrangement. Should I even fail in the object of writing a sermon, I trust I shall be repaid, by attaining a tolerably distinct conception, as well of the most striking parallel passages, as of this chapter itself.

I should have mentioned, that I came to Cashel Wednesday ; and though disappointed of meeting the Archbishop, met a most cordial and truly gratifying reception from Miss B——. H. W.

desires his best regards, and joins with me in requesting a line from yourself or Michael, on Monday, as he is anxious to hear of Miss F. and yourself.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
Ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 92.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Nov. 26. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM happy to be able to give an answer, at once prompt and satisfactory, to your kind and acceptable letter. Miss F. is, I thank God, a great deal better: her strength is slow in returning, but her complaints are gone. She is, this day, sitting up in her chair.

My nerves have been unusually discomposed, now for some months; you may judge, therefore, that the state of things for the last two weeks did not serve my health. The day Mr. M—— saw me, I was peculiarly out of sorts, having closed my eyes for a few minutes only, for two nights, and being by no means sanguine about the third night. I slept, however; and, in spite of my nerves, am greatly comforted by Miss F.'s convalescence. I ought to say that my nerves have not been very bad. My mind does for me, through God's mercy, what it could not have done formerly; so that, on the whole, I have no cause for talking sadly. I dare say it is perfectly best, that I should be as I am; and I humbly hope, that I shall not be afflicted above my strength. I have had feelings, already, enough to show me, that some degree of suffering may be necessary to make us acquainted with our resources; and as to the future, I leave it in that gracious hand, which has ordered all things for me, from my childhood to this present moment, 'so sweetly and so well.*' I dare say you will write a most in-

* Throughout the correspondence, Mr. Knox frequently makes allusion to his own providential trials, some notice of which, may, therefore, interest the reader. From his earliest years, he had been afflicted with attacks of epilepsy, attended by depression of spirits, amounting, frequently, to mental distress of the most painful character. This visitation continued to return, at intervals, until Mr. Knox had passed his fortieth year, when (as the editor has had it from his own lips) on his taking the resolution to retire from public life, or as he expressed it, 'to give up the world', the disorder totally disappeared; nor did he experience a single recurrence of his constitutional malady, or of mental dejection, from that period, to the day of his death, July 18, 1831. But the remarkable feature of this very remarkable

teresting dissertation, on the 17th chapter of St. John ; but I doubt the possibility of a *sermon*. Perhaps you hope better respecting the people of this generation, than I do ; but I think

case, is, that Mr. Knox's venerable guide, Mr. Wesley, so early as the year 1776, foresaw and foretold the course of things, which actually took place ; as will appear from the following extracts of his letters to Mr. K., then a boy. A copy of these letters, in Mr. Knox's handwriting, and given by him, many years ago, to the Bishop of Limerick, is now in the editor's possession.

'London, Jan. 27. 1776.

'MY DEAR ALICE,

'YOUR illness will continue just so long as is necessary to repress the fire of youth, to keep you dead to the world, and to prevent your seeking happiness, where it never was, nor ever can be found. Considered in this view, it is a great blessing, and a proof of God's watchful care over you. I cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of divine Providence, with regard to you. As you have all the necessaries and conveniences of life, as you have a tender indulgent parent, as you have a natural sprightliness and flow of spirits ; you must, in all probability, have excited the admiration or affection of your relations and acquaintance, and have placed your happiness therein, had not so wonderful a counterpoise been prepared for you. A common illness, and especially a transient one, would by no means have answered the intention, or saved you either from admiring yourself, or being admired by others. Therefore, God keeps you long in his school, the very best wherein infinite wisdom could place, that you may thoroughly learn to be meek and lowly in heart, and to seek all your happiness only in God.

'Wishing every blessing to my dear Mrs. Knox, and the little ones, I remain,

'Yours affectionately,

'J. WESLEY.'

Again, in a letter dated April 1. of the same year : 'Your depression of spirit is a bodily, as well as spiritual malady. And it is permitted, to repress the fire of youth, and to wean you from the desire of earthly things, to teach you that happy lesson,

Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give ;
Tempt as ye will, my heart repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

'Edinburgh, May 28, 1776. . . I judge your disorder to be but partly natural, and partly divine ; the gift of God, perhaps by the ministry of angels, to balance the natural petulance of youth, to save you from foolish desires, and to keep you steady in the pursuit of that better part, which shall never be taken from you. Whether you have more or less sorrow, it matters not ; you want only more faith. This is the one point. . . Dare to believe ! On Christ lay hold ! See all your sins on Jesus laid, and by his stripes you are healed.'

'Bristol, March 19, 1777. . . If the returns of your disorder are more and more gentle, there is reason to hope it will be, at length, totally removed. Very probably if you live to five or six and twenty, your constitution will take a new turn. But it is certainly the design of Him that loves you to heal, both body and soul ; and possibly he delays the healing of the former, that the cure of the latter may keep pace with it. *As it is a great loss to lose an affliction*, he would not have you lose what you have suffered. I trust it will not be lost, but will be for your profit, that you may be a partaker of his holiness. It is a blessing that he has given you, . . . that fear which is the beginning of wisdom ; and it is a pledge of greater things to come. How soon ? Perhaps to-day !

'Bristol, July 29, 1777. . . No ! God hath not forgotten you. You must not say he hideth away his face, and he will never see it. Surely God hath seen it, and he cannot despise the work of his own hands. But he frequently delays giving bodily health, till he heals both body and soul together. Perhaps this is his design concerning you. But why do you not go to the salt water ? If you are short of

they have as little disposition to give attention to that which is worth being attended to, as any of their predecessors.

‘ Still govern thou my song,
Urania ! and fit audience find, *though few.*’

Fewness and fitness are as near neighbors still, I fear, as they were in the days of Milton.

A propos, of fewness and fitness being near neighbors, I am led to doubt the meaning given by Hierocles, to a passage in the golden verses.

*Μηδ' εχθαιρε φιλον σου, ἀμαρταδος εινεκα μικρης
Ορρα δυνη· δυναμης γαρ αναγκης εγγυθι ναισι.*

Hierocles explains this, as if it meant to say, that necessity elicited power ; whereas I conceive what is said, is, that he, who now has power, may very speedily become the victim of necessity. He who can threaten to-day, may be the object of derision to-morrow. It is thus I would understand *δυναμης γαρ αναγκης εγγυθι ναισι*. In this sense, it is a good argument for not being harsh to a friend, since, next turn, you may need his friendship.

Last night, I met an account of faith, in St. Bernard, which I thought worth copying into my scrap-book.

‘ Justus ex fide vivit’ et ‘ Hæc est victoria quæ vincit mundum, fides nostra. Hæc est, quæ velut quoddam æternitatis exemplar præterita, simul et præsentia ac futura, sinu quodam vastissimo comprehendit ; et nihil ei prætereat, nihil pereat, præeat nihil.’ Is not this like Johnson’s fine passage ?

Townson has reached Dublin. There are three new sermons in the second volume, which are of such a kind, as to make every one who can appreciate those matters, anxious to have as many

money, let me have the pleasure of assisting you a little. Meantime I give you a word for your consideration. ‘ Why art thou so heavy oh my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me ? Oh put thy trust in God, for I shall yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance and my God.’ Peace be with all your spirits !

‘ I am yours affectionately,
‘ JOHN WESLEY.’

However to be accounted for, the fact is certain, that Mr. Knox’s health of body, and peace of mind, were restored in the one hour, after a last severe illness, which revived all his best early impressions, when in England, about the close of the last century. As he expressed himself to the editor, . . ‘ It is now thirteen years since I gave up the world, for conscience sake ; and from that hour to the present, I have never had a return of my illness, either of body or mind, but have enjoyed uninterrupted peace.’ And so it was to the end. It was the editor’s happiness to know, from a common friend, who witnessed the departure of this eminent servant of God, that all was peace at the last.

of his finished sermons, as *Churton* possesses. Probably they are given, to excite such a requisition. You will see them at Cashel, as the Archbishop has got the two volumes.

I do not know where I have seen the notion of the sacrament of the Lord's supper I have been dwelling upon, more simply and more strongly represented than by Townson, in one of the little critical discourses in his life. No, I find Mr. C. extracts it from a sermon. I am wrong *now* through inadvertence, and *was* right. He is speaking of St. Paul's assertion of the receivers becoming one body, and he says, 'Christ only could originally constitute such a body, and his power and energy must be perpetually necessary, to animate and compact it (Ephes. iv. 16.): without him, the Head, no social act of any number of christians can avail any thing to that purpose. But, by verse 17., the joint participation of the sacramental bread, does avail to that purpose. It must be, therefore, because he is present in the celebration of the ordinance, and hath appointed it as a means, by which he imparts, and the faithful receive, of that sanctifying spirit, which unites the members to the head and to each other, and compacts the whole into one body. This imparting and receiving must, then, be implied, in the communion of v. 16.; for nothing short of this is adequate to the effect, which, by verse 17., is annexed to the joint partaking of this one bread and wine.'

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 93.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 23. 1811. Dawson St.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LONG or short, a letter you must have by this night's mail. I would fain have answered your last, on the day of its receipt; but I was prevented by various circumstances. Among the rest, by a mind occupied with law. I was called suddenly, on business of that disagreeable description, from B., on Friday the 11th; and am now only beginning to be at rest, from the apprehensions of legal difficulties and dangers, which that summons excited. I have had, within these two days, a letter from the solicitor on the opposite side, which speaks an amicable language; so that I now entertain good hope of not having to pass through the ordeal of settling an account, which began twenty-eight years ago, and closed (as to guardianship) between seven-

teen and eighteen years ago, . . before a master in chancery, every thing that I have heard of the animal so denominated, being to me a source of terror.

I hear with pleasure your account of your health, and I hope that at length nothing will remain, outward or inward, to cause you real pain. I thank God, I grow better, and am, on the whole, in point of health, in a sufficiently encouraging state. I have passed through much uneasiness, during the last four or five months. Miss F.'s dangerous illness, such at least it threatened to be, pressed hard upon me. Never before did I feel so much, from an extrinsic cause ; but God was good to me in that most important instance, and indeed has been so in every other, so that I feel as if I were better satisfied with my securities for peace and comfort, than I ever was before.

I will not attempt to write a long letter, for at this moment I am engaged in one of my voluminous ones to Mr. Parken, the editor of the Eclectic. The subject is Fénelon, whose new life he wished me to review. As he sent me a present of the book (2 vols. 8vo.) I felt myself bound to make some return ; and being resolved against it, in his way, all that remained was, to show gratitude in a way of my own. My object is, to detect the faults in Fénelon's system of devotion, by showing the oppositeness of its leading features, to *that* nature, which God has formed us with ; that word, which he has provided to be our guide ; and that providence, by which he 'ordereth, all things, both in heaven and in earth.' Mysticism, or quietism (in a word) would have the mere mind itself, without any of its instrumental powers, not exercised upon (for how could that be, without memory, reflection, conception, &c.) but absorbed in God ; and to make this absorption simple, as well as effectual, the instrumental powers are not merely *left* out, but they are *shut* out. They may still serve purposes in this life, but they have no place in perfect religion. This consists in one simple act, or habit, which becomes the more genuine and pure, the less we think about it. In fact, to think about it, is to adulterate it ; for we cannot think about it, without employing, more or less, the instrumental powers of our mind, which are discarded by the leading principles of the system.

Christianity, on the contrary, takes mankind as it is, and, in its purview, leaves out nothing ; affording an antidote, for every moral poison ; a medicine, for every moral disease ; and providing, at the same time, unfailing aid, attraction, and occupation, for every faculty, and every taste of the soul. 'The occasion', says William Law, 'of persons of great piety and devotion having fallen into great delusion, was, that they made a saint of the natural man ; my meaning', adds he, 'is, they con-

sidered their whole nature, as the subject of religion, and divine graces.' But how signally does St. Paul do this very thing, in that luminous prayer for the Thessalonians, v. 23. This single verse overthrows mysticism; I mean, in that transcendental notion of it, which Fénelon, and Law, and all the German mystics, have inculcated.

The new edition of Townson has in it three heretofore unpublished sermons; and it is stated by the editor, (Churton) that he has a great number of the same kind.* If so, I conceive that they will be a treasure such as rarely comes abroad. One of the sermons is on the Rechabites; a perfect model, in my mind, for that species of sermon. The whole is in the best manner, but the concluding part admirable. It is an exquisite specimen of church-of-England preaching; such, I deliberately say, as has hardly yet been equalled. 'It is', said Mrs. P. L., 'what none but a churchman could have written.'

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—
LETTER 94.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 13. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will be ready to think I am forgetting you, but nothing could be farther from reality. The truth is, I *have been* occupied, and I *am* very lazy. Once, I liked writing better than reading; now, I like reading better than writing. The cause of the change is, I conceive, twofold, improvement in one respect, and declension in another. I am, I thank God, much more tranquil in mental habits and feelings, than I was formerly, and therefore do not need the same stimulus, to excite my attention; and I have commencing infirmity of body, which makes exertion of whatever kind less agreeable. I humbly hope, the first of these causes will increase more and more; and that I shall have resolution not to yield, unnecessarily, to the latter. If inclination could trace its movements on paper, without corporal instrumentality, you should have heard from me long since. I think of you continually; right glad was I, therefore, to receive a good account of you, a short time since, from —, and to be farther assured of your good health, by your brother, who was at

* A selection from these sermons was afterwards privately printed, and eventually published, by Bishop Jebb. . . Ed.

D—— church, on Sunday morning last. To have these reports confirmed by yourself, will be still more comfortable ; for, after all, no one knows exactly how a person is, in all respects, except himself.

I did not come to this place, until the 28th of last month. I stayed a week in town beyond what I could have made convenient, in order to pay a visit to the new president of Maynooth, Dr. Everard ; whom I could not have seen to his own satisfaction, during the preceding week, as he could have given me nothing to eat, it being rogation week. I waited, therefore, for a convenient day ; viz. Monday, 27th, and I was fully compensated. So much cordially pious talk, I never heard from a R. C. priest before. I hope and believe he is a good man. He seemed to love the subject, and to have that understanding of it, which feeling alone can give. Along with this, he is perfectly a gentleman, clearly loves literature, is zealously loyal, and as liberal as is consistent with the substance of his belief. His expressions, on this last point, were peculiarly satisfactory. In short, what he said, came up to every thing I could look for. Had he said more, he would have proved himself, what neither you nor I wish such persons to be, a latitudinarian. He received my visit with cordiality, and expressed the warmest approbation of my pamphlet. He said he had read it with heartfelt pleasure, as the sentiments ascribed to R. C.'s in it, had ever been his own : and that nothing was nearer his heart, than that they should be so felt, on the one side, and so credited, on the other, as to promote and cherish that christian sympathy, which, in God's good time, might bring about an outward as well as inward union. On the whole, I never heard, nor could expect to hear, any R. C. speak more the language, and breathe more the spirit, of unfeigned christian charity. His sentiments, respecting the official duties, were remarkably what they ought to be. He is careful to diffuse a classical taste, from the conviction, that Irish Roman Catholic priests can be kept moral, only by being made intellectual.

He is anxious, also, if government afford him the means, to give them knowledge of botany, and agricultural science, in order to fit them, not only for living independently of low gratifications, but for diffusing useful information. That every such means is necessary to introduce decency amongst them, is but too evident ; when, therefore, there is a disposition to set those means in operation, it will be infatuation not to second the endeavor.

When I came here, I brought with me a Roman Catholic gentleman, son to a Count M'C——, of Toulouse, with whose situation, before the revolution, Mr. and Mrs. L. were so well ac-

quainted, as to make my young friend an interesting visitant. He came with the intention of spending two, or at most three days, but staid till last Monday; that was, within one day of a fortnight. He was detained by pure liking, every thing exceeding his expectation. He, also, was very much liked, so that my entire expectation was more than fulfilled. I wished to try an experiment, for proof, or disproof, of my theory of possible christian harmony. J. M'C—— was the very subject for my purpose: for, with a good education, and a most acutely discerning mind, he is devoted to his religion, even in its minute observances. Still, he recognized the religion of this house, as of an uncommonly right sort, for one without the pale. Such conversation he had met no where, since he left France, except at Doctor Moylan's in Cork.* Whether this opinion will remain firm when I meet him again, or whether reflection will suggest doubts, I know not. If this should not be the case, but that he shall still feel the same kindly respect, I must deem my doctrine confirmed.

I began this letter, as you have seen, on the 13th; and I am now attempting to complete it on the 19th. The explanation is, I have been sick in the mean time.

When M'C—— heard —— one day talk loosely about episcopacy, he drew me suddenly aside, and said, 'When I hear these things, how I rejoice in my settledness.' I told him I thought he had good reason to rejoice he was not unsettled, but that, whatever he might think, I was as settled as he was. This, at first, appeared odd to him, but he began to see there was something meant; for he said, 'You surely, being what you are, have much more merit than me; for that temperance and submissiveness which our minds contract, through irresistible training, you have sought and acquired, through free choice.' He tells me, he owes all the sense of religion he now has, to a brother; and, by way of highly commending what I say to him, he sometimes says with warmth, 'Oh, how like my brother you talk to me! Since I parted from him, I have only met another (a French abbé in England) and yourself, that have brought him before me. Even in matters of religion, I could trust you as I could a priest.' And yet, he has said, 'Still I wish you were what *I am*; for if, in your present circumstances, you are what you are, what would you not be then?' On such occasions, I take pains to assure him, that as far as man can be immutable, I am; and that nothing can be more settled, than the grounds and reasons of my being what I am.

You will observe, with all this, I do not set down this interesting

* The late titular bishop. . . Ed.

young man, as possessed of efficient piety. He does not consider himself in this view, and I almost fear, there are some national hindrances to it, contracted through prejudice against jansenism. His ideas approach a little, towards our anti-fanaticism. But the habits of the Roman Catholic mind, and the resources of the Roman Catholic religion, make it easier to meet and combat such notions, than it would be amongst us. The respect for the Fathers, in particular, gives the person, who defends vital piety, an unspeakable advantage. If the Roman Catholic religion had answered no other purpose, than to keep up this respect, there would be indemnification for all its crudities. But I doubt much, if there is not a distinct mental acquirement aimed at, and provided for, in every one of those seeming deformities. This, I have seen for myself, in some instances, and you have taught me to discover it, in others; and until there is a disposition, and a capacity, on our part, to receive these blessings mentally, they must remain in their corporeal enshrinement, ill-favored as it may be. How we shall be amazed, when fully admitted into the Laboratory of Eternal Providence! What use shall we see, in things deemed useless! What benefit, in things deemed most pernicious! I suspect, not a little pains has been used, to prevent differences being prematurely made up. I imagine this has been peculiarly the case, in the instance of ourselves, and the R. C. church. Deep measures have been taken, for making our reunion practicable, in the fulness of time; but little less deep measures have, also, been taken, for keeping it off, until that time should be 'fully come.' Such a measure I take to be, the decree of the council of Lateran, in the year (I think) 1215, under Innocent the III.) Until then, the actual tenet of transubstantiation had not been enjoined; and the believer in the real presence, was equally catholic, whether he did, or did not, suppose a change, in the substance of the elements. Accordingly, our church is undeniably catholic, according to the catholicity which preceded that period; but what was then, for the first time, pronounced, we resist, and must resist. I am ready to think this will prove, our last remaining barrier to coalescence. Had Archbishop Wake known as much, as I happen by this time to know, of the differences between us, and the church of Rome, he would not have written a second letter on the subject. He would have seen, at once, that the project was as unfeasible, *rebus sic stantibus*, as a camel going through the eye of a needle. Our Savior's resource, in the case he had in view, can alone make hope rational, in the other. And in order, as it were, to strengthen such hope, the language is remarkably varied, in the different evangelists. In one, it says all things are possible, but in another, more strongly as well as

more definitively, 'nothing shall be impossible.' In which words, there is a fine intimation, that many things, at first view, and in earlier stages of the process, deemed utterly impracticable, shall, notwithstanding, in due season, have their perfect accomplishment. The difficulty, in such a case as that just referred to, will arise from the distinction maintained by the church of Rome, between matters of discipline, and matters of faith. Even general councils are held fallible, respecting the former; so that no embarrassment can arise, in altering mere matters of practice, should motives occur for such alteration. But a point of belief, once established, is less manageable; for, in this instance, infallibility is contended for. Now, the decision of the council of Lateran, is held to concern a point of faith; so that ever since that determination, it is *ex fide*, that the substance of bread and wine, is, by the power of Christ, changed into the substance of his body and blood; the species or *appearances* of bread and wine still remaining.

That the Roman Catholic doctors, whatever they may imagine, are hampered with this strange dogma, and that they are forced to relieve themselves, by virtually denying in one sense, what they maintain in words, seems obvious, from all their attempts at explanation. For example, when, immediately after the foregoing proposition, it is added, 'But Christ is not present in this Sacrament, according to his natural way of existence, that is, with extension of parts, &c., but in a supernatural manner, one and the same in so many places; his presence, therefore, is real and substantial, but sacramental; not exposed to the external senses, or obnoxious to corporal contingencies.' On the ground of this explanation, I would merely ask, What is that substance of the bread, which goes away (no matter how) in such a change? and what necessity can there be, in the nature of things, for any thing material being removed, in order to the accomplishment of an alteration so defined. No particle of glass need be displaced or decomposed, in order to the passing of light: Why? because the subtle nature of light, finds no obstacle, in the mere circumstance of density, nor evidently in any other property which pure glass possesses; consequently, not in any thing we can call its substance. How insupportable then is the position, that a natural substance must pass away, in order to an acknowledged supernatural effect being produced, on it, or through it; or that, that which is local must go off, to make way for that which has no relation to place; having no extension of parts, which constitutes all we can conceive of such relation.

That divine wisdom has some method in store, of striking off this mental fetter, I rest confident; but, while it exists, it

is necessary for us to have it in view, that we may not be conceived, either by Roman Catholics or Protestants, to overlook the real difficulties of the case. I have been led to mention this to you, because it is only lately, that the entire subject has so far opened upon me. I own I did not see the whole amount of the difference, having rather fixed upon the usual interpretations, than the *words* interpreted. Interpretation may satisfy those, who are already bound to words; but they never can make exceptionable words unexceptionable, to those who are out of the difficulty.

I am not sure, however, that the tie to the words is as firm, as it appears to me to be, from merely reasoning on the point. There may be salvos I know nothing of. At all events, good sense would find a salvo easily; as I am sure it could be shown, that *their* distinction between discipline and faith, is, in many instances at least, a distinction without a difference. Inasmuch as every regulation in discipline, implies a point of belief, on which that regulation is founded. But if the regulation is erroneous, the belief on which it rested must be erroneous also. This belief might have been speculatively asserted, as well as practically acted upon. But if the practice be erroneous, the assertion would have been erroneous. Why then are we to suppose, that assertions equally speculative, that is, equally unimportant, may not be equally erroneous, though they happen to be of a kind terminating in mere belief? What reason can there be, for supposing fallibility in the one case, and infallibility in the other?

I hope I have not tired, as well as double-taxed you: but I felt an inclination to talk to you about any thing, at any expense, in order to give you some kind of evidence, that it was not from want of inclination to talk to you, that I have been so long silent. Adieu.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, July 10. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER so long an interval, it rejoiced me again to see your handwriting, on the back of a letter; and the contents, assuredly, did not disappoint me. I had no other feelings, at the

suspension of our correspondence, than simply those of regret and self-reproach. For I, too, have been more than commonly lazy ; but it never entered into my thoughts that you were forgetful of me.

My health has certainly been gaining ground. In other respects, I know not what to say. Intellectually, I have done next to nothing ; and, in higher concerns, I cannot judge whether I have been at all progressive. Sometimes I have serious apprehensions of declension : but, on the whole, I trust that, in knowledge of myself, and perhaps in humility, which, in its true sense, is surely of the utmost importance, I may have been making some slow advances. It may be the plan of divine goodness, to discipline me in my retirement, by showing that I must again retrace many of my steps, before I can hope to gain the eminence, which I may once have fondly imagined I was closer to, than fact by any means warranted. Observe, my faith in christian possibilities, is not at all abated. I only wish the work to be done solidly, in order to which I am persuaded, it should be our aim,

‘ By due steps to aspire.’

All that you say on the Roman Catholic business, and especially on their doctrine of transubstantiation, appears to me of great importance. The more I think on these matters, the more I am disposed to believe, that there are insuperable difficulties, in the way of accommodation with the church of Rome. The Gordian knot, I conceive, cannot be untwisted. It must be cut. And who can tell, whether the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation, may not have been permitted to become an article of faith, for the very purpose, amongst other objects, of obliging the Church of Rome, when common sense re-asserts her rights, to give up the tenet of infallibility ? This point once conceded, it would not be an accommodation between the church of Rome, and us, but an universal reformation of the church itself, which would naturally and necessarily follow. And, though I willingly admit, that the doctrine of infallibility, in the dark ages, was happily instrumental in preserving the catholic verities ; I do believe, that, in more advanced times, some far better safeguard may be substituted ; the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, for instance, properly explained and limited. Were I at home, I would offer some observations, on the precise words of the Lateran council ; and on what I take to be, some very curious passages, given by the centuriators, from Alexander of Hales, and Thomas Aquinas ; but at these we can both look, when we meet, which I trust will be next week. The Archbi-

shop told me he expected you on the 9th, and I hope to be at Cashel on the 8th, being now on my way. I am driven out of my house by painters; but I hope they will have done in three weeks: and, when the smell of the paint is tolerably subdued, I hope you will not refuse to visit my parsonage. The Archbishop gave me hopes of tempting you to come over with him to Abington; and he promises to insure you against Caravats, Shanavests*, and all such marauders. But of this we will talk more fully when we meet. Do not forget to bring with you the Archbishop's new Review: I have forgotten the title, but he wishes to have it.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JERR.



LETTER CVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 23. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN just now write but a very few lines, having yesterday evening taken a slice off my right thumb, whilst pruning a rose tree.

I now have to intreat that you will hold yourself a completely free agent; come to me, or do not come, just as circumstances will permit. I have not the remotest doubt, that your inclination, could inclination determine the point, would lead you here; do not, however, think of incurring the slightest embarrassment. For, though few circumstances on this earth could afford me such pleasure, as seeing you under my roof, I truly should deeply regret seeing you, at any possible expense either of your health or comfort.

I beg you will have the goodness to present my kindest and most respectful compliments to the Archbishop and the ladies. I had hoped to have written to his Grace; but my crippled hand prevents me. Never did I enjoy a visit to that excellent family, so much as the last one.

My house is finished, and finished well.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JERR.

* Names assumed by fighting factions, into which the peasantry in the south of Ireland were at the time subdivided. . . Ed.

LETTER 95.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Cashel, Aug. 12. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to take up my pen to tell you, what I know will disappoint you, and yet circumstances compel me to alter the determination which I so lately had formed. In short, I find it morally impossible to see you, as I had intended.

I am peremptorily summoned to B——, to attend Sir Thomas Acland's painter, who has been some time there, and now presses for me. If living, therefore, I must be there early in the next week, at farthest. On the other hand, the Archbishop wishes me much to be with him, until the last day; as he does not know what occasion he may have for my advice, when he receives his patent as coadjutor.* I believe you will see at once, that this two-fold exigence is mandatory, as to my movements. It amounts clearly to this; I must stay here, on one pressing account, to the last possible moment; I must go directly from hence to B——, (except spending one necessary day in Dublin,) the first moment I can; so that I doubt not you will forgive me, for now omitting, what I trust I shall be able to do next year, under, perhaps, pleasanter circumstances.

When I wrote to you, I had stronger expectation of the Archbishop's being able to go, than I ventured to express. Had that hope been fulfilled, the thing would have been easy; as the time which I must stay with him, might have been employed in a visit to you. But this, the Archbishop was obliged reluctantly to relinquish. The state of his cavalry (one of which died since our return from Glanworth, and another was left lame with a farrier at Fermoy) has made it impossible.

On other accounts, all this may be as well as it is. I am not well. Providence may yet check my complaint; extreme quietness, and strict care, may prolong ease; but, assuredly, I am in no promising way; a decline seems clearly to lie before me. How slow, or how rapid, I cannot anticipate. Next year, I may still be able to come here; but I may not. I hope and trust, he in whose hands I am, will do every thing for me in mercy; and that he will give me strength and consolation, in proportion to my exigence.

I could say much more, but the hour forbids. This must go

* In the arch-diocese of Dublin. . . Ed.

to the office early in the day ; I therefore wish to close at this ante-jentacular hour, lest, if I did not, it might be liable to delay.
Adieu.

Believe me ever, most cordially
and faithfully yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe. Oct. 7. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is long, indeed, since I should have written to you. My silence, however, was the pure growth of hindrances, inseparable, at least by persons of my temperament, from movement and bustle ; and I seize the first perfectly quiet morning, to do, what should otherwise have been done long before. The day before yesterday, I returned home from Cashel, whither I accompanied my brother and Mrs. Jebb, on their way to Dublin ; a right pleasant finale, to a pretty extensive, and very prosperous tour through the south. It is needless to say, that, from the good Archbishop and his kind daughters, we met a cordial and genuine reception.

I look back to my brother's visit, and to our tour in general, with satisfaction : we had delightful weather ; and we saw much that was well worth seeing.

* * * * *

A head-ache prevents me from making further way in this letter. Yet, unsatisfactory as I know it is, both in size and subject, I prefer hazarding it, to any further delay ; being very desirous to show you, that you live in my thoughts, and not less desirous, to bespeak a letter from you.

Farewell, my dear Friend, ever most truly
and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 96.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 11. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT delay one day to tell you, that your letter this morning was a comfort to me. I have been wishing to hear from you, and again and again thought of writing to you ; but I wanted some stimulus to engage me in the act. And it has so happened, that I have had several little matters to divert me from it. You were, however, every now and then occurring to my mind. And the thought of you was ever attended, with solicitude to know how you were going on ; and with earnest desire to learn, that you were enjoying, at least a competent degree of comfort, in mind, body, and estate.*

I am glad that your tour was so delightful to you. The opportunity of transfusing friendship into relationship, forms a most interesting point in human life. And to feel that the effect is produced, affords a genuine gratification. I can have no such gratification, yet I understand yours : and at the same time, I most deliberately say, I do not feel regret at my own lot. I verily believe, that I could not have enjoyed steady tranquillity, had I not been deprived of my near connections. My insulated situation has freed me from pains, which I neither could have escaped, nor well endured ; and it has left me at liberty to enjoy, without interruption, the invaluable connections, with which nothing but Providence itself could have enriched me.

Exactly as I stated to you, I was urgently demanded by the painter,† just when it was in my power to be with him. I sat the very next day, and on the whole, he has made a picture,‡ which I am not sorry should be in existence. The likenesses are allowed to be good, the grouping very happy, and the tout ensemble, as interesting and impressive as any thing of the kind could be. Sir Thomas Acland would have me in my invalid dress ; my green velvet nightcap had taken hold of his heart. I lean on a sofa ; have just been speaking : Mr. and Mrs. L—— are sitting, one on each hand, deeply, but most tranquilly, and indeed cheerfully, thinking of what they had heard. Mr. D—— leans in an attentive attitude, over the back of a chair.

* 'In the prayers of the church, our personal concerns are judiciously reduced, to the threefold distinction of *mind, body, and estate*.' Edward Gibbon, *Mem. of Life*, vol. i. p. 78. ed. quarto.

† J. Singleton, Esq. of London. . . Ed.

‡ In the possession of Sir T. D. Acland, Bart. . . Ed.

Miss B—— stands beside her aunt ; and P——, the gardener, waits behind. It is the moment in which discourse has paused, but excited attention is not yet relaxed. I hold a book in my hand ; and after considering what that book should be, I resolved on Butler's Analogy, for the purpose of indicating that the conversation was religious ; and yet, not of the kind which so generally prevails, and so generally displeases all but the initiated. There is more, in Butler, of our *magnus sæclorum ordo*, than in any received author I could have named.

I thank God, this last summer has been to me as pleasant a one as ever I spent. My visit to the south was perfect, as far as it went. I only felt as a drawback, that I could not go on to you. The little tour I made there was delightful, because I had with me such friends as the Archbishop and Miss B. Afterward, I was more than usually happy. Somehow or other B—— was more à mon goût, than I had found it for some years.

I believe the fine weather exhilarated Mrs. ——, as it certainly did me ; and it made her, if it was it, animated in the best possible way. I listened to her when she spoke, with inexpressible comfort ; for she spoke, not only from that which she ever manifests, a strong mind, but from a winged spirit, and an elevated heart. She had long promised me an excursion, in the parts of the county of Wicklow which I had never visited. She took advantage of the fine weather, in the beginning of last month, to fulfil her engagement ; and a pretty full company, Mr. and Mrs. L. &c. &c. performed a circuit of 60 miles. As you say, we had delightful weather ; and the country through which we passed, could hardly be paralleled. We were three nights from B——, and arrived there for breakfast the fourth morning, so pleased with our expedition, that J. D., on whom we called as we passed, said we looked in as high spirits, as if we were returning from Donnybrook Fair.

You will write to me, and tell me, when you can, more fully about yourself ; and what you are doing ; and what you mean to do after Christmas ; that is, whether you intend coming to town. Possibly I may employ part of the summer in visiting you. If I can bring this about, you will remember I bring Miss F. with me.

I have had remarkable health this summer, but am now getting a little wrong.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER CVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, St. Luke's day, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR very kind, and very pleasant letter, was to me, also, a comfort ; and, more than all the rest, the last two or three lines. I shall rejoice to see you here next summer ; and I trust nothing may prevent you from putting your purpose in execution.

I should feel your visit to be very incomplete without Miss F. Intrinsically, and on her own account, valuing her as I do, she would be a great acquisition ; but further, I look for the domestication, which her presence would give to the party ; and to the continuance, which I trust it would imply. Really, I do think that we might pass, at least, some weeks, both pleasantly and profitably together. To me, in the highest sense of the word and thing, it would be an incalculable benefit. Of late, while we have met, there have been many interruptions and drawbacks, which would not, and could not occur in this solitude : and, free from such interruptions, we might talk to greater advantage, than perhaps at any former time, in the midst, too, of a not uncongenial collection of books. Who can tell, whether something might not grow out of such a rustication. Recollect the time we passed together in Dawson Street, after having been together at D——'s. It was summer, and your visitors were absent from town ; and, in the course of a fortnight, we did more conjointly, than at any time before or since. I hope and trust, that, in some important respects, I should not be worse qualified next summer to be your coadjutor. And, if you and Miss F. can bear some weeks' retirement, no endeavor shall be wanting, on my part, to make you comfortable.

I cannot resist, though there be some egotism in it, the temptation to transcribe a passage or two, from a letter lately received from my brother. He says, ' We arrived on Monday ; and thus finished, most prosperously, one of the most agreeable, indeed, I think I may say, the most gratifying excursion, I ever made. It did, indeed, give me sincere pleasure, to pass so many days under your roof, and to witness the estimation in which you are held ; to which I must attribute the hospitality we experienced, in your truly hospitable country. The last visit we made, was not the least gratifying, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing and knowing your excellent Archbishop, more intimately than I could otherwise do ; and certainly he is a cha-

racter that it is a happiness so to know. I cannot form to myself an idea of a more perfect model of what a bishop should be, in the 19th century; the divine and the gentleman, so happily blended: so much good-nature, good sense, mildness, and urbanity, are, indeed, seldom met with. You are really most happy in your connection with him. Louisa's heart is won, as well as mine; and the Miss B——'s had their share in the conquest. Is not this very pleasant? It is all that I could wish, and it is more almost than I expected. Assuredly there is ample ground for every syllable of this panegyric, but I rejoice that my brother so justly appreciates the good Archbishop.

My bodily health has, during the 14 months which I have passed here, manifestly improved: my mental and pneumatic part, has been in a state, of which I am far more dubious. Nothing has been done in the way of writing; and whether my interior state has been progressive or retrograde, I truly cannot judge. On the whole, I am hopeful. I may deceive myself, but I think I feel an incipient spring of mind. For the last week, I have been anxious to write; if I might venture, at an awful distance, to employ words of such import, I would say *εξηρνευματο ή καρδια μου λογον αγαθον*. But then a multitude of subjects have floated before me, without my having the power to fix on any. Such a tumult, however, has on former occasions preceded some not altogether unuseful effort; my mind, indeed, was nearly determined on a subject, as I walked to-day from church (for I keep all holidays). Whether I may be enabled to proceed, I cannot venture to predict.

If I do, I should like to preach two or three sermons in Dublin, after Christmas; but whether I have sermons or not, I think of paying a visit to my brother, if he can receive me, soon after Christmas.

Do, my dear friend, let me soon hear from you. You are not, perhaps, aware, how I prize your letters; neither, perhaps, are you aware, of the good which your letters always do me. Be assured you spend many hours every week, to much less purpose, than an hour or two devoted to

Yours most entirely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 97.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 16. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LITTLE or much, I must now say something to you, lest you should think me one of the strangest men living. J. D. goes to town this day, and I must catch the opportunity, as safe ones to Dublin are not of daily occurrence; and what is worse (and indeed a material bar in the way of my letter-writing), the occurrence of a messenger is generally heard of, when he is so near going off, that any thing deserving to be called a letter can seldom be written. This altogether looks like an excuse, but I practically feel the effect of it; and the consequence is, that when I am here, I become a peculiarly irregular correspondent. Other causes contribute to this default; such as long sitting after breakfast, and generally whole afternoons and evenings, in the parlor and drawing-room. But most truly the result is, that I cannot command myself in the instance referred to. I have two or three rather pressing calls to write; and in spite of wishes, it will be some little time before my letters shall be dispatched.

So much of palliation, for not sooner replying to the letter which I lately received. It came to hand the day of my leaving Dublin, on which day I was in a perfect pother whether I was to go or not, in consequence of disappointment in a chaise. And as Mr. D. was engaged to go, I was more solicitous than usual; since then, all the petty obstacles mentioned above have been in operation, and besides these, one great obstacle has been, both during that time and before, keeping me from a duty, which I can truly say my heart is never backward to perform.

The obstacle was this, that for some weeks previously to my coming here, (and indeed since) my mind has been engaged in one of those trains of thought, which I am compelled either to proceed with, or disturb fatally. I am sure you can well form an idea of this state of mind; I do assure you I am often thankful, that I can just so far drop my thread, as to sleep comfortably; for were the engagement a little more tight, this might be counteracted; and then, in self-defence, I must have abandoned such mental exercises. You may always be assured, that, when I appear shamefully negligent to you, what I now state is the cause. Willingly neglect you, I could not. But, be the inducement what it may, it is difficult, to me at least, in

a very high degree, to stop, and proceed again. I have been interrupted in this very occupation; and the consequence is, that I lay aside between ten and eleven sheets, being convinced, on reviewing them, that they have suffered such loss, as to make them improper to be sent where I intended. One result is, that *I have them*, and that I hope you will see them; but I must, as speedily as possible, sit down and frame a letter out of them, similar to that which I purposed.

You may ask, 'Is it then to write a letter, that you would neglect and vex me?' I answer, no ordinary letter, or letters to any beings on earth, should induce me to incur that charge. But I mean letters, which, considering the state of things religious and political in England, and also considering other circumstances of peculiar cast, not now to be explained through want of time, are upon me singularly magnetical. For example, the editor of the *Eclectic Review*, (Mr. Parken, now a barrister) perseveres in writing to me, notwithstanding my definitive refusal to write for that review. He is really an uncommon young man. The questions he puts to me, will probably lead to a more digested, as well as more systematized statement of all my views, than I have ever yet had occasion, or been able to give. And though I do not, indeed cannot, keep copies, it may happen, that what I write may justify me in getting them transcribed, by some one in that occupation in London. This, at this moment, is the case with two letters. One on justification, the other on mysticism; both which may serve as good records of thoughts. These are what I wish to have, and I find no way of obtaining them, like that afforded by an actual call to explain. Mr. P. seems disposed largely to give me this; and it is impressed on me by concurrent circumstances, not to omit availing myself of this. I am far from hopeless that I shall gain him, to the substance, at least, of our way of thinking. And his letters prove him a prize worth striving for. At all events, his acute, intelligent remarks on what I say, are to me of very great value; and of great present aid to the working of my mind.

I could tell you much of my feelings on the point now brought before you, to which I verily believe you would not be insensible, and could not deem absolutely extravagant. The truth is, my thoughts interest me at this day, if possible, more than ever; and to have them recorded in some shape, which might be communicated to the world, at least when I am gone, is an object to which this, along with many other considerations, urges me, to wit, that life and strength are quickly passing away. My next birth-day, March 17, will complete my fifty-fourth year. If then I am to do any thing, it must be done in this passing decad

of my years, or it will never be done. And if I ought to do any thing, continued negligence might disturb a death-bed. My present life I do wish to make some use of, *Νὺξ γὰρ σφισται*. And all circumstances concur to press on me these two conclusions, . . . that writing is my work, . . . and yet not volunteer writing, immediately for the press. It is very odd, but in almost every instance when I attempt this, I get into a Serbonian bog. On the contrary, I write letters with comfort. It has been my way to follow such guidances; and nothing yet makes me repent it.

I must stop. I assure you I look forward for myself and Miss F. to summer.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 20. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have freed me from no small mental uneasiness. No doubt remains as to the continuance of your kindly feeling. And so far as you have failed to give entire satisfaction, the fault may perhaps lie at the door of my own unreasonable wishes. That you can and do write letters with comfort, I am truly glad, and doubtless the world will one day have reason to rejoice. It is, however, no easy matter to forget, indeed I must ever gratefully remember, that, in former times, a portion of your valuable thoughts flowed freely forth to me. Nor can I avoid deeply regretting, that ever since my settlement at this place, I have not even shared the crumbs, which fall from your table. This, indeed, may be no more than the inevitable result, partly of extrinsic causes, partly of your mental constitution. If so, to reason on the point were idle; to acquiesce with submission is all that remains. But, prizing your correspondence as I do, I cannot help making a last struggle to retain, or rather to recover, so great a privilege and blessing.

It would truly pain me, that, on my account, you should ever interrupt or disturb a train of thought, or snap a single thread of your discussion. But I would submit to you, how far your purpose might be answered, by sometimes thinking of me, when a train of thought first begins to evolve itself. It may, indeed,

be possible, that your mind cannot work pleasantly, without such 'calls' or 'stimulations', as I am incompetent to furnish ; and, in this case, not a syllable more should be said. On the supposition, however, that matters are not quite so hopeless, I shall enlarge, myself, on a subject so very near my heart.

Any thoughts recorded in a letter to me, would be ever at your call, and within your reach ; and in me you would always have an amanuensis ; besides, though my remarks may hitherto have been too exclusively technical and verbal, I am conscious of some capacity for commenting on the substance ; and, on the opposite leaves of my transcripts, I would gladly offer such thoughts in the way of inquiry, of objection, of elucidation, or of confirmation, as, in your hands, might possibly turn to some account. I know, and I most cordially admit, that, in the present state of the world, it is of signal importance to make lodgments with individuals, especially in England, whose talents and connections give them an influence over the public mind ; or, at least, over considerable bodies, religious and political, and such manner of person Mr. Parken very possibly may be. Yet, even in such cases, it may be worth while to remember, how many luminous packets, have (at least apparently) failed to produce any real or permanent effect. It may be also worthy of a little thought, how far it is right, altogether to supersede a long attached friend, who, more than most others, harmonizes with your own favorite views ; who, from so harmonizing, is not ill qualified to apprehend what you say ; and who, from having the matter thrown out to engage him in thought, and to set him at work, might eventually become no unserviceable coadjutor. I am deeply conscious indeed, that, at any period of my life, but especially of late years, I have done very little as a consecutive reader, a continuous thinker, or a steady writer. Still, I have not been wholly idle, and according to the measure of my synthetical mind, I have laid in some useful materials. Nor, am I deprived of all hope, that even amidst frequent bodily ailments, and mental depressions, my judgment has been gradually maturing, my faculties gaining some additional strength, and my acquaintance with the sources of information, moderately increasing. Sometimes, too, it must be confessed, I am apt to indulge the presentiment, that I may hereafter be enabled to write with greater fluency than heretofore, and, at least, with equal energy and correctness. But, if I do not occasionally receive a cheering and pregnant communication, I deeply fear, that whatever of promise is about me, will perish in the bud. My mind, you well know, is not originaive but concoctive ; it has also a turn for arrangement, for improvement, and for a liberalized logic : such a mind is rarely well qualified to forage

entirely for itself; it needs much of that, from which I am peculiarly shut out, . . . rational conversation; many of those collisions which enkindle, of those questions which elicit thought, and which I never meet, except on the rare occasions when I enjoy the society of H. W. Thus circumstanced, I found your letters an invaluable treasure; and I may fairly add, they have not wholly been hid within a napkin: directly, they have been of signal advantage to myself; both directly and indirectly, they have been made greatly serviceable to others; and I would fondly hope, that still better and more valuable effects, of both kinds, yet remain in store. If no such communications are again to delight and edify me, I must learn to submit. Perhaps, indeed, their cessation may imply a hint, that, with a good grace, and without higher pretensions, I should subside into a commonplace country parson. I must, however, own, that I do feel certain aspirations within, which prompt me not yet to consign myself to that level. And, if I am to have the support of no friendly buoyancy, I shall even make an effort to swim alone. The tone of this letter may appear strange; I can, however, most truly say, that it is not meant to be, in the remotest degree, unkind, or querulous, or disrespectful. I wish, indeed, candidly to disclose, what is in my heart; freely to speak what is the dictate, not more of quick feeling, than of deliberate judgment. I shall only add a simple request and intreaty, that you may not embarrass yourself by replying to what has been said. If it be unreasonable, it deserves no answer. If it possess any weight, I merely wish it to be weighed.

About Monday the 30th, I hope to be at H. W.'s, on my way to Dublin.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. After carefully reviewing what I have written, I do not feel disposed to alter a single word: were I addressing almost any person but yourself, I should somewhat fear the imputation of unwarrantable selfishness. You, however, will perfectly understand, that my anxiety is about matters, closely connected with moral and spiritual improvement, and with my own usefulness in my generation. An apprehension of another kind would press more heavily upon me: I should grieve if you were to think I would, even remotely, interfere with the announcement, in whatever manner, or to whatever person, of the important things which occupy your mind. When there is an actual call; when there are intelligent objections, leading to clear elucidations; acute and pointed remarks, eliciting 'digest-

ed and systematized statements'; and the animated *no*, to call forth an equal energy of reply; then, I admit, it is most natural, and may prove extremely beneficial, that you should give yourself to the current. And when I consider the awful and affecting motives, which urge you not to delay 'life's instant business', I should be heartily ashamed of myself, if I were for a moment to wish that any idle self-gratification of mine, should place the slightest remora, between you and your duty. All I wish, is simply this, that you should consider, whether the registering of your thoughts may not sometimes be made to coincide, with my instruction and improvement. If it cannot, I have done; and I can well conceive, that the identity of opinion, which, in many instances, obtains between us, may make me not the properest person, to whom such letters could be addressed as you would wish to write. Certain it is, that when I had much less knowledge of your system, you were in the habit of writing more fully and discursively, than since we have more thoroughly agreed. And perhaps it could not be otherwise. This is a possible trait of 'mental constitution', which, towards the beginning of my letter, I had implicitly in view. More allowances remain afloat in my mind; do not therefore set me down as captious and unreasonable. If I have written a sentence, or a word, that can bear a captious or unreasonable construction, I earnestly entreat a more lenient interpretation. When a man feels acutely, he may perhaps speak, at times, more pointedly than he ought; yet, in the present instance, I am conscious of no sentiment which I could wish to alter.

I had a visit of eight or ten days from H—— N——, and a young friend of his, at present engaged in mercantile business, and likely so to continue; but an uncommonly nice, pious, intelligent, intellectual young man; very clever in business, and, at the same time, very much devoted to the best studies.

Farewell again, ever yours,

J. J.

—oo—

LETTER CX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, Jan. 4. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE had fears that my late letters must have pained you; sometimes that they might detach you from me: but I am now full of hope, that you have already made allowance for somewhat of bodily ailment, and more of mental depression, at once

producing and aggravating the apprehension, that I was in danger of losing, what, for more than twelve years, has been the greatest blessing of my life. Your letters, since the year 1799, have been my companions to this place. In reading them over, I am more sensible than ever of their value, and of the great account which I must render for their use. This day five years, you wrote these words to me. 'I sincerely hope I shall not lose sight of your wish to hear from me, however briefly. You have, I assure you, furnished me with as strong motives for doing this, as you well could; not only by the expressions in your letter, but by the very physiognomy of it. I think I see in it the very hilarity, that I myself was the means of exciting. And believe me, to make you cheerful, must ever cheer myself.' Now, my dear friend, that hilarity, which was assuredly excited by your letters in detail, has been far more powerfully excited by a review of them at large. And as I am unwilling there should be any drawback to (I trust) our happy meeting, I wish to send an *avant courier*, with tidings of my recovered cheerfulness, and full assurance of your friendship and regard. In truth, without this assurance, a visit to Dublin would be a very wretched thing. For, though a strong mutual attachment subsists between me and my nearest kindred, the heart feels a void without a friend. There is deep truth in the saying of Euripides,

αὐτὸρ, ὅστις τροποῖσι συντακῇ, θυραῖος ὢν,
μυρίων κρείσσων ὁμαιμῶν ἀνδρὶ κекηθησθαι φίλος.

I cannot help thinking you will be much interested, by the sight of your own letters. To me the re-perusal has been delightful. It has brought before me the happiest, the most eventful, the most influential circumstances, the grand turning points, of my whole life. It has recalled a thousand associations of the most cheering kind, and shed around them a purpureum lumen, at once mellowed by distance, and marked with the distinctness of present reality. It has brought before me, the gradual development of your system, and shown you always at unity with yourself, though happily progressive in your views; your mental horizon, enlarging itself in all tides, as you advance. I am particularly interested by observing in the earlier parts, not inconsistency, but deficiency of view; which, however, is always amply supplied, either from more advanced stages of the correspondence, or from recollections of our many conversations. For, in no instance, has my mind suggested a single improvement, which must not be traced directly or indirectly, to yourself. I have been saying simply and soberly, what I think and feel; and much more could be said with equal truth, but I spare you. But

ad. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

from reading these letters, which are indeed my most precious *κειμήλιον*, I am deeply desirous that you would immediately exert yourself to procure copies of those written to friends, both in England, and at home. You have already made great advances, towards a full announcement of your ways of thinking; and it is of the last importance, that matter so registered, should not only be preserved, but concentrated.

In talking last night with H. W., I was led into a curious, and I humbly conceive, not altogether fanciful train of thought. We were speaking of the prevailing tastes of Englishmen, in the present day. I recollected having heard from my brother, Mr. Davy* himself being judge and reporter, that Greek literature is so much the fashion, as to have beaten science out of the field. On this point, for obvious reasons, Mr. Davy's authority is, perhaps, the most unexceptionable thing England could afford; therefore, taking the fact for granted, I was led into a few observations, of which I would gladly convey the substance to you. Within these few years, as you well know, a party has been formed, and violent attacks have been directed, against classical literature, and against our universities. In this warfare, metaphysics, political economy, and the various branches of physical science, combined their forces; and it is not less gratifying than remarkable, that the '*literæ humaniores*', should have both stood their ground, and gained the victory. This desirable result, has, in my apprehension, been materially promoted by the inaccessible state of the continent. Shut out from the usual routine of travel, many young men of rank, wealth, and promise, have traversed the islands of the Archipelago, the Troad, and a considerable part of Greece. At home, they have studied to prepare themselves, by a critical acquaintance with the Greek language. The best Greek writers, have been their chosen *compagnons de voyage*; and the powerful influence of local association has given a charm to the study, of which we, perhaps, can form only a remote and faint conception. That which was delightful abroad, is not readily relinquished at home. They are anxious to communicate the result of their inquiries; a taste is hence created in others; the example spreads; and the state of things is widely altered, since the day that Johnson said to his friend Langton, 'We are almost the only persons that understand Greek.' But, whilst external causes have thus perplexed, whilst Bonaparte has sent over travellers to Greece; it is remarkable, that a provision for this emergency, had been preparing in England, for some years before its actual occurrence. It is well known, that, amongst the first rate

* Sir Humphrey Davy. . . Ed.

scholars of Europe, a critical knowledge of Greek, has advanced more within the last seventy years, than during the whole period, from the restoration of letters, to that time. In this department, till the last twenty or twenty-five years, most had been done on the continent. Since, most has been done by our great English scholars ; the Porsons, the Parrs, the Burneys, &c. &c. Now it is surely, in all appearance, a providential arrangement, that without encouragement, without patronage, without stimulus, and against the stream of more popular pursuits, men of most powerful minds, and most indefatigable industry, should have been disposed to give themselves unreservedly, to the cultivation of Greek letters, just previous to the time when, from causes the most unforeseen, there had been a great, and hitherto unexampled demand for their commodity.* Will it appear trifling to hazard the notion, that Bryant's strange scepticism about the Trojan war, and the subsequent controversy, had a share in this movement, by attracting curiosity to the Troad, and to the whole Homeric territory ? I know it may be said, and doubtless with some degree of justice, that, in the department of Greek literature now explored with greatest avidity, there is much room for trifling ; and that many first-rate proficient, are actually no better than egregious triflers. You will at once perceive, that I allude to prosodical niceties, to metrical arrangement, to whatsoever, in a word, regards rather the technicalities of language, than the sublime philosophy, or the solid good sense, of which language is but the external vehicle. This, however, may not be so mere a waste of time and labor, as many would imagine. In prosody, discoveries *may* be made ; in grammar, at this day, comparatively few. But wherever discovery is probable, or even possible, there is a stimulus to the pursuit. And the pursuit once established, a more solid application, for more rational and manly purposes, may be fairly expected. The important discoveries of the last seventy years, with respect to the meaning and use of particles, and their force in composition, the various tenses of verbs, the doctrine of articles, and various other particulars, which I am not Grecian enough to think of enumerating, will doubtless be popularized in grammars ; and it is not unlikely, that the school-boy of fifty years hence, may be sped off to Oxford or Cambridge with a familiar knowledge of principles, which are now the peculiar property of veterans in the language. Prosody itself may, however, be of vast importance ; as habituating scholars to a close examination of the structure and arrangement of language.

* Is it not curious, for instance, that Porson should have professed himself astonished, at Lord Royston's knowledge of Greek ?

What the unphilosophical denominate niceties, are frequently the keys of recondite wisdom : or rather, indeed, I should have said, the keys of recondite wisdom are invariably deemed mere niceties, by unphilosophical minds. By knowing somewhat of Hebrew poetry, *we* feel the value of these things ; and the world will assuredly be better prepared to perceive the exquisite philosophy of Scripture, when it shall have acquired, at once a mere minute, and more profound acquaintance, with the structure and arrangement of language. For this, prosodical investigations may be no unfit preparative. It is needless to say that I have now reached the point, which alone could have induced this long discussion. I do soberly view it as a providential dispensation, that, by circumstances wholly beyond our control, the study of the Greek language should have been forced, as it were, upon the one country in this world, whose establishment, whose liturgy, whose habits of thinking, most eminently qualify it for the office of hereafter elucidating Holy Scripture. This may worthily be deemed one, among the many final causes of present events ; and, if the shutting up of continental Europe, were to be attended with no other beneficial result, (which is far from probable,) the world would be amply indemnified, by this one great and unquestionable blessing. Much more might be said ; but, in writing to you, it would be needless, if it were possible, to exhaust the subject. If these remarks are wholly fanciful, they are already much too long : if, on the other hand, they have any solid foundation, *you* are far better qualified to raise the superstructure, than your correspondent.

I have made my arrangements for being in Dublin, on Thursday the 9th inst. My best, and most cordial remembrances to all with you.

Farewell for the present. Ever, my dear Friend,
most affectionately and unreservedly yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 98.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

June 18. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How can you forgive me, for suffering you to remain for so many weeks, in the state I have known you to be in, without writing one line to you ? I say, notwithstanding, if you knew every thing about me, how I feel, and how I am circumstanc-

ed, you would forgive me. For you would know I have been thinking of you, I might say, daily ; and you would also know, that letter-writing has been, since I came here, till within these few days, morally impossible. — had me in constant requisition ; that is, he was to come to me at any minute he pleased ; and he actually occupied much of my time, and more of my thoughts. Never did I feel myself more seriously obliged to use my best judgment, and put forth my most digested principles, than in my late conversations with that interesting young man. Never did I meet an individual, more capable of exalted happiness, yet concerning whom I was more dubious, whether the desirable point would actually be attained. The seductive world, on one side, eliciting ambition, on pretence of public duty : the soi-disant evangelical fraternity, on the other side, at once alluring by its plausibilities, astounding by its dogmatisms, and yet, I think I may say, conciliating by its compromises. These are the Scylla and the Charybdis, between which he is placed ; and whether he shall eventually escape both, time alone can tell. I am sure one motive of his coming now to Ireland, was to have conversations with me, on both these topics. He knew no one else that could assist him, in calculating the hazards, or the possible securities, of a voyage on the open sea of political life, but myself ; and what little light I could afford, he wished to be possessed of. His mind was already inclined, both on prudential and moral grounds, to decline, for the next five or six years, whatever overtures might be made to him ; and I felt it my duty to do all that in me lay, to strengthen that disposition. If he finally resolves upon it, and a few months now must settle it, I shall have strong hope, that danger from the world is, at least in a good degree, surmounted. In that case, his better tastes will have space to evolve ; and in proportion as these advance, his hazards from calvinism will lessen. Such, at least, is my hope, excited by the manner in which he moved with me, in the discussion of certain theological questions. Our last conversation, was on the sense in which our Savior is the *ἱλασμος* *περι των ἁμαρτιων ἡμων* ; and I never talked to one who weighed what was said, and remarked on it, with more candor, clearness, or strength. I had it in my power to enounce central truths ; those which constitute the strength of the cause ; and he so received them, as to warrant expectation, that he will often think them over, and perhaps never wholly part with them. Towards the close of the conversation, he seemed almost to say, *γλυκυ ἡ ἀληθεια*. My object was to distinguish, between the *salvability*, once and for all procured, and the *salvation*, individually and morally accomplished. I wished to prove, and I think I satisfied him, that no act of reliance upon the *salvability*, could con-

for the *salvation*; the former being but a mere possibility; therefore, not even interesting, until the salvation itself was valued and sought: and that this latter being substantially, that *new moral nature*, which brings us back to God, and fits us indispensably for eternally enjoying him, it must be sought for practically and morally; not regarded, merely or chiefly, as the object of *thought*, however warm, or of *reliance*, however confident; but as a matter of inward consciousness, and experimental attainment. He asked, how the death of Christ had direct effect on this moral process; and when I endeavored to show, that such an object alone, could disenchant the human mind, naturally enslaved to sensuality, vanity, and ambition; could make the proud, humble, or the passionate, meek, or the irritable, calm, or the obdurate, tender, he understood me; and seemed to see that Deity, thus modified into a *moral medicine*, was fitted to work, not merely convincingly or persuasively, but energetically. I was able also to point out a difference to him, between *satisfaction for sin*, and *impetrative merit*. The latter, I wished to attribute unreservedly to our Redeemer, inasmuch as it acts upon the divine love; whereas *satisfaction* (which, however, in a sound sense, I did not dispute) was liable to be so understood, as to obscure and sadden our views of the divine nature. I illustrated my idea of our Savior's merit availing for us, by the instance of an artist's block of marble. When this is taken from the quarry, it is only so much stone; but every portion of labor, which the statuary expends upon it, raises its value. He has communicated something of his own to it, by every skilful touch; and he who feels the excellence of the worker, is proportionately interested by that transfused excellence, which the advancing subject exhibits. This idea, when applied to the work of moral melioration, loses nothing of its force; on the contrary, it acquires new force, as well as brightness and tenderness. To my apprehension, it places redeemed man, (and much more, renovated individuals made righteous, in a degree perhaps made holy,) in a relation to the redeeming and renovating Word, and, through him, to the eternal Father, which is as gratifying and delightful, as any thought could be, within the utmost range of possible cogitation. I could not hesitate to urge this view, as more than an adequate substitute, for all the plausibilities of Calvinism; while enlightened good sense would see, it was liable to none of those abuses, of which Calvinistic theology is not only accused by its opponents, but, (if we can judge by the guards and cautions resorted to,) suspected by its dearest friends.

I have reason to ask your forgiveness, for thus filling my letter to you, with thoughts so familiar to yourself. But I got into

the subject, through the special attraction of the case ; and being in it, I could not sooner find my way out.

I have left myself room only to intreat that you will write to me, and tell me every thing about yourself. The sight of your hand-writing about the time, indeed, before I heard of your accident, cheered me ; because it told me your right arm was unimpaired. Mrs. L. desires me to say every thing to you that I can say, expressive of her esteem and affection. I speak for her and her worthy husband with all my heart, for more cordially kind persons are not on this earth.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 3. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN assure you I felt perfectly satisfied, that your silence was not the silence of neglect ; on the contrary, I was accusing myself : and I have now to account for not sooner answering your most acceptable letter. By an absence at Cashel, I did not receive it in the usual course ; and, since my return home, my time has been taken up by a visit from —, his wife, and brother. I am greatly pleased with them all ; for I think them all solidly improved. — has gained more vivacity, more ease of manner, and more maturity of judgment. His wife conforms to him, not only from principle, but I think from relish ; and as to —, I am delighted with him. There is an innocent playfulness about him, that cheers and refreshes my mind and spirits ; and he unites elegance and variety of pursuits, with the steadiest attachment to the one thing needful. We have every evening very delightful concerts ; and I am more and more astonished at the sublimity, and the tenderness of Handel.

I have lately resumed my attention to the versicular arrangements in the New Testament ; and have made some progress in an essay on the subject, which perhaps may grow into an announcement of the discovery. My plan is, to arrange fit examples, under distinct heads ; intermingling observations, critical and explanatory : some of the examples which I have selected within the last month, are exquisitely beautiful ; had I more time, I would cite a few specimens for your amusement : but my needful attention to my guests, does not leave me at full liberty. Would you dissuade me from keeping back, in

such an introductory essay, the most important theological uses of the Hebraic versicular system? It appears to me the part of prudence, not to embarrass the first announcement of the system. Were it once received, even by a few, as incontrovertibly made out, then would be the time for availing ourselves of it theologically. Meantime, abundant critical, explanatory, and biblical uses might be suggested, as flowing from attention to this Hebrew structure and arrangement of sentences; in detecting hidden beauties, in reconciling difficulties, in establishing or amending the received text, &c. &c.

My arm is gaining ground. I cannot, indeed, yet raise it; but there is no reason to apprehend that I shall not recover its use altogether. Meantime, I am free from sensible uneasiness; and can use my left hand as well as ever, for all purposes that do not imply the necessity of raising high the upper joint.

And now, my dear friend, may I hope to have the happiness of seeing you and Miss F.? It is needless to say how near this wish is to my heart. You know my feelings about it; and I have a trust that you will not, if morally possible, wound them by disappointment. Do let me hear from you soon.

You will give my most affectionate remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. ———, and to our friend D——. Better and happier, in all respects, than I wish them, they cannot be.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 99.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, July 20. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been wishing to thank you for your truly acceptable letter, and I made an attempt, but broke off, as I found myself in danger of saddening rather than gratifying you. It was on Friday the 17th I began a letter. I had come in from B——, the day before, to consult my surgeon. He was not in town; therefore, when I was writing, I had not seen him. I therefore knew not whether my complaint might not be alarming; nor, in its progress, what sufferings it might induce. Precisely under these feelings, was I talking to you, and consequently they could not but come forth. Thought I, this will not do, there

would be no kindness in afflicting without ground, I will therefore rest till I have seen my surgeon. I saw he made little of my case, and put me into spirits. But it has not gone off so easily; this is the first day, on which he ventured to say the complaint was yielding.

Under these circumstances, you will not wonder, if I defer venturing to speak about visiting you, until I can judge better of my own fitness to undertake a journey.

I forget whether, when you were in Dublin, you furnished yourself with Cecil's works. If you did, I think you must have had pleasure in reading his Remains. It strikes me that no Calvinist, perhaps ever before, talked so much good sense. Mr. Pratt, his editor, deserves much credit, for the sensible observations he has made on Mr. Cecil's character. It is almost mysterious, that minds capable of such expansion, should have still remained in such uncouth coercion. But I settle all such matters thus: . . . life is short; during life, these men have a department to fill, for which such views best fit them; and so far as those views were either uncomfortable or untrue, a few minutes in the other world will both disabuse and indemnify.

There is a noble sentiment, at the end of the paragraph on the 95th page of the Remains of Cecil, of which you will see an extraordinary illustration, in Brainerd's journal: Edwards's works, vol. iii. p. 348.

* * * * *

I must stop, or run the risk of being too late.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Globe, July 24. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE and trust you have continued to amend; and I cannot but feel a strong presentiment, that a movement from home will, in a very short time, be freely permitted by your medical friends, and not much apprehended by yourself: meantime, be assured, that I am not obstructed in any arrangement whatever, by the present uncertainty of your locomotive power. This I am glad to be able unequivocally to say; for, though the prospect of seeing you, would amply indemnify me for the suspension of any other plan, it is doubtless more pleasant for you to be assured, that you do not give rise to the slightest shadow of incon-

venience. Some things, too, I have to propose and talk over, which could be best considered, at a distance from all interruptions; and which, in their consequences, may be of great importance to me, and perhaps of some moment, also, to the system which we love. The road to this, is one of the finest in Ireland; and the journey can with ease be performed in two days and a half.

I am glad that you like my project. I see my way more clearly than hitherto; and I should hope to present the matter in an intelligible, unexceptionable, and not uninteresting form. Lately I have met, in some of the most approved and learned writers (old ones too) on the style of the New Testament, more than one or two attestations, on which I conceive the Hebraic structure of the New Testament may be rested, as on a hook. I cannot transcribe at length; but you shall have one short paragraph, as a specimen of the rest. ‘*Usus ipse et experientia locupletissimum præbent testimonium, neque facilius, neque gravius ad ipsum Novi Testamenti medium perveniri, quam ea resolvendi, interpretandique ratione, quæ Veteris Testamenti stylo, novi fœderis libros metitur, expendit, evolvit.*’ Now, what more do I propose, than the simple application of this received principle? The New Testament is to be measured, weighed, evolved, by referring to the style of the Old Testament, as its prototype and standard. But the style of the Old Testament, we may fairly assume, was not understood, before the discoveries of Bishop Lowth; and it is my object merely to show, that the arrangement and distribution of sentences, exhibited by Bishop Lowth in the Old Testament, prevail, not less extensively, in the New; this is the head and front of my undertaking. And whoever admits the above quoted principle of Boecler (which Boecler himself abundantly establishes,) must admit, also, the correctness of our conclusions.

You may perhaps like to see a few specimens of my lately collected materials. I shall give then

Three connected simple Quatrains.

I.

ἡ γενεα αὕτη πονηρα εστι· σημειον επιζητει·
 και σημειον ου δοθησεται αυτη· ει μη το σημειον Ιωνα του προφητου·
 καθως γαρ εγενετο Ιωνας, σημειον τοις Νινευιταις·
 οτως εσται και ο υιος του ανθρωπου τη γενεα ταυτη.

II.

βασιλισσα νοτου, εγεσθησεται εν τη κρισει,
μετα των ανδρων της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινει αυτους·
οτι ηλθεν εκ των περατων της γης, ακουσαι την σοφian Σολομωντος·
και ιδου, πλειον Σολομωντος ωδε.

III.

ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται εν τη κρισει,
μετα της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινουσιν αυτην·
οτι μετενοησαν, εις το κηρυγμα Ιωνα·
και ιδου, πλειον Ιωνα ωδε.

St. Luke, xi. 29. 23.

In these stanzas, each line is obviously bimembral ; and the last two quatrains are most strictly parallel, their lines, in regular order, precisely corresponding.

βασιλισσα νοτου, εγεσθησεται εν τη κρισει,
ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται εν τη κρισει,

μετα των ανδρων της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινει αυτους·
μετα της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινουσιν αυτην.

οτι ηλθεν εκ των περατων της γης, ακουσαι την σοφian Σολομωντος·
οτι μετενοησαν, εις το κηρυγμα Ιωνα·

και ιδου, πλειον Σολομωντος ωδε.
και ιδου, πλειον Ιωνα ωδε.

It might naturally, and, at first view not unfairly, be objected, that the second stanza is introduced somewhat out of place ; interposing, without obvious connection, between the first and second mention of the prophet Jonas ; between the first announcement and the fuller explanation of that awful sign. This apparent difficulty is, however, obviated by a consideration, which enables us, at the same time, to appreciate and admire a peculiar nicety and precision of composition. In the chastisement which awaited the Jews, the condemnation was to be necessarily twofold ; individual and collective ; affecting each individual sinner, and overwhelming the nation at large. The condemnation of particular sinners, is, in the order of nature, strictly prior ; therefore, it should be first mentioned ; but, for this purpose, the example of Nineveh and of Jonas, was unsuitable ; the narrative of that prophet, affording no instance of individual

repentance, or individual virtue. Another example, therefore, was to be introduced; and what more apposite than the queen of the south? But with what admirable nicety, are the individual reference of the second stanza, and the collective bearing of the third, indicated by a variation, minute, indeed, in appearance, but, in reality, of the last importance.

βασίλισσα νοτου, εγεσθησεται εν τη κρισει,
μετα των ανδρων της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινει αυτους.

The queen of the south, an individual aspirant after wisdom, shall immediately condemn the low-thoughted individuals of the Jewish people, who neglected the highest wisdom.

ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται εν τη κρισει,
μετα της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινουσιν αυτην.

The men of Nineveh, a collective mass of penitents, shall collectively condemn the whole impenitent body of the Jewish nation.

Yet another nicety should not be overlooked: it is written,

βασίλισσα νοτου, εγεσθησεται.
ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται.

Why this difference of verb? May it not be offered as a probable conjecture, that *αναστησεται*, the natural, and even the technical phrase, when the final resurrection from the dead is in question, has been avoided in the case of the queen of the south, because the verb *ανιστημι* means, in its primitive sense, 'to rise from a fall;' and because we have every reason to believe, that she had uniformly persevered in the paths of goodness and virtue? The Ninevites, on the other hand, by repentance, had risen from the depths of vice and degradation; to them, therefore, the verb in question was most strictly applicable.

Three connected Stanzas of another, and somewhat unusual form.

I.

ουαι υμιν οδηγοι τυφλοι, οι λεγοντες,
ος αν ομοση εν τω ναω, ουδεν εστιν.
ος δ' αν ομοση εν τω χρυσω του ναου, οφειλει.
μωφοι και τυφλοι.

τις γὰρ μείζων ἐστίν, ὁ χρυσοῦς,
ἢ ὁ ναὸς, ὁ ἀγιαζὼν τὸν χρυσοῦν ;

II.

καὶ [οὐαὶ ὅμην ὁδηγοὶ τυφλοὶ, οἱ λεγοντες . . understood]
ὅς ἂν ὁμοσῇ ἐν τῷ θυσιαστηρίῳ, οὐδὲν ἐστίν·
ὅς δ' ἂν ὁμοσῇ ἐν τῷ θωρῷ τῷ ἐπ' αὐτοῦ, σφείλει.
μωροὶ καὶ τυφλοὶ·
τί γὰρ μείζον, τὸ θωρον,
ἢ τὸ θυσιαστηριον, τὸ ἀγιαζὼν τὸ θωρον ;

III.

ὁ οὖν ὁμοσας ἐν τῷ θυσιαστηρίῳ,
ὁμνυεῖ ἐν αὐτῷ, καὶ ἐν πασι τοῖς ἐπ' αὐτοῦ·
καὶ ὁ ὁμοσας ἐν τῷ ναῷ,
ὁμνυεῖ ἐν αὐτῷ, καὶ ἐν τῷ κατοικοῦντι αὐτόν·
καὶ ὁ ὁμοσας ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ,
ὁμνυεῖ ἐν τῷ θρόνῳ τοῦ Θεοῦ, καὶ ἐν τῷ καθημένῳ ἐπ' αὐτοῦ.

St. Matth. xxiii. 16. 22.

In each of the first two stanzas, there is a beautiful peculiarity of construction, by rhetoricians termed the *epanodos*, or *ὑστέρωσις*; that is, a going back; speaking first, to the latter of two propositions; afterward, to the former. In the first stanza, the temple is mentioned first, then the gold; in the latter part of the same stanza, the gold is first resumed, then the temple. In the second stanza, the altar is mentioned first, then the gift; in the latter part of that stanza, the gift is first resumed, then the altar. Again, in the passage at large, the same arrangement obtains, on a larger scale. Swearing by the temple, is mentioned in the first stanza; swearing by the altar, is considered in the second; and in the third stanza, the altar is first resumed, then the temple. In the last two lines, is the termination of a transcendent climax, for which the way had been most skilfully, and yet most naturally prepared, throughout the whole of the last stanza. There is a most expressive departure from the terms originally employed. When the altar is mentioned in the first distich, 'all things thereon' are substituted for 'the gift.' In the second distich, when the temple is mentioned, 'the gold' is superseded, by 'him that dwelleth therein.' Hence, the progress is easy, to the correlative terms of the last distich, . . heaven, the throne of God, and him that sitteth thereon.

In the last stanza, the first two distichs, are conclusion on corollaries respectively deduced, from the second stanza, and from the first. But the third distich, of the third stanza, is, in structure and meaning, precisely parallel with the two preceding distichs. It, like them, must consequently depend upon a previous stanza. But no such stanza is expressed in words. Therefore, in order to complete the sense, it must be understood. It should also be observed, that the first two distichs of the third stanza, refer to their expressed antecedents, in the inverted order; and that the supplied, or understood stanza, must consequently, in the order of thought, be previous to all the rest. The truth appears to be, that our Lord replied to what was in the heart of the scribes and pharisees, without recording in words the climax of their blasphemy. The omission of the previous stanza is no less judicious, than its implication is evident. It conveys to our mind, in the strongest manner, the most absolute conviction, that the infatuated beings whom our Lord addressed, had attained a pitch of impiety, implying thoughts and feelings, which could not be decorously repeated. Had the lines been inserted, we must, from the context, infer, that they would have been somewhat to the following effect:—

οὐαὶ ὑμῖν, ὁδῆγοι τυφλοὶ, οἱ λελόντες,
 ὃς ἂν ὁμοσῇ ἐν τῷ Θεῷ οὐδὲν ἐστίν·
 ὃς δ' ἂν ὁμοσῇ ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ, σφεῖλει (οἱ δὲ δ' ἂν ὁμοσῇ ἐν τῷ
 οὐρανῷ τοῦ Θ. σφεῖλ.)
 μωροὶ καὶ τυφλοὶ·
 τίς γὰρ μείζων ἐστίν, ὁ οὐρανός,
 ἢ ὁ Θεὸς ὁ ἀγιαζὼν τὸν οὐρανόν;

To me, the omission appears exquisitely beautiful. And I am disposed to say of the passage, as it stands, what Bishop Lowth says of a sublime elliptical exclamation in Job. 'Agnosce lector, credo, valde perspicuam esse, hujusce periodi sententiam; imo, vero tantam habere evidentiam, ut, si plenior, et explicatior efficeretur, eo minus apte, clareque, mentem atque affectum loquentis exprimeretur.' Præl. xiv.

One more specimen must be added. The song of Zacharias, St. Luke i. 68, 69.* The difficulties, you are doubtless aware of; and Elsner's Observations or Poole's Synopsis, will show several fruitless and unsatisfactory efforts to remove them. In verse 71. σωτηρίαν appears destitute of government. In verse 73. ὄρκιον seems equally anomalous. And to add a difficulty of my own finding; in the present order, verse 77. τοῦ δοῦναι

* See 'Sacred Literature,' Section xxi. pp. 403. . 417. . . Ed.

γνωσιν σωτηριας, &c., and verse 79. του κατευθυναι τους ποδας ημων εις οδον ειρηνης, seem to imply much more, than, in any sense, can be justly predicated of St. John Baptist or his system. According to my conjecture, the hymn resolves itself into three parts; the first, relating to επεσκεψατο: the second to ποιησας λυτρωσιν: the third to St. John Baptist. The επεσκεψατο part introduces the ποιησας λυτρωσιν; which, after the επεσκεψατο part ceased, intertwines itself anew, with the St. John Baptist part.



LETTER 100.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 28. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HEARTILY thank you for your letter of yesterday. I approve and admire the course you are proceeding in; and I have not the smallest doubt, that you will throw most valuable light on the language of the New Testament, with respect both to its sense and its beauty. The additional evidence, also, of its truth, afforded, nay forced upon the mind, by so unique a configuration, would be of weighty importance, if it were necessary. It is a sort of good thing, however, of which there cannot be too much.

I wish to say a few words to you by this night's post; and therefore I confine all remarks on the main subject of yours, to the Song of Zacharias. Your analysis of it is so imposing, that it requires resolution to make observations, perhaps tending to disturb it. But I do not seem to myself to find any difficulty in the 71st, 73d, or 77th verse. Σωτηριαν, in the 71st verse, seems to be a poetically licentious apposition to πασας σωτηριας, in the 69th verse, and of course to be governed by ηγειρε. Again, ορκον, in the 73d verse, appears to me to be put in apposition with ελπος, in the 72d verse, and consequently to be governed by ποιησαι. As to the passage in the 77th verse, I was early led to consider it, by an interpretation which methodists are fond of giving to it, or rather, a use which they make of it. The knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, being one of their watchwords. I used to argue, that the words could not mean what they supposed; could not mean an inward experimental knowledge, &c., inasmuch as the conferring of such a benefit, could be ascribed to our Savior only; whereas the act done here,

is attributed to Saint John the Baptist ; the true rendering, therefore, said I, must be, *to give notice of salvation, which was to consist in remission of sins* ; that is, as a precursor gives notice that his principal is at hand.* It still strikes me, that this is a consistent explanation. As to the words in the 79th verse, I do not think they belong to the Baptist at all. *Επιφαναι* is clearly the infinitive dependent on *επισκεψατο*, and *του κατευθυναι τους ποδας ημων* describes the ultimate effect of the bright visitation. At least it so strikes me, and I cannot but observe a like concurrence of the simple, and the gerundial, infinitive, in the three successive stanzas. *Ποιησαι και μνησθηναι*, followed by *του δουναι, στοιμασαι* followed by another *του δουναι*, and *επιφαναι* followed by *του κατευθυναι*.

I am really, however, saying all this, a good deal at random, for I am not yet well enough to exercise as close thought, as your view of the subject requires. But if I do not err, it would not very much derange your poetical order, were these thoughts found tenable.

I hope I am growing better ; but it is very slowly. I write these last words, under the impression of a strong desire to visit you. I feel every motive you place before me. I assure you it will be, if Providence permits, most gratifying to me to see you in your own house ; and to enjoy the warmth and comfort (for both I know I should find in the highest degree) of your hospitality. That I shall be able, is far from unlikely. Were I of a sanguine nature, I might speak more strongly ; but a complaint of any tediousness, is so new a thing to me, that the scale is always sinking (more I suppose than it ought) on the wrong side. If I am not greatly deceived, I am gaining ground ; and if so, I cannot be very long before I reach the statu quo. You shall know about me whatever I know myself.

Mrs. F. called on me to-day to ask my assistance, in finding out a book in a shop in Anglesea-street, for her son C——. I undertook to accomplish the business, if it was practicable, and sent Michael on the search. He found the book, but two volumes are wanting. These the seller, probably in his ignorance, talks of obtaining from England, and then says he would expect for them altogether (with the life) 3*l*. I asked what he would take for the present volumes and the life ? The answer was, that he would expect not much less than that. So that until I hear from C. F. I do not know what to do. It seems to me that two

* Mr. Knox's limited study of the Greek idiom, has here misled him into a series of untenable positions. Bishop Jebb's arrangement of the hymn, seems now the received one. It is, in truth, the only key ever furnished for this most difficult context. . . Ed.

guineas would be much for a broken set ; and I am not sure whether C. F. is aware of their being a broken set.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 4. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A HEADACHE, not however of any serious moment, has prevented me from answering your most acceptable letter as I could wish. I must still say something, though it were only six lines. It rejoices me to hear of your convalescence, however slow ; for, by being slow, I am in hopes it may be sure ; my expectation of seeing you here, is now high and sanguine ; I must however say, that it was perfectly without my knowledge, that my excellent young friend ———, wrote a pressing letter. He did it in the good nature and simplicity of his heart ; and I dare say, so far as he was implicated, he did it in a manner not savoring of importunity. Much and deeply as I have it at heart to see you under this roof, I should be sorry indeed to persecute you on this score. So much of explanation is altogether needless. I live in the prospect of welcoming you and Miss Fergusson, where no human beings could be more entirely welcome.

Your criticisms I have weighed ; they certainly deserve consideration ; but, after giving to the subject as much thought as I have been able to command, my own arrangement of Zacharias' song still approves itself to my judgment. The reasons, I am prevented by my headache from giving now ; you shall have them, I hope, *viva voce*, when we meet here. And should your visit be delayed, you shall have them by letter ; this alternation, however, I most cordially deprecate. J. F. came here to-day. C. F. is much obliged by the trouble you have taken about the books. He had not known that the set was imperfect ; and perfectly coincides with you, that two guineas would be a high price. If they had not been purchased for him, he is perfectly satisfied that they should remain on the bookseller's shelf. If, on the other hand, they have been procured, he is quite willing to keep them.

I have in the house a very good piano-forte, so you might bring some music. And, as occupation of a quiet and amusing

kind might not be amiss for Michael, there is a nice trout stream, in which, if he is a fisherman, he might practise. I could lend him Walton's angler ; and C. F. says, that, at his father's, Michael might borrow an excellent fishing-rod.

Forgive this incoherent epistle.

Ever, my dear Friend, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Globe, Aug. 12. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My earnest wish to welcome you here, is not in the least degree abated ; but, for a few days past, I have been anxious on another score, namely, the state of your health ; from the tone of your last letter, I had augured perhaps too favorably ; your silence alarms me ; and I shall not be easy, till you, or Miss Fergusson, let me know, if it were but by three lines, how matters stand. I need not say how I shall rejoice, on every account, if I hear that you are in travelling order.

My collections for the New Testament Essay, remain as they were when I last wrote ; the changes of weather made me more than commonly nervous. Within the last three days I have been better, and have translated into my scrap-book a long peroration of Saint Chrysostom, with the whole of his first homily on prayer ; the second of these homilies, I propose beginning to translate this evening. Possibly, if I succeed in these trials, I may one day give selections from the Greek fathers in an English dress, to the public. My present hasty efforts are in the rough ; for the most part very literal, and very bold ; I think, however, that the work of polishing into suitable English diction, as chaste and flowing as I can make it, would be a very pleasant exercise. Do come to Abington. I have plans to propose ; and I feel about me some nascent activity of mind, which you might perhaps improve into settled and serviceable exertion. My love to Miss Fergusson.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. The two —s and Jellett are capital fellows. I absolutely rejoice in them.

LETTER 101.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Aug. 20. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL an inclination to write to you; and in order to do so within the post hour, I will copy, for your consideration, what I have just written to that extremely well meaning, but rather over-ardent young man, ———. He has been urging me to set on foot a new edition of Worthington on Self-resignation; and to remove every preliminary objection, offered himself to engage an hundred copies. He in the same letter presses me, to give him in writing, my grounds for asserting that the R. C. church does not hold it criminal, to be present at the devotions of those, whom it deems schismatical. What I say on either point, is scarcely worth your attention, were it not that you are ready to receive any thing I have to communicate.

After raising a slight objection about the Greek and Hebrew notes to Worthington, I proceed, . .

‘Were this all, I should find some method of surmounting it. But I confess I have a deeper doubt. I should be very glad to see a London edition of it; but I question if it be a work to be so expressly adopted by the few in Ireland, to whom an Irish republication would, of course, be ascribed. It is eminently pious throughout; and there are passages of it which are invaluable. For example, the eighth chapter of the first section. But take it as a book of instruction, especially for beginners in practical piety, and I cannot but deem it materially deficient. The very title has, to my mind, a great infelicity in it. It suggests a confused idea, between piety itself, and one of its maturest fruits; and so far as I can judge, this confusion becomes ‘worse confounded’, as the treatise proceeds onward. One ruling notion being adopted, it was necessary, at all events to keep it in view; therefore, from first to last, self-resignation is every thing, and every thing is self-resignation. In my mind, *some* christian attainments may be better enforced mediately, than directly. For instance, those which are the result of other christian graces, will be best inculcated, by drawing the attention to the parent graces. Now, resignation to God, whether in the way of obedience or of suffering, can be substantial, only so far as it grows out of knowledge and love. We must so know God, as to love him, and so love him, as to confide in him with filial affiance, before we can resign ourselves to him. In any other order than

this, resignation has nothing in it rational or real ; and in this order, it comes of itself, and crowns our moral happiness in this lower world.

To invite persons, therefore, to religion, under the name of resignation, is leading them to a perpendicular steep, instead of an easy ascent. It is calling upon them to do violence to themselves, before it is possible for them to feel that, which is to compensate them. Assuredly, the first step towards true religion is, to apprehend it as a matter of infinite interest ; and the transfer of our affections and solitudes to it, as such, is the true commencement of the wisdom from above. This may, at every step, involve resignation ; but it is a resignation growing out of attraction, a resignation of something less valuable, for something more valuable ; or of something hurtful, for something beneficial. In another sense, also, there is resignation ; because we resign ourselves to that, be it what it may, which engages our whole heart. Thus, in the general thanksgiving, we are to show forth God's praises, by giving ourselves up to his service. Again, resignation to suffering may, nay must, more or less, be also necessary. But, in the christian sense of the term, this is a privilege and a benefit, much rather than a duty. To be able to resign ourselves to God's wisdom and goodness, is the best of anodynes in any trouble. But, as I said, it is one of true religion's maturest fruits.

A great fault, then, which I find with the work in question, is, that it intermingles these three heads of resignation ; and, by that means, diffuses through the whole work, a cloudy indistinctness.

In addition to this, I should be ready to question the justness of several particular statements. Such as, the recommendation of a vow, in the ivth. chap. of the 2d section. What follows with respect to fasting, ought either to have been more expanded, or omitted. I do not myself understand the subject of fasting ; but it strikes me, that the truest essence of fasting is contained, in habitual abstinence ; that is, such restraint, at all times, in quantity and quality of food, as may tend to keep the body, in best readiness for the service of the mind ; and may never subject the spirit to counteraction, in its movements toward its central rest.

In a word, Worthington was a first-rate christian ; but I think he was not a first-rate divine. He wanted system. He had much learning, both ethnikal and ecclesiastical : but his elementary views were not such, as to afford an apt centre, round which his knowledge might have happily arranged itself. He was a most cordial Church of England man ; but, even here, his views wanted enlargement, and philosophical order. This was

scarcely to be expected in his day; but the want makes him less fit for ours. I give these thoughts, not peremptorily nor conclusively as to your movements; but for the purpose of explaining to you the hesitations which I felt, on coming close to the subject. I have scarcely left myself room to say any thing, about your other wish. But will you wonder, when I tell you, that I hesitate about that also? I do not question the soundness of the ideas I have thrown out. They rest on grounds too well established, to be seriously disputed. But I believe, to promulgate them now, would be to waste their efficacy. I must think it incumbent on R. C. bishops and priests, to be, except in rare instances, strictly on the defensive. The conduct on our side, heretofore, has made this indispensable. So long, therefore, as participation in protestant devotions can be proved inexpedient, it would be doing worse than nothing to prove it lawful; because it would be exhausting a good topic, before the time for using it.

Possibly you will think I have talked more than was needful, but I preferred going beyond, to falling short of the mark. Adieu.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 22. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR truly acceptable letter, received this evening, has relieved me from a state of apprehension; for, though by no means so favorable as I could have wished, it reports a better state than I had feared. It is, indeed, a most promising symptom, that walking has agreed with you, and I greatly wish you to put the case distinctly to —, whether movement on a greater scale might not very soon, be not only safe, but advisable. You would travel over the very best road in Ireland, the last stage excepted, which is in some parts rough enough; you may make your stages short or long; and when here, you may have as much, or as little air, as you please. Purer and clearer air, I do not know, than we enjoy in this quarter; and I have some tempting gravel walks, which it would be good for us and Miss F. to perambulate. Put these things together, and consider how little serious inconvenience you have ever

experienced, from the mere matter of a journey. Once here, you can be as quiet as you please. Indeed, it would not be easy for you to be any thing else than quiet ; and, should need be, there is very good medical aid to be had from Limerick.

I have read with interest, and with cordial coincidence, the extract from your letter to —. Some months back, I had myself wished to get Worthington reprinted ; and actually brought your copy, which you gave me eleven years ago, to Dublin, last winter, for the purpose. I cooled however on the subject, in the main feeling as you feel ; and I am glad to have so distinct a registry of your thoughts, corroborative of my own. One observation particularly strikes me. You say ‘ Worthington was a first-rate christian, but he was not a first-rate divine. He had much learning, both ethnical and ecclesiastical ; but his elementary views were not such as to afford an apt centre, round which his knowledge might happily have arranged itself.’ Now, these words, for the most part, appeared to me predicable of several others, who lived about the same day ; and yet, whose writings may, in several respects, prove beneficial companions, to an enlarged, eclectic, philosophical theologian. And I cannot help thinking, that it is best, and, on the whole, most wisely ordered, that the works alluded to should have been so written, as to preclude popularity ; and of course to preclude frequency of re-impression. A sufficiency of copies are afloat, for the use of divines, and of those private christians, who could relish such food. But viewing them rather as raw materials, I do not think it very desirable, that such books as John Smith, Cudworth, Worthington, should come into general use. In truth, I much doubt whether a circulation could be forced. Books may be printed to remain on booksellers’ shelves ; or perhaps, through the assiduity of such well meaning persons as —, on the shelves of a hundred purchasers ; but it is not so easy to find readers as purchasers. And in this particular, the taste of the public may, perhaps, be providentially over-ruled, to serve higher purposes. It is to be deprecated, in my mind, that imperfect efforts at a right system, and still more, that any indigested elements of that system, should gain much general diffusion ; this would forestall, and by forestalling, would mar the full effect of a more perfect enunciation. Meantime, that such imperfect efforts, and such indigested elements, should exist in the world, and should be within reach of the few, seems essential to the progress of the great scheme. How fitly, then, has it been ordered, that, from an unpolished style, from a revolting prevalence of learned quotation, from uncouth Hebrew characters, and, not less uncouth English composition, these raw materials should be kept out of view ? That they have discharged, are

discharging, and will continue to discharge, a most important function, I have no manner of doubt; but in no instance, perhaps, has that function primarily been, the mere instruction, or edification of private christians. It has been rather, I conceive, to act upon those, who were the teachers of others; in some instances, on the teachers of teachers; and, in this latter view it is, that I anticipate future beneficial results, from the English platonic school. Many elements of the true system, it may be justly said, are in the Roman Catholic church; many in Wesleyan Methodism: yet both one and the other are highly popular. But then, both Roman Catholicism and Wesleyan Methodism, are systems in themselves; and, consequently, may be taken in without injury, by a multitude: in the former, there is fixed stability; in the latter, there is no necessary tendency to set people afloat; it was salt, and whenever it has entirely lost its flavor, it will be cast out, and trodden under foot. What I would deprecate is, putting into people's hands the frusta of a system. These may unsettle their minds, without perhaps mending their hearts; for the practical goodness may be readily overlooked, whilst theological quips and quiddities may be fastened on; yea, and sometimes, even in practical matters, while the wheat is thrown to the winds, the chaff may be carefully hoarded. Many, possibly, would adopt the vow of section ii. cap. 4., who have not ear or soul, to apprehend the sublime notions, and high mysteries, of Worthington's happier flights.

At all events, whether the above be fanciful, or, as I am more apprehensive, dense and dull, I cordially join in your feelings, as to London, and Irish editions of books. We should be very careful what we countenance, and for what we make ourselves, in any sort, responsible. And it is the more incumbent on us to use this caution, as we are already grossly misunderstood, and perhaps more grossly misrepresented. Pious and practical books, in all respects to our mind, it is true, are very scantily provided. In this respect, however, time and Providence will doubtless do all that is desirable to be done. Meanwhile, the less perfect aids of individual piety which are afloat, may competently do their office; and I trust we may become qualified quietly to labor in our department; casting our bread upon the waters, with some not visionary hopes, to find it after many days.

My hand is somewhat tired, as I have written a great deal this day. I have finished my translation of St. Chrysostom's second homily on prayer; and hope, to-morrow, to begin the version of some other of his discourses. Excuse the incoherences and inaccuracies of this, which I have written as fast as my pen could travel. You are always kind enough to tolerate my

least matured thoughts ; and if there be any thing in them, you know how to translate them into better sense, than I am generally able to convey. My love to Miss F.

Ever, my dear Friend,
most affectionately yours.
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 102.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Aug. 29. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your last kind letter ; and have the pleasure to tell you that, though I am not perfectly recovered, yet my apprehensions are allayed ; and my calculations on a little longer continuance in this corporeal sphere, shaping themselves, as they used to do three months ago. Every gleam of hope, when I was at the worst, brought with it your wish to my mind ; my present increased confidence urges it proportionably. I do cordially desire to go to you ; and therefore wish to have it in my power to launch myself, as soon as a favorable breeze shall occur. Remember I am speaking most sincerely, yet still not peremptorily. I know not what new feeling may occur, to darken these speculations ; but, at all events, write to me by return of post, and tell me exactly where I am to sleep ; at what point I am to turn off ; and, in short, let me have as exact an *itinerarium*, as your own exactness can execute, of the line of travel between Dublin and Abington Glebe.

Miss Fergusson, in spite of her philosophy, acknowledges her gratification, in the probable prospect which I now venture to hold out to her.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, August 31. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AN opportunity just occurring, I shall write but a few lines, that I

may catch it. It is needless to say how greatly, on all accounts, I rejoice in your amendment.

The road to Abington is, till you reach the stage of Kilmas-tulla, the road to Limerick. Mistake, therefore, is little probable; when you reach that stage, the post boy will take you to my house, being probably well acquainted with the road.

I would recommend your making the journey in two days and a half; though, if you felt strong, it might be made in two days. An itinerarium I annex.

	Johnstown	-	-	18½ miles.
Kildare	-	11½	-	24½
Monastereven	-	5½	-	30
Maryborough	-	10	-	40
Montrath	-	6½	-	46½
Borris in Ossory	-	6½	-	53½
Roscrea	-	6	-	59½
Dunkerrin	-	4½	-	63½
Moneygall	-	2½	-	66½
Tomavara	-	3½	-	69½
Nenagh	-	5½	-	75
Kilmastulla	-	9	-	84
Abington Glebe	-	11	-	95

I cannot much recommend your making the journey in less than three days. In this case, either your old quarters at Fallen's, or preferably, the inn at Boughclone, one mile further than Maryboro', on the Limerick high road, would be your first day's journey; the second to Nenagh, from whence, you perceive, it is only a drive of 20 miles to this house. At Kilmastulla, you will get a very tolerable breakfast, and good horses.

Fallen's inn has been much on the decline. Major W——, last winter, spoke of Boughclone in enthusiastic terms; I therefore tried it on my way down, and found it very well; but not so super-excellent, as he had given me to understand. I believe there was a crowd. You had better write beforehand to bespeak your accommodation. The same thing I would strongly recommend as to Nenagh. There are two inns there; both bad; however for one night you may bear with it. I know not the name of the inn-keepers at either inn in Nenagh, nor at Boughclone. If, however, Michael were to inquire at the mail coach office, the people there could acquaint him with all particulars.

My love to Miss Fergusson. Farewell, my dear friend.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 103.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 4. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE last, under hopeful impressions ; but two days scarcely elapsed, when I found myself pretty nearly as bad as ever. My complaint, since then, has had the same uncertain character ; but I am still in hopes that there is some ground gained, though neither steadily nor rapidly. Under these indisputable evidences of weakness, I have been most reluctantly obliged to give up, for the present, the prospect which I clung to. But I am far from therefore relinquishing the entire idea ; I may grow better ; I may be now growing better, and in that event, I shall look toward you determinately. The only delay will be the Archbishop's being in Dublin ; though if he stays for any length of time, I am far from thinking of staying him out. Every end will be answered, by my staying till the visitation is over ; but not to do that, might look like coldness on my part, when I have been hitherto manifesting warm interest.

Remember, that had I been well, I should have been with you weeks ago. Never was I less voluntarily deficient in performing an engagement.

R. D. called on me yesterday on his way from Cork, where he declares he was delighted with the good, which — appears to be doing amongst the young clergy. He preaches both *you* and *me* to them, to the utmost of his power, and R. D. says, so coolly, and soberly, and noiselessly, that excellent dispositions seem to be silently diffusing themselves. I assure you R. D. is a shrewd man, and requires solid matter to satisfy him. His manner of speaking was to me highly satisfactory ; as it seemed to place before my mind's eye, a very cheering state of things. — we know has nothing of talent, but talent has its own work, and that, not with the many. In truth, looking at the ways of Providence, as hitherto carried on, I should not wonder if — were to succeed, much beyond abler persons. These last stand so much above the average level, as to unfit them for actual execution. Therefore I own, on the whole, if I saw plain, sensible, right-hearted, active persons engaging in it, I should have more hope of our little system of revived catholicity becoming fruitful, than ever I had before.

I am going this day, for the first time these seven weeks, to B. I go with —, a good evangelic, mild and pious, rooted in

the ways of worthy Wilberforce ; with whom he is in some close affinity, I know not exactly how. Both Wilberforce and Hannah More wrote by him to me. He is accompanied by one of H. T.'s great favorites, now in parliament, and thought likely to make a figure, though I am not yet sure of that. I had resolved not to go, but my physician thinks I may, and Mrs. L. promises to send me in their chaise to town, should it be needful ; so that not being in present pain, and not being perfectly sure but that to give up going now, might be equivalent to always giving up ; that is, giving it up for ever (inasmuch as I may be more or less thus weak, for the remainder of life), I yield to what I think a right thing, when it is, as in point of fact it certainly is, practicable.

Believe me, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 19. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT let this night close, without offering a few lines of reply to your kind, though sad letter, just received. It truly grieves me, that you write in so desponding a style of your health ; but I trust that very great deduction must be made, on the score of morbid feeling. I have known you, at other times, little less apprehensive of the same complaint. Any thoughts of your being a traveller this season, I had, I may say, given up before ; and in truth, when I found your complaint so obstinate, my wish was, that you should consult your feelings, and nurse yourself. I am unwilling, however, to give up the hope so long cherished, of seeing you here, at some time. And in spring, so far as it is right and lawful to look forward, I trust we shall meet, both in Dublin and at B.

I shall be most truly gratified if ——— and ——— pay me the visit, you give me room to hope for. I fear, indeed, that I can give them but a dull reception in this solitude. It can, however, be none other than a most cordial one.

I have been led into a train of rather close thought this week, by the history of Cornelius in the Acts ; and I find it the easiest way of evolving my thoughts, to attempt a sermon on the subject.* I know not how I may succeed, but I have made some

* See Bishop Jebb's ' Practical Theology', vol. i. p. 306. . . Ed.

way. The sermon, if I can effect my purpose, shall not be very long ; and therefore, to take in what matter I wish, it must be dense. And even though the composition should fail, it is even now a comfort, that I have gained some new light on the subject. I think of two divisions. The first, somewhat speculative. The second, more practical.

The first division is, that, ' In the first calling of the Gentiles, the time, the place, and the character of Cornelius, are all worthy of observation.'

I. The time, 8 years after the ascension ; time, therefore, for christianity to take root among Jews. 'Tis important, not only that sufficient Jewish witnesses might be found, but that the constitution, the discipline, and the worship of the christian church, might be formed on the model of the Jewish. Had gentiles been admitted much earlier, this could not have been so. Had they been admitted but a little later, the church might have assumed too judaical a form. Had they been admitted earlier, one great evidence would have been wanting, which, in the promulgation of a religion to them entirely new, could not be spared ; viz. the moral evidence of lives, martyrdom, &c. of first christians. Had they been admitted later, a great support would have been wanting to the church, under the 2nd and most violent Jewish persecution. The precise time, the best that could have been assigned, viz. the rest of the churches, after the 1st Jewish persecution. They were hereby enabled to examine, with due caution and solemnity, the transactions at Joppa and Cæsarea ; and thus to meet judaizing prejudices, and overcome them. At the time of this rest, a number of the disciples, already scattered by the 1st persecution through many cities of the east, were so many ready instruments for promoting diffusion. That number, shortly much increased, by refugees from the second persecution. Add, that St. Paul was now prepared, by an interval of six years from his conversion, chiefly spent in the solitude of the desert Arabia, and in the retirement of his native city.

II. The place, . . Cæsarea. Largest city of Palestine, . . seat of Roman government, . . inhabited principally by gentiles, (so says Josephus) . . on the shore of the Mediterranean. There, on one hand, every facility for investigation, to tenacious Jerusalem christians ; on the other, the door open to immediate formation of a large community of gentile converts, and for communicating faith to other branches of the empire. Had the scene been out of palestine, jealousy might have produced deadly schism. Had it been any other city of Palestine, neither a sufficient number of gentiles, . . nor means alike obvious and effectual, for diffusion ' to the uttermost parts of the earth.'

III. Character of Cornelius. Such a gentile we have never heard of elsewhere.* His habits, those rather of a devout Jew, than of a military heathen. He feared God, he fasted, he prayed, he observed Jewish hours of private devotion, he gave much alms to the Jewish people. Nothing, short of actual conformity, so likely to disarm prejudices of Jewish zealots. And it had disarmed them. He was of good report among all the nations of Jews; not less likely to be popular with gentiles. His integrity, his generosity, his affection for his kindred and friends, all prove him to have been a most amiable human being. His actual moral influence with his countrymen may be inferred, from the promptitude with which many attended his summons to meet St. Peter; but, particularly, from their cordial concurrence with him in religious feeling. 'Now, therefore, are we all here present before God', &c. He had also made devout soldiers. Communication of christianity, at such a time, in such a place, to such a man, an event far above the reach of human forethought; fraught with consequences far beyond the range of human calculation. No time in christian annals so favorable, as *rest* of churches in Palestine. No place in the world so well circumstanced, as Cæsarea. No individual known of, among the gentiles, so well adapted as Cornelius. This coincidence, manifestly providential. Had Cornelius been born a little sooner, or a little later; had the Italian band been stationed in any other part of the empire; had Cæsarea not been the seat of Roman government, &c. &c., all would have been frustrated. This was the work of Him, 'who hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.'

I do not like making you pay double postage, and shall therefore give you no more dry bones. These thoughts are crudely put down; but I am willing to hope that the argument is not quite foundationless. Do, my dear friend, let me hear how you are getting on. I am deeply interested.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I am apprehensive that — will think me little worth knowing. I hope, however, that they will come, for I wish to know them; and my heart warms towards the friends of Hannah More, of Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. H. Thornton. Personally, those good people are truly amiable; and though we can-

* Of the centurion, who loved their nation, and built a synagogue, we do not know so much. A transcendent testimony indeed, was borne to his faith.

not theologically coincide, they are, after all, the best people, and the best school in England. I rejoice in what you threw out some time ago, when speaking of Cecil, that a few minutes in the other world, will let in a vast deal of light.

—oo—

LETTER 104.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 25. 1912.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS is the first moment that I could sit down with ease, to thank you, as I do most cordially, for your truly fraternal letter. I believe I may venture to talk less despondingly. An invalid I must ever be; but I have been so free from pain throughout the whole time, and have now so many marks of gaining ground, as to dispel the forebodings, which hung about me when I wrote last. This day, for the first time, I have walked freely, and I am very little, if at all, the worse for it. In short, I may have yet some time to spend in this lower world. God give me grace to spend it well! and then, be it long or short, it will be peace in the progress, and perhaps something better than peace in the close: if, indeed, there be any thing better than *ἡ εἰρήνη τοῦ Θεοῦ, ἡ ἀπερχοῦσα πάντα νοῦν*.

This text reminds me of —. I do not hesitate to say, that you did right in writing to him. I am glad you did, it was exactly what I could have wished you to do. But how does that text remind me of him? I was ill in bed, the last day that he spent at B —; and just before dinner he came up, and sat as long as he could sit with me. I talked of the necessity of something being wrought in us, above every thing which we could work in ourselves, in order to our being satisfied that the effect produced, was neither fanciful nor common, but divine; and I added, that, in proportion to our consciousness of such an effect, must be our hope for hereafter. Nothing but God's work in us, being a sufficient pledge for our future well being: but so far as we felt a *quid divinum* at work in us, the inference for eternity was infallible.

The main point, however, was, that the effect wrought should be such, as to be not imputable to our own highest exertions. That, said —, explains the text, 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding.' That is, we have a comfort not to be fully explained by any parallelism with human consolations, even the most moral and conscientious kind. It is, what can-

not be explained, therefore cannot be produced by man. I give you the purport of what — said, not his words, for I was not well enough to note the very expressions.

I like greatly what you say about Cornelius ; and I should have been happy to pay double postage to have had more of it. Never curtail your pen on that account, I pray and intreat you, again.

How many things could I now go into ? but I fear every moment to hear our clock (a little faster than the post office) strike seven. I will therefore only add, that you need not fear any warp in the mind of —. He loves you as much as any man can love you, you have not a truer, scarcely a kinder friend.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 2. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter was, on every account, most cheering ; but especially for its comfortable news of yourself. It should have been immediately, and most thankfully acknowledged ; but, from the influence of the autumnal change, I could not easily manage my pen. This day was favorable ; I took a longer walk than usual, and I feel proportionably better. Literary operations have been of necessity suspended ; I enclose, however, my sole copy of what I had written in the matter of Cornelius, which, when you have read and censured, you will oblige me by returning.

In the conclusion of the discourse, I mean to observe, that this is a brief and imperfect sketch of the nice providential adjustment of circumstances, in a single event ; important, indeed, but bearing a very small proportion to the great scheme, of which it is but a single link. That from the calling of Abraham, to the coming of our Lord, there were innumerable combinations and coincidences of time, place, and person, each in itself most worthy of close attention, but all jointly converging to the same point, and thus exhibiting to the careful observer, a consecutive and consistent plan of divine wisdom, nothing less than miraculous. That, again, from our Lord's time to the present, the history of the church, and of the world in subordination to the church, presents a similarity of providential ar-

rangements. And that, finally, from this time to the great consummation, from unbroken analogy, from the consistency of God's ways, and from the sure word of prophecy, we may conclude, that the great scheme will be similarly conducted. The combinations, coincidences, and fitnesses of any one event, afford a most comprehensive range of thought, and a most convincing evidence of providential wisdom. But so many and so great events, in so many thousand years, throughout the whole earth, embracing an infinite variety of characters, and extending their consequences through the vastness of eternity, all most harmoniously co-operating in one mighty scheme, for one mighty purpose, imply a depth of wisdom, which passeth all understanding. This, all put together, opens an illimitable field, at once to our noblest faculties, and our best affections. There is here, matter more than sufficient to employ, for infinite ages, the soundest head, under the paramount influence and guidance of the most heaven-directed heart. But the subject is too vast, to be more than barely hinted at, in a pulpit discourse. One thing, however, is of immediate, practical, personal, individual use and application. In the life of every man, there are providential conjunctures of time, place, and person, which are of infinite importance, as neglected, or improved. Let us look back upon our past course, and we shall find them. Have we improved them as we ought? Let us watch them for the future. If we have hitherto neglected, we may still be enabled to retrieve. If we have happily improved, we must be cautious, lest we lose our vantage-ground, and lest we fall with an accelerated velocity, which may leave our last state worse than our first. How much more grievous would have been the condemnation of Cornelius, than of any unconverted heathen, if he had relapsed, after his being brought into contact with St. Peter, &c. &c. These topics may furnish matter for the remainder of our sermon. I have thoughts in my head for another, on 'Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial, &c.'

It is needless to say, that the above hints are rudely, and most imperfectly sketched. They will, however, enable you to judge, how far I am on a right tack. It will be needful, both to amplify, and to condense. To entrench myself in strong reasons; and to address myself also to the affections. On the providential allotment of times, places, and persons, I should write *con amore*. In the ordinary course of things, how unlikely that I should have been sent to Derry school? Yet this was the great hinge of my life. Again, your recommendation to the Archbishop of Cashel, anticipated but a few days, a proposal from the present Provost*, to enter the diocese of Ferns, under

* Thomas Elrington, D. D., the present venerable Bishop of Ferns. . . Ed

the auspices of Bishop Cleaver. And afterwards, the preparation for the press of my Association Sermon, gave me an interval of near a year, between Swanlinbar and Cashel; an interval which sent me, with many new principles and habits, into a new sphere. Had the change of view been effected, whilst I remained on my old ground, the change of habit would have implied numberless embarrassments. Had my sentiments not altered, till after I came to Cashel, the consequences might have been yet more embarrassing. To all this, how much was instrumental and subordinate! And if these matters could be exhausted, what a multitude remain? May the great Disposer grant me will, and power to improve them, after his good pleasure!

I most seriously apprehend, that, if Whitty is left much longer at Cashel, his constitution will be irreparably injured, if, indeed, he does not fall a victim. What he suffers, both mentally and corporeally, is known only to himself, and to God, in its full extent. I know a little: but of this I am most fully assured, that from the delicate caution of his mind, he would rather sink under his burthen, than drop a hint that could give uneasiness to the good Archbishop. He is one of the few, whose mind, on such matters, would bear the most minute and jealous scrutiny. In truth, he is a most amiable being, and a most useful, as well as a most exemplary clergyman. I love him, as I do not many more in this world.*

* The fate of this most unoffending, and truly exemplary clergyman, is still fresh in the public mind; and supplies a comment upon the state of Ireland, from which the heart recoils. If, in the united church, there was one, more kind, more gentle, more meek and lowly than his brethren, that individual was Irwine Whitty. If it be possible to exceed in these bright christian graces, excess in them was, in truth, his only fault.

In the following Epitaph, Bishop Jebb commemorated in death, the friend whom, through life, he had regarded as a brother:—

Sacred to the memory
of a servant of God,
the Reverend Irwine Whitty, M. A.,
for more than fifteen years Rector of this parish.
He lived in the continual exercise of
faith, hope, and charity,
and died the death of Saint Stephen,
in the spirit of that first martyr,
on the day appointed to commemorate
the conversion of his persecutor Saint Paul,
Jan. xiv. MDCCCXXXII.,
the fifty-fourth year of his mortal life,
the commencement of his immortality.
Revelation xiv. xii. xiii.

This monument has been erected by friends,
who sorrow, but not without hope.

Of — and — I have not heard a syllable. I have, for the last week, held myself free and open to receive them, and shall do so for the next. On Monday sennight I am to proceed to Geo. Forster's, previous to the visitation; to which he will bring me in his carriage on the Thursday after. Possibly the approaching dissolution of Parliament may have affected their movements.

If you can, write soon, though ever so shortly. Criticisms would be most acceptable. My love to Miss Fergusson.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Nov. 2. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD hoped, ere this, to hear from you. It will however satisfy me, if I learn that illness had no share in the delay.

— and —, you have doubtless heard, paid me the expected visit. During the four days that I passed in company with the latter, I took hugely to him; and felt entire complacency, without any drawback. — it is more difficult to know. He pretty much sets aside the common forms of society; and has the air and manner of a person on a tour of inquisitorial inspection. His piety I never questioned; and for upright and kind intentions towards Ireland, I gave him full credit; but he appeared to me to lean rather too much to his own judgment; and to feel, as if all wisdom, and sagacity, and sound religion, were confined to his own coterie. He appeared, also, to despise, as far as a good man could despise, our semi-barbarous country; and to conceive that matters must be all wrong, till the party with which he is connected, shall have proceeded in the work of our civil, political, and religious reformation. To-

In a diary kept by Mr. Whitty, solely for his private use, and found among his papers after his death, there occurs the following entry:

'Meditation XC.

'It came over my mind with great force, that I was to see the Bishop of Limerick, (now, I trust, recovering,) but that it was to be ONLY in the NEXT world. Wonderful to think, that all our circumstances, now, may be impediments to our meeting here, and preparations, if I may presume to hope it, for meeting hereafter. 18th November, 1831.'

Whitty's remains, p. 141. . 42.

Within six short weeks from the date of this passage, the writer was removed to that better world, where these friends and fellow-laborers in the gospel are now, it is our sure and certain hope, forever reunited. . . E.D.

wards the close of his visit, however, he wonderfully brightened up. I felt sorry even to fulness, at losing him; and I saw through a softened medium, whatever had been least agreeable in our intercourse. I am sure that he is truly estimable: and that, if we should meet again, there would be, on both sides, less reserve, and more unmixed complacency. I am right glad that I know him; and I regard him with most cordial esteem. The visit has revived many delightful recollections of our English tour; and I sincerely thank you for paving the way, for this pleasant interruption of my solitary life.

Doctor and Mrs. Hales passed three days here. He is growing more and more amiable; and whatever eccentricities there may be, I cannot help loving him. I wish he would write less upon the subject of the Trinity: but I do not think he is, even on that subject, a heretic. There are no metaphysics in his theology. He has merely followed a critical Will of the wisp, which has led him into thickets, brakes, and quagmires; but I am sure his heart is in the right place.

I have serious thoughts of seriously applying to my dissertation on the style of the New Testament; which I think I might hope to complete by May next. It will probably form a thin quarto of about 120 pages. My specimens, I think, must be given both in Greek and English. Any suggestions of yours, on the subject at large, or on any branch of it, would be most highly acceptable. The song of Zacharias I have reconsidered, with all the care and thought which I could command; and my former opinion is rather strengthened, than the reverse: my reasons, at a more convenient season, I will give you, unless you should deprecate the detail. I shall be much obliged to you for the two little sheets of paper about Cornelius. They are the only copy of my little argument; and I am desirous (if indeed it be worth while) to bring that matter to a close.

I was rejoiced to hear of Whitty's removal to Glankeen. It will be new life to him.

I long to hear from you. A letter put into the post office on Saturday evening, and directed to Cashel, would reach me there: for I purpose going over on Monday.

Farewell, my dear friend,

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 11. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are, both in the literal and metaphorical sense, a far better physiognomist, than I can possibly pretend to be; I will not therefore say that, in my last letter, there were no features of the kind which you allude to: but this I will say, that, as I wrote, I felt all possible conviction, that your silence was, morally speaking, inevitable; and that, however I might have regretted the effect, I was very far, indeed, from imputing negligence as the cause.

In the case which you propose to me, I will not promise to give you a disinterested judgment; it is, however, my dispassionate opinion, that a proposal from you to come here, would be received most joyously, and without implying the slightest reflection on your consistency, and without inducing the remotest impediment to any arrangements or purposes of this house. Besides, as circumstances have altered since your last declaration on this locomotive subject, you have the authority of a far abler casuist than poor me, to act in opposition to that declaration. Jestings apart, and without further reference to Bishop Lanigan, I think you should now propose to come. In this advice, I am not unselfish: for I should assuredly, with the permission of the good Archbishop, (and his house is ever kindly open to me,) come over to meet you. As to your visiting Abington at this season, I should not think of proposing it; but I trust that I may look forward to the summer. Your barely thinking of a long journey, in the month of November, affords me strong hopes; and I shall rejoice, if the actual performance of that journey should raise my expectancy still higher.

I should sooner have expressed, what indeed I am sure you will easily credit, my deep gratification at hearing from yourself, so good an account of yourself. I rejoice, too, at your enfranchisement from the den of Chancery. Next to health of mind, and health of body, it is of importance to human happiness, that we should be free from all malady of estate; and except the burthen of debt, no fiscal difficulties can be compared with the entanglements of law. Trite, but true; as doubtless you have often felt, but I trust will never feel again.

My wish to recover 'the slips*,' arose, not from any interme-

* The original draught of the Bishop's sermon on Cornelius, written in a very minute hand, on two little slips of note paper. . . Ed.

diate plan of pulpit use, but simply from a desire, as occasion might offer, to resume the thread of my discourse ; and perhaps to proceed in another, on a separate branch of the same subject. I am, however, in no violent hurry ; and should you recommend it, could cheerfully relinquish it altogether. If any thing were to come of it, I entirely agree that college would be the proper place. My voice has been growing stronger and clearer ; and I should not be sorry to give some proof, that I do not leave tangible argument altogether out of my scheme of thought and study ; which, perhaps, some of my colder and less congenial friends, may be disposed to think I do.

How far I may be able to proceed with the projected dissertation, I cannot venture to pronounce. Dr. Hales, was, in some sort, an encouragement to me. He gave almost unqualified approbation : and strongly recommended that I should publish. England, I have all along looked to, as the proper sphere in which to bring my youngling out ; and it is curious, that Dr. Hales, too, should have mentioned Rivington. He proffered, also, his good offices ; and, in virtue of your joint introduction, together with Dr. Hales' mention of the matter to his literary friends, I should hope to be indemnified from all expence.

(Private.) The Archbishop has been thinking of a move for me, which would have brought me within about nine miles of Cashel. This, to be sure, would have been a delightful translation, in that respect. In others, however, I thought it would imply serious inconvenience, if not material pecuniary embarrassment. The matter is, therefore, for the present, given up ; as I believe, with full concurrence on the side of the good and kind Archbishop. I most entirely feel, that he is, in the truest sense, among the most cordial of my friends.

I have prepared a tolerable course for the examination of candidates, which will last two or three days. Three deacons are to be priested, of whom I have very moderate expectations. — is to be put into deacon's orders. He will prodigiously outstrip them. In the course of my own preparation, I have been struck with some things, which led to a train of practical reasoning, illustrating just the most difficult and important point, in the ordination service. It is fully laid up in my mind ; and I trust will receive some accession of strength, by remaining there. One day, it may probably come out in an ordination sermon. I should have thrown it on paper for the present occasion, but that I do not like the risk of prematurely handling a subject, which, perchance, might crumble under my touch just now ; though, hereafter, it may acquire sufficient strength and malleability, to be worked upon the anvil.

Have you seen Bishop Horsley's third volume ? I have been

reading in it some capital discourses, on Mal. iii. 1, 2. I cannot, however, adopt his ironical interpretation of 'whom ye seek,' and 'whom ye delight in.' I think it by no means needful. For even bad men may vaguely seek, and fancifully delight in, a Savior, and a salvation, to them altogether vague and fanciful; and who can tell, but that, in the days of Malachi, notions began to prevail, of a temporal Messiah, and of a secular theocracy? By adopting the irony, we should lose a most noble stroke of oratory, for which I should wish to have at hand, a sublimer title than that of antithesis. 'That Lord whom ye seek, that messenger whom ye delight in, shall come, shall assuredly come; but how, and for what purpose? clothed with terrors, to take vengeance on sinners, to inflict judgment, to be a swift witness, &c. To you, therefore, the day of his coming, that day for which you long, that day which you anticipate with delight, will be a day of most awful amazement, and most comfortless despair. Who may abide the day of his coming, and who may stand when he appeareth?'

I rejoice to believe, without any shadow of misgiving, that the friends with whom you are, 'feel every thing that is kind towards me.' It would be little to say that I reciprocate; for who could feel otherwise than kindly towards them? In truth, they live in my habitual course of happiest thought, and holiest feeling. These are strong words, but, if I know myself, I am not given to amplification.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever yours,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER CXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 16. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Archbishop asked me this day, whether, if he were now to renew his invitation, there might be any prospect of your coming to Cashel. He questioned me so closely, whether I knew any thing of your feeling on the subject, that, without absolute disingenuouaness, or without a degree of reserve that might have left room for suspicion, I could not avoid disclosing what you said; and I thought it best to make the disclosure precisely in your own words, lest it might have been imagined that any thing remained behind. Till this day, I had been close as the grave; and now I feel, that circumstances compelled me to do as I have done. The Archbishop is now the

're-inducer' of the proposal ; and, before he knew of the hesitancy in your mind, his great fear was, that, in again asking, he might tease you. He bids me say, that, if you can make it convenient to come, he will be rejoiced to see you ; and he desires to be most affectionately remembered.

I had a long examination ; all the candidates answered capitally well ; insomuch that I never before presented for orders, with such entire complacency.

* * * * *

As to the Archbishop, I never had more comfort in him. Should we meet, (I hardly like to make it hypothetical,) I wish greatly for a conference with you on my own affairs. If it could be brought about with prudence, and tolerable external comfort, I should be glad to meet the Archbishop's kind purpose of bringing me nearer to himself.

Has it ever occurred to you, that 1 Corinth. ii. 7, 8. is brought home to the Ephesians, by the completely indisputable fact, that the epistle was written from Ephesus ? The spurious superscription, perhaps, was one cause, why I before overlooked the fact. 'Nevertheless, we are speaking wisdom among the perfect', &c., would, on this supposition, be the more correct way of translating the passage ; which would thus reflect great light, on the back references in Ephesians, iii., &c. For Cecil's books I sent, but was told they are out of print : if you could get them, might I beg of you to bring them down ?

You have probably seen ———. I hear his preaching makes the people tremble. This precisely, if I mistake not, is the point in which I am mainly deficient ; and in which you think me deficient. But I rather imagine, that it may neither be compatible with my constitution, nor accordant with my department.

An extremely wet, oppressive day has induced a headache, not acute, but stupifying, which tells me I must conclude.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER CXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 30. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN write a line, and little more ; but I cannot satisfy myself without saying that little. I hope and trust that all circumstan-

ces will be propitious, to your long-looked-for visit ; I never, at any period, wished for it more deeply ; yet the influence of nervous feelings being somewhat suspended, I hope and think about it more reasonably, than has always been the case. There is not a shadow of a doubt on my mind, that your inclination is with me ; therefore, if untowardnesses occur, which I most fervently hope will not be the case, I shall be grieved and disappointed, but not hurt.

The Archbishop had, sometime since, kindly expressed an intention of coming here in summer. Since I left Cashel, it has occurred to me, that possibly he might be induced, by having you for a companion, to make a winter excursion. This I leave with you, and shall be much obliged by your propounding it. To express what I feel, truly it cannot be expressed too cordially ; and, by making you the medium, I take care that it is done respectfully.

Observe, that when you reach the cross of Abington, you are not to come by the direct road : it is miserably out of repair. You can go round by Mr. — ; the people will direct you.

Write me a line mentioning your day. I could wish your letter to be in Limerick, by Friday the 8th. I send in on Saturday : or, indeed, if it could be there on Thursday, it would be still better.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 105.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Cashel, Jan. 5. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF this letter should not arrive at the time you mentioned, impute it to a change in the post, made within these three days. I hope, however, I am still in good time. On full consideration, I have resolved to stay here till Monday se'nnight. The Archbishop will probably accompany me ; but though I know it is his sincere wish, I shall not wonder if some obstruction presents itself. If he does not go, I think illness only, will prevent my being with you on the day I have named : if he should hold his purpose, then my movements may prove less exact, as he might prefer Tuesday or Wednesday, though I see no likely reason why it should be so. H. W. will tell you of a petition to parliament, offered by the Archbishop, as one in which he

would join. It costs some uneasiness to H. W., as he had no relish for signing any thing. I did not hesitate to advise, that he should follow his own feeling. All temptation, however, is now over, as the petition this day was rejected, by the casting voice of Sir J. C. (who was chairman). That which they have adopted is pretty moderate, but their preference takes the clergy out of all embarrassment. If they now sign, it will be *ex mero motu*, the Archbishop having nothing to say to it. The Archbishop's decided adoption of conciliatory sentiments, on the great pending question, gives me sincere pleasure. There is now really, between him and myself, not a shadow of mutual difference. This is more than I looked for : I thought his last visit to England had made him more anti-catholic ; but never was I more wrong. I would not wish him to be a hair-breadth nearer me than he is. This day, Peter Gandolphy's congratulatory letter to Dr. Marsh, came by post ; and a curious thing it is. There is not a particle of solid liberality in it, and almost as little sound judgment ; but it will serve to give a new, and curious turn to the Bible controversy. He triumphs in Herbert Marsh's unequivocal dereliction of the leading principle of protestantism ; and becoming the virtual advocate of the catholic tenet ; not knowing, at least affecting not to know, that the doctrine maintained by Marsh, never wanted its advocates in the Church of England ; and that, when properly stated, it is a vital doctrine of the Church of England itself ; that, in truth, which distinguishes it, from all the rest of the reformed body.

What perverse influence the nick-name of protestant has had on our church ! Ever since this epithet became fashionable, its vulgar definition has had more authority with churchmen themselves, than all the settled standards to which they were bound ; and the consequence has been, a steady increase of ignorance, coldness, and vacillation. I really think this point must soon be brought to issue. The Bible Society champion (Dr. Marsh), and Mr. Peter Gandolphy, will scarcely make a treaty of peace ; and the war between them, must involve a deeper discussion of the merits of protestantism, strictly so called, than it has yet undergone. It will, perhaps, be at length discovered, that there is a medium between the two extremes, which combines the advantages, and shuts out the evils of both ; which Vincentius Lerinensis clearly marked out, in the fifth century ; and which at this day exists no where, but in the genuine central essence of our own reformed episcopal church.

You will observe, I do not say it exists in our church, in a perfect form ; I think rather it exists in it, as the little bird in the egg, when incubation has gone a certain length, but is not yet completed. Perhaps even incubation is yet to come ; but we

have the principle, as it is not elsewhere to be found. Since I began this, the Archbishop has received your letter; and he is determined, except unforeseen impossibility intervenes, to do his part towards realizing your 'fairy vision.' You shall hear from me again; but I think it will be as I said, Monday the 18th, or Tuesday at farthest. I believe it will be best for you to sign no petition. The Archbishop I am sure thinks so.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 106.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 4. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR inquiry about me comes in precisely good time, for to-day only, can I give a pleasant account of myself. I fancy I caught cold, on the second day of my journey; either by some uncomfortableness in one of the chaises, or by being tempted, through the fineness of the day, to keep the windows too much open. Be that as it may, I kept my bed on Sunday; got up but in middling health on Monday; felt much nervousness Tuesday and Wednesday; but to-day am beginning to recover my usual habit. I was excellently accommodated at Fallen's; and had as pleasant a journey as could be, at the season. I reached Dawson Street by half after four.

I believe I shall not again make such a winter campaign; but now that it is over, I rejoice that I followed your advice. Besides, to have lived with you in your own house, gives not only a new idea, but a new sensation. The Archbishop has given this a delightful heightening, by himself taking me to you. In short, it will be always a right pleasant spot, in the retrospect of my life.

Whom should I find in Dublin but —. He speaks of you as he ought, that is, with as much cordiality as he can express. I believe he feels himself, by this time, more than half an Irishman.

Being deeply engaged in a letter to Sir T. Acland, I must be as scanty, almost, as you allowed me to be, and only add that I am

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 10. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN the course of this last week, though confined to my house, and to a very low diet, I felt a disposition to write which I did not baulk. I had appointed to communicate with my old friend and tutor, on the subject of my Hebraic disquisitions respecting the New Testament. My book has grown into the enormous packet which accompanies this; and which I should be very much obliged by your sending, by a safe hand, to Dr. Magee in the College; not to be entrusted to a porter, but delivered at his apartments. I am nervous about it, for I have no copy, and my state of nervous exhaustion, affecting both head and hand, put transcript out of the question. I leave it open, that you may, if you wish, look over it: you will find some new matter. I should be sorry, however, it were detained from its destination more than two days. The opinion of such a mind as Dr. M.'s, I feel desirous to have; I own too, that of late, the recollections of former kindness shown by him to me, not merely as tutor to pupil, but as friend to friend, make me desirous to try how near we can go, in any point of contact. With all his faults, I do feel sincere cordiality towards him; I regret drawbacks as much as man can regret them; but the early and unbroken habits of his life, fostered by every untowardness of external situation, and having such a mental temperament at bottom, are strong grounds to induce more pity than censure. You see I am drawing towards your 'necessity.'

All that you say, both of your safe return, and of the impression made by your winter excursion, gratifies me deeply. I hope however, and so far as I may do it with propriety, I would intreat and urge, that you will form no determination of enjoying Abington Glebe, only in 'retrospect.' Recollect what Gray says of

'Forward and reverted eyes.'

If we live, and God spares us health, why, in this retirement, might we not attempt, at least, to work in partnership?

If you see Lord ———, remember me to him with kindness. I rejoice in his cordiality, for he is a good man.

My love to Miss F. My most affectionate remembrances to the excellent L.——'s. My hand refuses guidance to my pen.

Ever yours,

J. JESS.

LETTER CXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 19. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU recollect the line and half, quoted by Johnson, under the second meaning of the word TO REST. Feeling with you its beauty, I was curious to ascertain the author; and, when I could not do better, the search at once amused me, and furnished me with some fine parallelisms, which it may perhaps also gratify you to read. The lines in question, are the 10th epigram of Callimachus, manifestly an epitaph; and of epitaphs, one of the best and briefest I ever read; for it tells the name, parentage, and country of the deceased; his character, and his hope of immortality; all in the space of two lines: this is, to use Callimachus' own words,

Πιδακος ἐξ ἱερῆς ὀλιγῇ λιθῶς.

*Τῇδε, Σαῶν, ὁ Δικωνος, Ακανθιος, ἱερὸν ὕπνον
Κοιμῶνται· θνησκείν μὴ λέγῃ τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.*

Prudentius affords a fine commentary.

*Quidnam sibi saxa cavata,
Quid pulcra volunt monumenta,
Nisi quod res creditur illis
Non mortua, sed data somno?
Hoc provida Christicolarum
Pietas studet, utpote credens
Fore protinus omnia viva,
Quæ nunc gelidus sopor urget.*

Καθῆμι: Hymn x.

Not merely Christians, however, but Jews, conceived death to be a sleep, not of the soul, but of the body. Thus BERESCHIT RABBA, § 91. 'Obdormivit, dicitur honorifice de corpore sancto, cujus mors nihil aliud est quam somnus.'

Saint Chrysostom, in his xxixth homil. on Genesis, says, Οὐτε ὁ θάνατος, θάνατος ἐστὶ λοιπὸν, ἀλλὰ ὀνόμα μόνον ἔχει θανάτου· μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ αὐτὸ τὸ ὄνομα ἀφηρηθῇ· οὐκετι γὰρ δοῦναι θάνατον αὐτὸν προσαγορευομέν, ἀλλὰ κοιμῆσιν καὶ ὕπνον.

Again, S. Cyril of Alexandria, on S. John xi. v. 11. Ααζαροϛ, φησὶν, ὁ φίλος ἡμῶν κεκοιμηται· ὕπνον γὰρ ὀνομαζει τῆς ἀνθρώπινης ψυχῆς, τὴν ἀπὸ σώματος ἐξοδόν· καὶ σφοδρὰ εἰκότως· θάνατον γὰρ οὐκ ἤξιωσεν εἰπεῖν ὁ πῖσις εἰς ἀφθαρσίαν

τα παντα, κατα το γεγραμμενον, και σωτηριαις αναδειξασ-
τας γενεσεις του κοσμου. Εστιν ουν αληθης ο λογος·
υπνος γαρ οντως παρ' Θεω, και ετερον ουδεν, ο προσκαιρος ημων
του σωματος θανατος, ψιλω και μονω καταργουμενος πνευματι, της
κατα φυσιν ζωης, τουτεστι Χριστου.

Again, S. Chrysostom, Savil. tom. v. p. 563., in his sermon on
a particular day, (I presume, the Saturday before Easter,) when
the congregation assembled, not in the church, but in the ceme-
tery; κοιμητηριφ.

Δια τουτο, και αυτος ο τοπος κοιμητηριον ωνομασται· ινα μαθης,
οτι οι τετελευτηκοτες, και ενταυθα κειμενοι, ου τεθνηκασιν, αλλα
κοιμωνται, και καθευδουσι· προ μεν γαρ της παρουσιας του
Χριστου, ο θανατος, θανατος εκαλειτο. — επειδαν δε ηλθεν ο
Χριστος, και υπερ ζωης του κοσμου απεθανεν, ουκει θανατος
παλειται λοιπον ο θανατος, αλλα υπνος και κοιμησις. — δια
τουτο και ο τοπος· κοιμητηριον ωνομασται· χρησιμον γαρ ημιν το
ονομα, και φιλοσοφιας γεμον πολλης, οταν τοιυν αγης ενταυθα
νεκρον, μη κατακοπιε σ αυτον· ου γαρ προς θανατον, αλλα προς
υπνον αυτον αγεις.

In this discourse, there are some curious particulars, on our
Savior's descent into αδης. And there is a beautiful accommod-
ation of a passage in Ps. cvii.

To these extracts, I might add a vast deal of the same kind ;
but I spare you. Is it not remarkable, however, that so early
a writer as Callimachus, contemporary with the Ptolemies,
should express himself in the same language with the christian
fathers ?

By the by, I have little doubt that Saint Paul had studied
Callimachus. In his Hymn to Jupiter, he has a hemistich,
exactly corresponding with the former part of the line, quoted
from Epimenides, by the apostle . . Κρητες αει ψευσται. I re-
collect, some years ago, in reading Callimachus, having been
struck by more coincidence with Scripture ; but, at that time, I
kept no scrap-book ; and I have now not time to look for them,
it being fully bed hour.

You see I have taken your advice, and kept myself in the po-
sure of writing. Till the weather mends, I can do no more
than exercise myself by this kind of σκιομαχια. I am still very
nervous, but I trust, as I have sunk with the barometer, so I
shall rise with it.

Farewell. Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 107.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

March 6. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I can write only a line or two, it is better to write a single line, than say nothing in acknowledgment of your repeated communications.

I put your large manuscript into Dr. Magee's hands. I saw him yesterday, and he seems as much interested by it as he can be. I dare say he will speedily tell you, how strong an impression your remarks have made on him. He will urge you forthwith to learn Syriac, which, he says, you will accomplish in a fortnight; I suppose he takes for granted you know Hebrew, and may be you do by this time: at all events, Magee is cordially interested, in your following up your sacro-philologic undertaking.

As I said at the top of the letter, I wrote thus much, except a few words, ten days ago. I meant to close time enough for that night's mail, but young —— came in, and forced me to listen to him till the moment of dinner. These calvinists seem to keep a theological slop-shop, wherein any showy young man may get himself caparisoned with a ready-made pulpit dress, so as to make as imposing an appearance, as if he had taken the most regular pains to equip himself. But the next avocation was a much more painful one. The day after, Lord C—— (not even then meditating a speedy departure) received a letter from Edinburgh, notifying the sudden death of his younger, and most beloved sister. We were to have dined together at Mrs. P. L.'s: but I received a note between three and four, telling me what had happened; that he must go off that night; and that he desired to see me before he went. I was with him as speedily as possible; and spent all the remainder of his time with him, except when I left him on his business; and I must say, that I never witnessed any thing, in which I experienced so much of the *γλυκύ πικρόν*. His deep and poignant feelings could not be concealed; but their strongest appearance served to show, in a light not otherwise to have been produced, the depth, as well as the strength, of his christian piety: never, while I retain recollection, shall I lose the impression of substantial saint-like excellence, then manifested before me. He went off that night for Donaghadee, as he had intended.

Another avocation arose, from a letter received the day before,

from Mr. Wilberforce, and requiring forthwith, as I conceived, the best-digested answer that I could furnish. It was relative to the R. C. question; on which he earnestly wished to have his opinion settled. I filled two sheets, with the best matter I could furnish; which I hope he will have received time enough for the committee; into which, you will see, the House of Commons has resolved itself, by a majority of 40.

I thank you for giving me the exquisite epitaph, as well as for the accompanying passages. The latter, I might have relished more, had they not reminded me of that uncatholic doctrine of the intermediate sleep, the Socinians are so fond of; and which, to my sorrow unfeigned, my friend K—— has openly broached to his congregation at A——. This, I fear, is but the beginning of troubles. I BELIEVE NO ONE YET HAS HELD THIS OPINION BY ITSELF; either Arianism or Socinianism being hitherto its constant accompaniment; and to you, I say, that some such unhappy bewilderment, I expect, if I live, to witness, in that most amiable, but distressingly misled man.

Painful as such an instance is, it conveys deep instruction. It shows that, in that simplicity of Bible religion, which so many exclusively contend for, and so many more unconsciously strive to diffuse, there is no security for any man, however honest, however intentionally pious, being completely, himself, what he substantially now is, at any future period; suppose at twenty, fifteen, ten, or even seven years' end. Were there no resource against this versatility, the case of the religious world were deplorable. Yet sectarianism has no resource; as they who sail east or west, without a time-keeper, cannot tell where they are, so the honest sectarian, who is not content with the coasting movement of feeling, but launches into the sea of thought. *Νηπιοι κλυδωνιζομενοι, και περιφερομενοι παντι ανεμω της διδασκαλιας*, is the common character of them all, except when secured by a steady habit of mind; by an unwinged ponderousness, which keeps its place, through an insuperable *vis inertiae*. Mrs. P. L. has just come in to me; therefore with her love and my own, adieu.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER CXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Globe, March 7. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AT no time since I saw you step into the carriage at Travers-

ton, have I been perfectly well ; and for some days, I was very seriously the reverse. For more than a week, I passed my mornings in your room ; this day is the first of my coming down stairs. But I thank God, my spirits have been, almost throughout, equally good ; and my mind has been tolerably disposable.

My sermon for the Penitents* is in progress. I have finally chosen S. Luke xix. 10. for my text ; a pregnant one, if it were in good hands. I am endeavoring to do my best. At all events, the study has, I trust, been useful. For I hope I have acquired some new light, which may at least, with the divine aid, be practically beneficial to myself.

It has just occurred to me, that when Christendom becomes what it ought, the authority of the church will be a powerful instrument in diffusing christianity as a science. You complained of protestantism being unsystematic. How can it be otherwise ? Some grand principles of interpretation must be so authoritatively laid down, that they cannot lawfully be contravened, before any thing like system can obtain. This would be the very antipode of Chillingworthian private judgment. But private judgment, surely, is inconsistent with the very notion of a science. How would the astronomer, the mathematician, the chymist, laugh at the asserter of private judgment ? Would not a person be accounted mad, that were to say, The moon is made of green cheese ; I maintain it ; I have a right to do so ; it is my private judgment. Two and two make five ; it is my private judgment. Gold and brass have the same weight, properties, and value ; it is my private judgment. Yet this ridiculous farce is every day enacted in theology ; and this is protestantism. Is divinity then unphilosophical ? has it no principles ? is it no science ? I trow otherwise. How would any human science, I will not say advance, but how could it be taught, if principles were thus thrown aside ? And what hopes may we not hold of the advancement of theology, when principles shall be held as tenaciously as by the church of Rome, without her accompaniment of error ? This, surely, is a comfortable prospect.

Even by this brief effort, you may see, I am not willing to let you give me up.

Ever yours,
JOHN JEBB.

* Published in Bishop Jebb's 'Practical Theology.' . . ED.

LETTER CXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, March 8. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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*	*	*	*	*	*

WHAT you say about —, is truly both melancholy and instructive. The good man himself will, I trust, be saved, though as through fire; but what wood, hay, and stubble, may he not accumulate and vend? It is my wish and prayer, that I may be saved from *the simplicity of Bible religion*. Indeed I believe that, in my very constitution, I have some safeguard. I love system, antiquity, and authority. I read, during my illness, much of Alison. I am taking more to imagination.

My sermon is creeping on. I seem to have matter enough; and some fertility of invention, and fluency of expression. Still I am unable to judge what sort of thing it will be. I wish to speak much plain, serious, home truth; but to do so, not in a prosing manner, and, above all, not in mere common-place. The sermon being fixed for the Sunday before Easter, I conceive marks the propriety of a very serious discourse. In proportion to its seriousness, it will probably not be popular. If I can make it useful to any, but above all, useful to myself, I shall be thankful that I have been forced so to employ myself. To my work I must now turn.

My most affectionate regards to Mrs. P. L. T., along with my thanks for her cordial recollections.

Ever, my dear Friend, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 108.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 3. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS is the first moment I could command, even to acknowledge the receipt of yours. I have kept back nothing from you, which I deemed of any moment. I did not, perhaps, in any instance, assume the tone of a censor. Certainly, the reason

was, because there did not appear faults to require it. As to differences of opinion, it never struck me, that there were any between us, until I was in your house, last January. Then, for the first time, I thought I saw a shade of difference in our views, respecting worldly compliances, or indulgence to such habits in others. It touches me on a peculiarly tender point; as you may recollect, that, from the commencement of our serious conversations, I have maintained, on this subject, a uniform, unyielding strictness. I seem to myself to have had deep ground for my rigidity; and the apprehension that you saw matters in any thing of a different light, could not but disturb me. Yet, from that moment till now, I have not decided, that my apprehension was founded.

I may give the same account of my feelings, respecting what has recently passed. I certainly have been much saddened, but perhaps without cause. I own, I am discouraged by what you say in your note, of its being 'difficult to define' the 'precise point of difference'; and of there being 'inevitable drawbacks of all human language.' This seems to make mutual explanation hopeless; and it would take for granted, what I have long hoped is not the fact, namely, that the understanding of man is not competent to explain the evangelic theory. I think the imperfectness of intellect lies in this, that it cannot keep pace with feeling. There are matters of which the heart takes cognizance, the fulness of which is not to be expressed in words. Music seems added to supply this lack. Who could give in words, the effect on the feelings, of one of the choruses in the Messiah? but, in poetical matters, I cannot but think, language will be found an adequate instrument.

'Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.'

I do not, however, write now, for the purpose of dispelling intellectual clouds, in your mind or my own, but simply to assure you, that my apparent omissions were necessitated. Were there time, which at this moment there is not, I could not hope to accomplish much, within the compass of a letter. Alas! what can I say, which I have not said times without number? The whole tissue of my writing and talking, has been one and the same. Had I taken up any new notion, it would be my part to explain and justify it. I have not. I have been devoted to a moral religion; and have protested against any ground of consolation, which was not moral, from the first moment of my thinking on religion, to the present hour; and I do nothing more now.

The mind of the sincerest, I will not venture to say of the maturest, for that I am not competent to speak of, will be some-

times, to a certain degree, less luminous, it may be, beclouded ; the question will be then, what is the path to comfort ? I say, and say with all my soul, . . . prayer. Prayer, persevered in, until the mind is sensibly reinstated, and the former light renewed. They who live in this experimental way, will not need speculative appliances ; when the *δυσμενεις μολλοισις ανωρος* are actually felt, dubious, inexplicable consolations, need not be resorted to : but if there be not a competency of the one, and religion still thought of and adhered to, there must be the other. This is the simple truth. If feeling decline, religion must be abandoned, or speculation must supply the place of that which feeling has lost.

I do not know how I could make myself more plain, than in this last paragraph. I have no quarrel with any thing, which does not abate the intensity of prayer, for the graces, or degrees of graces, yet wanted. I know, by experience, that this intensity is essential, to the 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' I am therefore jealous of all that could chill it ; and, if I think the first names on earth, are, however unconsciously and unintentionally, instruments in this bad cause, I must, when called to it, withstand them, as Saint Paul withstood Saint Peter, were they 'bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.' In truth, there is a much nearer tie ; and this tie has existed, and I trust will exist, between you and me.

Adieu ! May God bless, direct, and make you happy, and if it be his holy will, keep your heart and mind, ever in close union with the mind and heart of

Yours, more than language can express,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glebe House, Loughbrickland, May 4. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I LOSE no time in acknowledging your invaluable letter, which I trust, by the divine blessing, has already produced, and will continue to produce a good effect upon me. I only regret that you were not more full and distinct, in stating the grounds, and the extent of your apprehensions. I well know, that I have often needed a friendly censor ; and I am apt to think, that an explicit application, amounting to somewhat, if not of reprehension, at least of warning, might often have been very salutary.

I have altogether failed to make myself clear, if you imagine that I require any satisfaction, respecting your views and feelings of the christian system; or indeed, respecting your special application of those views and feelings, in any branch or detail of practical religion. I am fully satisfied, that you are, both right and consistent. You have maintained unbroken uniformity; if there were any change, any declination, it must have been on my part. But I soberly think there is none; my mind and heart seem to respond to yours, without a jarring note.

I am well pleased to have two points distinctly brought before me: secular compliances; and speculative grounds of comfort.

As to the first, whether with respect to myself, or others, my mind and affections are altogether unchanged. This, I deliberately say, without reserve or hesitation, on the ground of my own internal consciousness. I do most entirely believe, and it is my earnest desire to grow more and more in the feeling, that christianity, in its power and sweetness, cannot reside, where such compliances exist. The ordinary amusements of the world, constitute a deadly and a blighting atmosphere; deadly to all plants of the true heavenly growth; blighting even to the growth of mere human virtue: and thus feeling, I would maintain the most uniform, undeviating, uncompromising strictness, in my practice, and in my language. There is not a particle of my letter on Fashionable Amusements, to which I would not, at this moment, subscribe, from the bottom of my heart; nor a syllable of it, which I would blush to proclaim to the whole world. And such has been my feeling, from the moment in which it was dictated at my desk in Cashel. The truth is, I conceive it to be now, more vitally important than ever, that not a shadow of support should be, directly or indirectly, afforded, to the low and sickly pursuits of worldly pleasure. The friends of moral christianity, should now be peculiarly strict, because the advocates of dogmatic christianity, are now most shamefully compromising. They appear to have discovered, that religionism has ever been more repulsive and unpalatable, through its strictness of moral abstinence, than through its strangeness of doctrinal assertion. And, with a wisdom not assuredly from above, whilst they retain their dogmatism, they abate their strictness. At such a time, and under such circumstances, to waver for an instant, or to swerve an inch, would be to desert our post, and relinquish our high and holy cause. During our conversation last January, at Abington, I perceived that my meaning was not clear to you: probably, from some mental cloudiness, I could not make it so. But I can say with perfect truth, and without the slightest hesitation, that, then and now, I did not,

and do not, entertain a single thought or feeling, in the least degree contrary to what I have just stated, as my most mature, and most unalterable opinion. It may not be amiss to add, that I would shrink, with downright dismay and dislike, from the utterance of a syllable to others, which could be construed into the most remote sanction of worldly amusements.

As to speculative grounds of comfort, I do (as I have done for the last six or seven years) most entirely renounce, and most cordially dislike them. Not a movement of my mind turns that way; and as to the feelings of my heart, I have yet to learn, how they could be touched by a speculative nonentity. Worthy people, and even good people, may and do, in this point, deceive themselves. But I am deeply of opinion, that their delusion is fed, either by moral deficiency, consciously allowed, or unconsciously cherished, or by a pitiable weakness and morbidness of mind; and, whatever be the cause, I am certain, that, in all cases, the result is unfriendly to the growth of christian goodness, and consequently of solid, inward, spiritual consolation. Speculative comfort, is, in truth, a sort of mental dram-drinking. It may afford a mementary stimulus, a temporary relief, but it is permanently injurious to the moral constitution. Your path to comfort, I hope and trust will be mine; I firmly believe it is the only true one. In a very imperfect degree, I have found it so. God grant I may so find it more and more!

On such a subject, it is almost needless to add my persuasion, that mere theoretic agreement, would be nothing. I cannot add a word, which would not diminish the weight I attribute to this simple assertion.

I shall offer only one more consideration. You are constitutionally disposed to fear the worst. On such a subject, with me, . . . in some measure another self, . . . it was perfectly natural, that your constitutional nervousness, should have been most tremblingly alive. If, therefore, you are not yet completely satisfied, however deeply I shall regret, I shall by no means despond. Could I find words to assure you of my deep and cordial union with you, I would most gladly employ them. But I cannot. God of his mercy grant, that this union may become more deep, more intimate, more cordial! If it do not, my loss will be irreparable. But I do indulge more cheering and delightful hopes.

Farewell, my dearest Friend.

Ever yours,

JOHN JERR.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 11. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER a lapse of five weeks, you must naturally begin to ask yourself, what I have been doing or thinking. I can only say, that I fear little has been done or thought to any purpose; but of that little, some account must be given. Something I have read;—and my pleasantest reading has been generally associated with you. I love to be able, now and then, to say to C. F., Here is a passage, with which I am sure Mr. Knox would be pleased. I met lately such a passage of Gregory Nazianzen; which I determined to transcribe for you, because it appeared to me, at once, a most solid, and most luminous exhibition, of the stability and enjoyment, even in this life attainable, by a thorough christian. Here it is. ‘Ο, αυτο, δι’ εαυτο τιμων και περιεπων το καλον, επειδη του εσιωτος ερα, εσιωσαν εχει και την περι αυτο προθυμιαν, ωστε θειον τι παρασχων, και το του θεου δυνασθαι λεγειν, εγω δε ο αυτος ειμι, και ουκ ηλλοιωμαι. ουκ ουν μεταποιηθησεται, ουδε μετατεθησεται, ουδε συμματαπενεται τοις καιροις και τοις πραγμασι, αλλοτε αλλος γενομενος, και πολλας μεταλαμβανων χροας, ωσπερ τας των πετρων οι πολυποδες, αις αν ομιλησωσι. μνει δε ο αυτος αιει, πηγεις εν ου πεπηγοσι, και εν στρεφομενοις αστροφοις. πετρα τις, ομαι, προς εμβολας ανεμων τε και κυματων, ουδε τινασσομενη και δαπανωσα περι εαυτον τα προσπιπτοντα. Orat. xxvii. § 13. Does not this, picture a state, of which modern religionists have no conception? And is it not a happy contrast to Saint Paul’s νηπιοι, κλυδωνιζομενοι και περιφερομενοι παντι ανεμω της διδουκαλιας, εν τη κυβεια των ανθρωπων, εν παροργια προς την μεθοδειαν της πλανης? It seems to me a principle equally comfortable and philosophic, and most comfortable, because it is most philosophic, that, whoever truly loves what is stable, will adhere to it with stability of affection. There is, I verily believe, in this case, a happy necessity, founded on the immutable nature of things. They who rely upon a more fluctuating christianity, will sooner or later find, that ‘opinionum commenta delet dies’; whilst I humbly trust, that, on our side, naturæ judicia, non solum dies, sed etiam æternitas confirmabit.

I have been creeping on a little with my pen. The strength, or, more properly, the weakness, of my stock of sermons, does not permit me to lay upon the shelf any thing producible. I

therefore bethought myself, that the former part of my last charity sermon, with some modification, and some additional matter, might be moulded into a decent discourse for ordinary use. This thought has been acted upon; and I am disposed to send you my new conclusion, especially because it seems to me conceived after a manner, which I never tried in any other instance. After having gained a turning point, which might naturally lead my hearers to expect some practical observations, derived from, or at least referring to, the story of Zaccheus, I proceed as follows. 'Holy scripture has been graciously provided, not merely to communicate information, but to awaken within us a train of salutary thoughts and feelings; and, if I may so speak, to put us in a proper posture, for thinking and feeling to the best advantage. When, therefore, we read or hear any Scripture narrative, we should habituate ourselves to observe, and to improve, the thoughts which it suggests, and the feelings which it inspires; for thus, and thus only, we shall convert it into the food of our souls. And, in the matchless narrative of the Gospel, we should make it our peculiar study, that we, like Zaccheus, may *see* Jesus who He was; that we may enter into the very life and spirit of his adorable character; and thence imbibe, at once, the disposition, and the power, to become the children of God.

'If, with such views, we reverentially and affectionately approach the records of our Savior's life, we shall, by the divine blessing, attain a deeper impression of his excellence, and a larger portion of his pure, exalted, heavenly spirit.

'Difficulties, it must be granted, may impede the first movement of our minds. Compared with those superior intelligences, who continually surround the Throne of God, and who see Him as He is, we are 'little', indeed, of spiritual stature. A crowd of vain imaginations, of frivolous interruptions, and of worldly cares, is but too ready to press upon us, and to hide our gracious Master, for a season, from our view. But, my brethren, in all such emergencies, we may, and we should, derive instruction from the wisdom of Zaccheus. Like him, we should out-run the giddy multitude, and escape from the din and bustle of the throng. So shall we gain the vantage-ground of high and holy meditation; and from that serene and blessed eminence, which has ever been the chosen resting-place of the pious and the good, our eyes will expatiate over prospects, gladdened by the perpetual light of God's countenance, and our regards will be supremely fixed on Him, for whom all things are, and were created; the Son of God and Son of Man, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

'One look of Christ, converted Zaccheus. Is it the desire

of your hearts, my brethren, that Christ would thus look upon you? Make known that desire, in fervent supplication to the Throne of Grace, and it will be met and satisfied exceeding abundantly, above all that you can ask or think. In the study of Sacred Scripture, in the devotional retirement of your closets, in the daily business of your lives; publicly, in the great congregation, and secretly, in the silence of your beds, Christ will then look upon you, my brethren, with softened majesty, with assuasive tenderness, with mild persuasion, and with love, which the heart, indeed, may feel, but which no tongue of man or angel can express. All rival affections will then perish in your souls; you will then cheerfully part with all things, to procure the pearl of great price; and when you have procured it, you will rejoice and be glad in your hearts.

'This day, then, my brethren, let us, in all seriousness and simplicity, draw near to the Savior of the world, and he will infallibly draw near to us; this day, he will abide at our house. Every day let us invoke the light of his countenance; and all our days will be days of holiness and peace. Let us receive him with the same honest exultation, and serve him with the same disinterested, uncompromising spirit, which were manifested by the good Zaccheus, and he never will forsake our dwelling, he never will desert our hearts and minds. 'If a man love me,' saith our gracious Master, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him; and make our abode with him.'

Something of the nature of *allegorizing*, in the above quotations, reminded me, whilst transcribing it, that you asked me, not long since, whether I had examined any of Origen's allegorical interpretations. I was led to do so, in the course of last week; and what I read, makes me desirous of reading more. Amidst his highest flights of fancy, one may clearly discover the steady aim of piety, and the well-adjusted equipoise of good sense. He excels in the natural, forcible, and graceful introduction of Scripture. And, perhaps of all the fathers, he most resembles St. Gregory the great, in the power of deriving important evangelical instruction, from whatever portion of scripture he may be engaged in illustrating. However untenable his *εξηγησις*, in a critical point of view, his allegory is, perhaps always, ingenious; and certainly, for the most part, admirable in its practical tendency. I was much struck with a passage, which I shall transcribe. The Greek has perished; but Rufinus has preserved the sense, and, I dare say, much of the spirit, in his Latin version. The quotation is the earlier part of his 5th Homily on Joshua; commenting on the 4th chapter of that book.

I had got into a vein rather for transcription than origination. Will you, therefore, accept the beginning of a sermon? I have some thoughts of making a series, on the beatitudes; but have proceeded no further than you shall see. Your opinion will have great weight in deciding me, whether to advance, or to retreat. Some hints, towards the opening, I have taken from John Wesley; but, I trust, the matter is honestly made my own.

St. Matt. v. 1, 2.

'And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them.'

'Our blessed Lord, at the beginning of his ministry, established his divine authority, by miracles peculiarly fitted to impress the minds and hearts of the people; miracles of mercy and compassion, which prepared all that possessed any moral sensibility, to hear his words with meekness, and to receive them with sincerity of affection.

'Great multitudes had followed him, from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from the region round about Jordan. Desirous to instruct them, he went up into a mountain, from whence he might be conveniently seen and heard, and where he might escape the pressure of the crowd. When he was seated (for this was the posture used by public teachers among the Jews) his disciples came to him. 'And he opened his mouth': a Hebrew form of expression, which marks the beginning of a solemn and weighty discourse. 'And he taught them': in the first instance he taught his own immediate followers; afterward, the multitude at large.

'But the words then spoken, are addressed to all christians, in all ages; to us, my brethren, no less really, than to the multitudes upon the mountain. And, assuredly, it is of unspeakable importance, that we take heed how we hear. For, who is it that speaketh unto us? It is the Lord of heaven and earth; our creator, lawgiver, and judge; infinitely able to save and to destroy. It is the eternal wisdom of the Father; who knoweth whereof we are made; who understandeth our inmost frame; our wants, our weaknesses, our wishes, our capacities, our thoughts, and our most secret feelings. It is the God of love; who hath descended from the glory of the Father, to open the eyes of the blind, to give light to those that sit in darkness, to guide our feet into the way of peace. And what is the subject matter of his discourse? It is the way to that heaven, from whence he came; to that heaven, whither he is gone, and where he is, even now, preparing a place for all his faithful followers; to that

glory, which he enjoyed before the world began ; and which, after heaven and earth had passed away, shall endure, unfading and imperishable, through eternal ages. And how is it that he speaks ? He might again bring us to the mount that burned with fire ; to blackness, darkness, and tempest ; he might again renew the terrors of Sinai, and speak as when the highest gave his thunder . . Hailstones, and coals of fire. But no, my brethren. It is the still small voice. His doctrine drops as the rain ; his speech distils as the dew ; as the small rain upon the tender herb ; as the showers upon the grass.

' Happy are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven :
 Happy are the mourners : for they shall be comforted :
 Happy are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth :
 Happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled :
 Happy are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy :
 Happy are the pure in heart : for they shall see God :
 Happy are the peace-makers : for they shall be called the children of God :
 Happy are the persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven !

' Happy, whatever be their temporary sorrows ; whatever the judgment of a short-sighted and miscalculating world. Happy in the way, and happy at their journey's end ; in this life, and in the life everlasting. Who is he that desireth to live, and would fain see good days ? Our blessed Redeemer will guide you to the object of your heart's desire, by a path which you could never discover for yourselves ; the way of irreproachable pleasantness ; the path of calm, inviolable peace ; to an anticipated heaven upon earth ; and a consummate heaven in the mansions of our Father.

' Happy are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' It is, perhaps no unreasonable supposition, that, as our Lord looked around upon the multitude, he observed not many rich of this world ; and thence, made an easy transition from temporal to spiritual poverty. Happy are the poor ; . . not merely in outward circumstances ; for such may be far distant from all true enjoyment ; . . but, happy are the poor in spirit. Happy are they, in whatever condition, high or low, rich or poor, who have made a wise and sober estimate of themselves ; who rely not on their own sufficiency ; who feel their own intrinsic weakness ; and who, therefore approach the throne of grace, humble petitioners for those purified affections, holy tempers, and virtuous habits, which they cannot produce in themselves. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven. They are blessed with the prime ingredients of happiness ; they are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's religion. Enrolled under the banner of him, who resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble, they are his faithful subjects and soldiers ; and he will lead them

on, conquering and to conquer; from strength to strength, and from glory to glory; from his present kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy, to his eternal kingdom of perfect righteousness of unmingled peace, and of unutterable joy.

‘Christian poverty of spirit, is, therefore, no mean, low, and enfeebling sentiment. It implies, indeed, an intimate conviction, that, if abandoned to our own guidance, we should, in no transaction of our lives, nor in any portion of our time, be happy or secure. It implies, also, a fear of being subdued, by the least of our sins; but such a fear, as will propel us to the source and fountain of the greatest virtues. This poverty is, in truth, a principle most elevated in its source, and most ennobling in its consequences. Little minds may think highly of themselves, because they are successful in the pursuit of little objects. Not so, the mind and heart which look into eternity. They are conscious of their own deficiencies, because they have measured their stature and their powers, with that moral and spiritual elevation to which they perseveringly aspire. And they seek to have their deficiencies supplied from that all-gracious fountain, which flows more freely than our thoughts; and communicates more bountifully than our wishes.

‘And here, my brethren, it is proper to observe, that those eight short sentences, usually termed the beatitudes, indicate the progressive stages of our christian course; from the commencement to the consummation; from the relinquishment of all self-dependence, to the perfection of that zeal, which can do and suffer the hardest things, through Christ that strengtheneth us. Each, indeed, of those inward characters or dispositions, which our Lord pronounces happy, belongs to the genuine christian, from the moment it is formed in his heart, through every gradation of his progress; but each is also introductive of a higher grace, till, in due season, the faithful disciple of an all-powerful Master, is made perfect and entire, lacking nothing: till endowed with all the living principles of goodness, he increases the energy of those principles, by continual exercise; and thus, gradually ripens, for the joys and triumphs of the paradise above.’

On reviewing what I have written, it appeared to me so unlike a letter, that I had serious thoughts of suppressing it. —, however, makes it a point, that letter or no letter, it must go. He, therefore, is somewhat more than an accessory, to this outrageous trial of your patience. And, as the second sheet is entered upon, I cannot let you off without more.

And now, my dear Friend, let me remind you of your kind promise, that no little impediment should prevent you and Miss Fergusson from visiting me this summer. You know how near this is to my heart; I shall therefore add not a syllable, lest I

should inflict pain, where I would least wish to inflict it. My warmest wishes are always with my excellent friends at B——.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 109.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 27. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE too long delayed to acknowledge your much valued communications, but B—— is to me, a bad letter-writing place. The uncertainty of dispatching letters implies less stimulus, than is felt in a near post-office, and a fixed daily hour; and I need every possible stimulus, to make me sit down to write. This is a curious change in my habits. Writing was my great amusement, reading having too little interest. Now, I like reading much better than writing: reading sufficiently interests me, and writing overworks me. I am glad of the first, but I can only submit to the latter; though with sincere thankfulness, that the weakness, which this implies, is not without its indemnification: and besides, 'God doth not need either man's work, or his own gifts', &c. you know the remainder.

I assure you, your letter was most acceptable, and truly interesting. — was as right as possible in his estimate of my liking. Quotations are to me the more valuable, because I greatly relish, peculiarly bright passages; and I am unqualified, by habit, to find them for myself. I must thank you, however, for your own transcripts; and especially for the new conclusion of your discourse on Zaccheus. Managed, as you have managed it, few modes of improving a subject would have equal effect. The mind is thus addressed, through several of its most impressible points, at one and the same moment; and instruction is conveyed, through the medium of very lively entertainment. To almost any one but yourself, I should be ready to hint at cautionary rules. But to you, above all, I know, they would be perfectly superfluous. As to the beatitudes, your commencement does justice to the subject, but not with such felicity as in that just mentioned. I agree in all you say in your exordium; but, in my mind, there is more to be said, though I doubt whether it would be fit for indiscriminate communication. I am sure our Lord spoke, that what he said, might be recorded for the continual, and I should think progressive in-

struction, and edification of his church. But, I imagine, a present purpose was, to repel loosely attached followers. To this end, his apparent severity of language was peculiarly fitted. It has other deeply valuable uses, beneficial to all times, and probably best adapted to perennial effect. But I think it could not have failed to throw off, the mixed multitude, who crowded round our Lord, on low, and carnal principles. To free himself from this incumbrance (so unsuitable to his design, and inconsistent with its continued prosecution, because exciting needless and undeserved jealousy), seems to have been his object on several other occasions; particularly in the cases mentioned St. Luke xiv. 28., and St. John v. : in both which instances, though in different ways, there appears the same astounding strength of expression, as in the sermon on the mount. I suspect that the discourse to Nicodemus, was spoken with like intent, though with a most important ulterior purpose. Bishop Cleaver has taken successful pains, to trace a correspondence in manner, between this last-mentioned discourse, and that on the 6th of St. John, as having been similarly meant to convey the divine doctrine, respecting two sacraments; a marked resemblance, even with this profound, and permanent view, would add something to the probability of their immediate object being similar. But be this as it may, I conceive the first beatitude, though well expanded by you, on the usual supposition, admits of a more easy interpretation. You, after numbers who have trodden this ground, before, deem it to mean. 'Happy are the humble'; I have long thought this explanation, not consonant to the figure, and not suitable to the design: not the latter, for humility is a fruit of true religion, I would say of advanced religion, rather than the first step in its progress. I grant that, as you make it out, dispositions indispensable, even in commencement, present themselves: but I doubt if they belong properly to humility, or strictly form a part of poverty in spirit. This last, I conceive, must be something more radical, than any thing you have actually mentioned; though some of your expressions nearly imply my idea. What I look for is, a feeling adequate to originate all that follows: and this I take to be no other than a discovery of our want of true riches; a sense of our vacuity of spirit, our alienation from our chief good, and consequent [derangement] in our immortal part. Our Savior saw himself followed by the poor, in hope of their circumstances being changed, through their early attachment to the Messiah. He begins, therefore, by intimating another and deeper poverty, a want in the inmost soul, which no external opulence could supply. A want of God, the object of the human spirit, its true and infinite inheritance. Blessed, says he, are they, who discover this

interior poverty; for this is it, which I am come to relieve: to this spiritual poverty, and this only, the riches of my kingdom have reference; and until a consciousness of this indigence takes place, the highest blessing I dispense, will excite no interest: a discovery of spiritual good and evil, the highest good, and the deepest evil, is, in its nature, antecedent to all effort, for attainment of the one, or deliverance from the other. In such a discovery, therefore, must the process of renovation commence. It is the first symptom of regeneration. 'That which is born of the spirit, is spirit.' But there must be 'spirit', in order to the discovery of spiritual poverty, and spiritual riches; for 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

I cannot but think this idea, is adequate to sustain all that follows; for as it must precede every thing, so every thing naturally grows out of it. It seems to me, in short, both evangelically, and philosophically suitable, and then, try it by its agreement with the figure *πτωχοὶ τῷ πνεύματι*. Can this be so naturally, or so simply rendered, as by 'poor in a spiritual sense', or spiritually poor in their own feeling of themselves: that is, consciously destitute of the 'true riches.' This last idea (of 'true riches') occurs again and again: as, for example, St. Luke xvi. 11, 12. 21.; in short, every where. Opposed to this, then, there must be a poverty described in itself, without due consciousness of it; because its being felt, is the first indispensable preliminary to relief and blessedness. (*πτωχοὶ τῷ πνεύματι* implies, I think, that the spirit is awakened, and feels its situation.)

I am particularly strengthened in these ideas, by referring to the resembling passage in St. Luke vi. 'Happy are ye, poor', compared with (verse 24.) 'Woe to you, rich, for ye have received your consolation', that is, ye are so amply supplied outwardly, that you feel no want within. Who, then, are the 'happy poor?' they who, in that instance, were predisposed, by having nothing to rest on for comfort in the world, to open their eyes to their inward wants, and their hearts to the supply of them. These verses, and those referred to in Revelation iii., throw light on each other. I cordially thank you for your sermon. I think it as good, as it could be under the circumstances; and the style is precisely what I could wish. As a pledge of things to come, it gratifies me more, than I can express. I forgot, when speaking of it, to suggest, whether, in the conclusion about Zaccheus, 'contemplation' would not be better than 'meditation', and whether 'hearts' would not be better than [minds]. The former would be an exact opposite, to 'the great congregation', and, perhaps, a happier close of the series.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 110.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Sept. 11. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not wonder at your letter to Miss F. Appearances, assuredly have been against me. But did you know, how I have been circumstanced, you would not blame, but feel for me. The fact is, I have hardly, for fifteen years, had so much uneasiness of frame, as within the last two months. My head, hitherto, to appearance, my strongest part, has been unusually affected, so as to make not only writing, but sometimes even reading, a matter of inconvenience. This has been a new affliction to me, who always, heretofore, have found reading a resource, and, generally, writing also. This cannot but sadden me. Yet I do not despond; I look forward, I hope with humble confidence, to brighter days.

I think you will not wonder, that, under such feelings, I could not bring my mind to think of a journey southward. I have sincerely wished to realize your kind expectation; but I was absolutely unable to undertake a journey, except some peculiarly urgent sense of duty had raised me above my infirmities. I do not know when I was less capable of effort, or more liable to feel uneasiness at straws in my path. I trust you will not blame me, for indulging indolence, when so unfit for every thing but quiet bearing. In short, I honestly feel, that I am entitled to your full forgiveness; for, were I competent, never was there a time, when I should have been more glad to testify my cordial attachment to you, than now. If ever I felt a touch of jealousy or apprehension on your account, you have perfectly dispelled it; and, instead thereof, have raised hopes in me, of your important usefulness at some future time, such as, a year or two since, I did not dare to entertain.

* * * *

You may judge of my nervousness, when even what I have now written, is making my head hot. I cannot, however, end, without directing your attention to the review of Faber's tract on the influences of the Holy Spirit, in the last Ch. Observer. The remarks on his assertion, that God withdraws the comforts of the Holy Spirit, in order to the greater improvement of the individual, I cannot but consider as the best doctrine I ever met in that work. If they had foundations equal to sustain such a superstructure, the catching of such lights would give promise of a more 'perfect day', than such theologists have yet

any where arrived at. But I question the final result, of a superinduction of very luminous morality, on a dogmatic basement. We have seen something of the kind before, amongst the non-conforming calvinists, in their first emergence from the gloom of their system. For the moment it was interesting; and produced much, within the short period: it produced a Baxter, a Howe, a Shaw, and an Annesley; but what did it speedily grow into? In a word, catholic verities, fully and cordially apprehended, are the only support, because they are the only wings (I must change the metaphor) on which earth is clearly left, and heaven is truly anticipated.

With all my heart and soul, I say, God bless you! and I cannot say more. I have banished myself from B——, for a few weeks, in order to keep the feeling of home uninjured; for, though I have less enjoyed B——, during my last visit, than before, there is that in it, which lays hold on my heart, and as 'the heart is deceitful,' even where it is not 'desperately wicked', I am compelled to guard myself against an absolute captivity.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 13. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS day I was at once deeply gratified, and deeply pained, by your most kind letter. And I cannot permit my messenger to go into Limerick, without a few lines to express my cordial thanks, and to assure you, that whatever uneasiness and jealousy might have been induced by the infirmity of my nature, are now completely removed. I trust that *your* infirmities have been chiefly, if not altogether, produced by a singularly trying season. It has affected both myself and others; and, at this moment, I am not free from its influence. In reading and writing, I have been equal only to desultory efforts, or to what a friend of mine not unaptly calls 'literary saltations.' My hebraico-evangelical pursuits have not yet been resumed; not, I humbly trust, from indolence, but from pure incapacity to resume them. I too, however, look hopefully forward; the more so, as I have been disposed to catch every gleam of sunshine, and turn it, if possible, to some profitable account.

The passage in the Ch. Obs. caught my attention also : and excited in me some thoughts and hopes, altogether akin with yours. But in the last paragraph of that review, I met what creates more than apprehension, that the foundation will never bear the superstructure. That strange panegyric on the *indistinctness* of Messrs. Faber and Hall, followed up, as it is, by a panegyric still more strange, upon the neutralizing spirit of indifference, (the cold breath of the Bible Society, for it can blow cold as well as hot) is little calculated to raise sanguine expectations of an improving, and heart-ennobling theology. Their prophecy, that 'such established churches as are comprehensive, and liberal, and holy, will by degrees absorb their surrounding sects', . . is to me a presage of no good omen : for how, on their principles, and in the present state of the world, are sects to be attracted and absorbed, without some dangerous, and perhaps ruinous convulsion, in the parent planets round which they revolve ? The premature, and spurious unity, of a theologico-political compact, is a unity, rather of pretence, than of reality ; it is far different from christian unity of spirit ; and, in the end, it will scarcely be found a legitimate bond of peace. To say, that subordinate points of difference shall be merged, in order to the co-operative promotion of paramount objects, . . is, in fact, to say, that many points of faith and discipline, heretofore delivered to the saints, and for which the saints of old zealously contended, are, in these days of light and liberality, to be sacrificed ; . . and sacrificed to what ? . . to the furtherance of a mawkish, unintelligible, generalized thing, which it would be a mockery to style a system. If we are to abstract our christianity so far, as practically to reject all and every the specific differences, of the multifarious denominations of christians, which compose the Bible Society, what, I pray, will be the generic remnant ? It will resemble real christianity about as much, as that two-legged unfeathered animal, a plucked cock, resembled Plato's man. How far 'lesser points of difference,' are to be 'merged', or what are to be accounted 'lesser points', . . it would assuredly require far wiser and more calculating heads than mine to determine ; but the fraternizing 'spirit of the Bible Society', is undeniably 'diffusing itself' ; and in quarters, where, a few years ago, it might not have been expected ; and in modes, which, even at the present day, may appear, if not deeply reprehensible, at least extremely questionable, to those old-fashioned moralists, who have not yet learned, that any public 'object,' however plausible, is paramount to that distinct, uncompromising, incommiscible strictness of religious principle, which would shun, as a pestilence, all close contact or communion, with unholy men, or unholy things. It is no-

torious, that the most profligate men in England and Ireland, have been rallied round the standard of the Bible Society, and ostentatiously proclaimed by the religious and irreligious world, as patrons, and presidents, and vice-presidents : and worthy Mr. — himself, publicly and solemnly declares, from his place in parliament, that he is happy to call — his friend' !!! This amiable spirit of accommodation, indeed, seems to pervade the whole fraternity. In a very brilliant and fascinating speech, at some auxiliary Bible society, (I forget which) Mr. — Jun. tells the good gentlemen and ladies, then and there assembled, (and I dare say he tells them nothing but the truth,) that they are about to return to the common business and amusements of life ; but, in the bustle of business, and the tumult of gaiety, let them pause and indulge the delightful reflection, that the bibles which they have now sent forth, will penetrate the abodes of poverty, and the recesses of ignorance and vice ; will convert sinners, will console the afflicted, will speak peace and consolation at the sick bed of the dying, &c. &c. (I write from memory, but I am sure, I faithfully preserve all but the eloquence of the original). Now, what is this, but to say in other words, 'we may now go and amuse ourselves ; we have fairly purchased this privilege, by our zeal in this glorious cause ; let us then be dissipated as we please ; and if, amidst our nightly revels, or at the public show, any uneasy feeling, or superstitious scruple, should disturb us, let us drive it away as an officious intruder : even now, we are doing good by proxy ; the bibles which we have given away, are, at this moment, our faithful deputies, and are visiting, in our stead, those less dazzling and attractive scenes, which might render us too sentimental for the business, and too dull for the pleasures of the world.' Mr. —, I trust, did not mean all this. But are there none who will thus translate his language ? And had he no surmise, that it might and would be thus translated ? And is it not to such compromises and concessions, that Bible Societies owe a great measure of their popularity ? This one mode of '*merging subordinate points*,' in order to the promotion of '*paramount objects*.' Had such been the language of the apostles, and the fathers, it is by no means difficult to conjecture, whether the meal would have been converted into leaven, or the leaven into meal.

I may appear to use words which have more than a tincture of asperity ; but you well know I mean nothing harsh. When the religious world is in compact, (undesignedly I allow, but really and effectually in compact,) to break down the barriers of strict, undeviating, home-felt, and home-exercised christianity, it would neither be easy nor eligible for us to be cool and unconcerned ;

and I trust, I neither feel, nor express, any greater warmth, than the case fully authorizes, and perhaps, ere long, will imperiously demand.

The excellent archbishop brought over Mr. B. here last week. They afforded me two happy days. It was like the visit of a father to a son. As you have both seen and conversed with Mr. B., it is needless to say how much I was delighted with him.

Farewell, my dearest Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 111.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Sept. 16. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE ventured to desire two persons to call on you, — (pronounced ———), recommended by Hannah More and Mr. Wilberforce to me, and by the former to Mrs. L——; and ———, the eldest son of Mr. ———, whom we met at Mr. Thornton's, and now in Parliament. Being the friends of your friend, and wishing to know you, I knew you would not hesitate to receive them. They are both interesting. ———, what you might suppose from Henry Thornton's account; ——— sincerely pious, and solidly sensible, of Wilberforce's school, but not disagreeably or illiberally. He is, I really think, well worth your knowing. He will write to apprise you of his approach. I suppose it will be in about ten days. They went hence on Monday, and are now at N—— B——. They will probably meet Major W—— there, and take their route from thence by his direction. I must stop, or lose the opportunity.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I go to town Saturday or Monday, perhaps not soon to leave it; though perhaps there is too much of the croak in that. The Archbishop confirms here on Sunday se'nnight . . but I have no thought of being here with him.

LETTER 112.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Sept. 18. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR order respecting your books, shall be executed on Monday. * * * * *

You are a proper man for me to be agent to, for you care no more about little things, than I do. The truth is, care about little things is a disease; and neither you nor I have any occasion to amplify our nosology. 'The natural shocks, which flesh is heir to,' will satisfy us, without straining our inventions to invent new troubles.

I thank you much for your observations. I read them to M'C——, to his no little comfort. It comforts me to think that you and I see matters in such identity of light. I am thankful that it is not my lot absolutely to stand alone; though in this here Dublin, I am wonderfully alone. Strange to tell, I have not, beyond these walls, one thoroughly congenial soul; a few cheer me by their partial or aliquatenus agreement, but I do not know even one, who cordializes with me, on the same intellectual level.

Adam Clarke, I fancy, has given a strong impulse to the methodists, by promulgating his doctrine, of sonship belonging solely to the human nature of Christ. All the younger, and hotter methodists, seem to be swallowing this novelty down, as if it were a message from Heaven. To me it appears the very false and pernicious crudity of a half-learned man: false, because Saint Paul expressly tells, that God made the worlds by his Son (that is, says Dr. Clarke, before the Son existed;) and pernicious, because leading to arianism.

I must say no more. I am pretty well to-day, but a change of the wind may trip up my heels. I say too much; the tripping up of the heels is not likely to happen, but Providence sees good to keep me in a very dependent state of health. Perhaps it is, that the divine strength may be made perfect in my weakness. If that be the object, I am satisfied that divine wisdom should fulfil its own purpose in me.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 113.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Sept. 23. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR books are now in Mr. F——'s keeping, after being wrapt individually in paper by Michael. I thought that your eight folio volumes* deserved this care, as I could not imagine books, so bought, in better order. Your Mill's Testament is a mere second-hand book ; therefore, I say 8 vols.

What I am now going to say, you must decide upon with severe dispassionateness. Have you, in consequence of giving up my visit to you, made any arrangement, which would make a recall of my negation inconvenient to you ? Again, if you can, early in the next month, receive Miss F. and me, will you permit it to be a business of merely eight or ten days ? Answer these queries ; and on that answer, which (respecting the first query particularly) I pray may be such as I have required, I will make up my mind.

The truth is, I am better since I came to town ; not I presume, from change of place, but from change of season ; and if you were so circumstanced, as to make my fulfilment of my early purpose still suitable to you, I would urge myself to the extent I have mentioned, to meet your kind desire. Again and again I say, decide impartially ; for believe me, you yourself out of the question, I should greatly prefer staying in Dublin. But most truly I say, in contributing to your gratification, I shall most directly and deeply gratify myself.

I am not very well to-day, therefore I will not go, into any other subject. Give my love to C. F.

And believe me, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Limerick, Sept. 25. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING here received your most acceptable letter, I write two lines of answer on the spot, and in the utmost dispatch, the day

* A fine copy of Walton's Polyglot Bible. . . Ed.

being far advanced. I shall delight to see you and Miss F., whenever you can come, and for as long, or as short a time, as you can make perfectly convenient. It implies not the slightest inconvenience, nor the derangement of a single plan. Only write me a line, whenever you have fixed your day.

I am sure all about the books will be well. Pray have you ever heard of Schweighæuser's edition of Epictetus? I lately procured it; an expensive, but most valuable book.*

Your letter has put me into great spirits.

Ever, my dear Friend,

• Most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 114.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 15. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE put off writing to you, in hope of being able to confirm the purpose, which an appearance of returning health encouraged me to express to you. The amendment which I looked for, has not taken place; at least in the degree which I was willing to reckon upon.

I therefore, sincerely against my wish, am obliged to give up the project, to which I looked forward with the more cordiality, because I knew that I should be gratifying two friends at once, . . yourself and Miss F. I am sure Miss F. as much wished to visit you in your own house, as she could do, consistently with that temperate submissiveness to providential circumstances, which makes her life easier to her, than thousands find theirs to be, whose means of gratification are like a thousand to her one. I should be distressed, at this moment, did I not see this temper in her; and did I not build on your candid and friendly indulgence. I have said enough on this point. I trust you will read my heart, and free me from the blame of willing versatility.

I wish to direct your attention to a subject, which I am not sure has been yet adverted to; the state of our Lord's disciples, between the resurrection, or ascension rather, and the day of Pentecost. It seems to me, that, during that time, they manifested a more remarkable advancement, than has been duly no-

* In the possession of the editor, among other invaluable memorials, by the bequest of his honored friend.

ticed. This might in reason be looked for, from what is said in Saint Luke xxiv. 45., and in Saint John xx. 22. But I think we see the evident marks of a change, in the account of their conduct. 'They worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were daily in the Temple, praising and blessing God.' The manner, too, in which Matthias was chosen, and the devout intensity of mind, with which they waited for the grand effusion of the Spirit, through which they were to receive 'power' suitable to their trust as 'witnesses,' are evidences to the same effect.

A certain suitableness strikes me, in this interior effect being derived from our Savior's breathing on them; the spirit of sanctification having been communicated without measure to him, that, from him, it might be diffused to all the living members of his mystical body. I may have mentioned this to you before; but, lest I should not, I suggest it for your fuller consideration.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. It strikes me that the matter just mentioned, has been already a subject of conversation between us; perhaps, noticed first by yourself. Something about it floats on my memory. I wrote a pretty long letter, a few days ago, to N——, on the question, Ought a member of the Church of England to forsake the methodist society, through fear of being liable to the guilt of schism? I was obliged to say, I think not. What new shape the methodists may be acquiring, I will not pronounce. But judging by their character heretofore, though I must deem them irregular, I cannot account them schismatical (because they do not yet exhibit *separate communion*). Considering them, therefore, as irregular, I would not advise any one to unite himself to their society; but not regarding them as schismatical, I would not advise any one, now in it, to forsake it. I mean, I would not do so, in ordinary circumstances, lest, in depriving a weak christian of his go-cart, I might incapacitate him for going at all. I am perfectly aware, that symptoms are appearing, amongst the methodists, of a new character, to which my reasoning would not apply. But it strikes me, that a fuller development of that new character, ought, in prudence, to be waited for, in order that, whenever they do develope it, the onus may rest exclusively with themselves. Besides, under any circumstances, I think our church may be far better defended, by proofs of superior excellence, than by assertion, or exclusion of privileges. Let the methodists act as they may, I should not see it right to frighten weak women, with menaces of damnation. We may, I

conceive, fully maintain our cause, on grounds of good sense, without trenching on any feeling of christian charity.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, December 10. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST night, sicut meus est mos, I was amusing myself, and I will hope instructing myself, with Mr. Cecil's Remains. As I read, I could not help thinking, how much we are indebted to those faithful recorders, who have preserved to us the sayings of wise and good men, as they came, altogether unsophisticated, from their lips. In such sayings, there is to me a value, which rarely attaches to premeditated writings. When people sit down to write, they seldom forget that they are not merely talking; that the written word remains; that their opinions may be coldly canvassed; and that they should be clothed with a certain drapery, which will, at once, recommend their beauties, and cover their defects. Hence a caution and a coloring, which too often mar the simplicity of nature. And hence men's thoughts, too commonly, are transmitted, through a prism, from the brain to the paper. It is not so in speaking; there is confidence, no less than ardor, in the flow of conversation. Thoughts emanate from the mind, with the strength and purity of solar light; and words are poured forth,

Warm from the heart, and true to all its fires.

But how seldom are we rustics privileged to enjoy, the delights of wise and good conversation! This enhances to me the value of such books as Cecil's Remains; and why should I not add Boswell's Johnson? The apothegms too, and aculeated sayings of the ancients, are inestimable; and hence it is that Plutarch will probably maintain his popularity, while books continue to be read. But it is not rustics only, that need a succedaneum for good conversation. The world assuredly does not afford it. Men, in what is called society, come out to play an artificial part. They are elaborate in their efforts to avoid diving below the surface. It is hardly counted good breeding, to attempt getting at a man's real opinions. Mind is not put to mind. Conversation is a fencing-match with foils: it is a game, in which, whatever dexterity or skill may be employed, the stakes

are only counters. All this I have often acutely felt. All has been animated around me, but I have been saddened into silence ; and when I have escaped from the insipidity of a dinner company, where there was no lack either of gaiety or talent, I have felt myself brought into society indeed, among my books and papers: It is then that I have most relished, the recorded table talk of other times ; and it is then especially, that I have recalled, with mingled melancholy and satisfaction, the hours which I have passed with you, and with a few more,

‘Qui me lenire docebant
Mordaces curas, qui longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis.’

But I seem to myself, unawares, on the brink of a morbid feeling, which I am unwilling to indulge, and which very rarely haunts me. I know that society must be gradually improved, by kindly tolerance of what we cannot at once make conformable, in all respects, to our wishes ; and that, wherever with safety, with innocence, and without descending from a high moral tone and standard, we can enter into the circle, however limited, in which our lot is providentially cast, we may and ought to be unfastidiously cheerful ; watching and improving every fair opportunity of judiciously scattering thoughts, which may prove a seed of good. Our great Example was often thrown, . . I should rather say, often placed himself, among associates of very scanty promise ; but we never, in any instance, see him fastidious, reserved, or austere. There is hilarity in all his conversation. His table talk, is inimitably what it ought to be ; and taken merely as a matter of taste, would be most worthy the closest attention of those, who desire to excel in conversation. Is it not a wondrous privilege, that we have most faithfully recorded, *the spoken words* of him, who spake as never man spake ? Assuredly we shall be accountable for our improvement of them, even in our social intercourse. And they who best improve them in this respect, shall become best qualified to be, in the best sense, ‘*Deliciæ humani generis.*’

Doctor and Mrs. W., and their two daughters, are, by their own invitation, to be with me to-day, and to pass here a few days more.

They have come, and so far has passed on very well. They seem gratified with the house and its *et cetera* ; and as a sort of experiment, I just read them all the former part of this letter, which Dr. W. bids me tell you he heard. I have good hopes of — ; he is most amiable, disposed to be most docile, and I trust, if God spares his health, his fine talents may one day be most useful. I greatly wish to hear from you : and notwith-

standing my very long arrear, I hope I may say, that I have not, since we last met, been an unwilling correspondent.

My love to Miss Fergusson.

Ever, my dear Friend, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 115.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Jan. 10. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RESIST a strong disinclination to write, in order to say a few words to you. I told you, that I was occupied closely in a certain train of thought. This day three weeks, I was obliged to lay aside my papers, and go to bed; to which, with the interval once or twice of an hour or two, I was confined for ten days. My complaint was the epidemic cold, and to this moment has left sensations, which prevent my feeling myself perfectly recovered; though not in any manner to cause actual uneasiness, but rather to indicate a need of care, as to quantity and quality of aliment. To this I hope I am always fully well disposed, therefore a necessity for additional caution sits lightly upon me.

January 17th. I have improved much during the intervening eight days. I am ready to hope, that passing through such an attack without nervousness, is the evidence of a tranquillized nervous system, than which, I could not wish for any greater corporal blessing; and if God is pleased to grant it me, along with 'increase of grace' (which is the blessing of blessings), my happiness for this life is completed.

One of my first employments, after convalescence, was attentively to read your little discourse, in which the second head particularly interested me. I will not say, that the truth you there dwell upon, is so developed, as to ensure a clear apprehension of your idea, in untrained minds; but to me, it was distinct and impressive, and I hope, while I read it, my own heart in some degree gave witness to its justness. At the same time, it strikes me, that justice cannot be fully done to so important a topic, within such circumscribed limits. The first division of the first grand division, touches great practical points, but it could of course do no more than touch them; though I do think expansion in that style, I mean in that of soberly and solidly spiritualizing or moralizing scripture history,

would, in such hands as yours, be peculiarly interesting, and peculiarly instructive ; indeed, much more than instructive, . . heart-fascinating, as well as heart-penetrating.

What you say of 'domestic happiness,' needs elucidation ; the manner in which it ministers to, and is heightened by religion, not being, in my mind, sufficiently indicated. A few words about good temper, mental cheerfulness, softened manners, enlarged and exalted knowledge, (all which, we may believe, Abraham exemplified, probably more than any other individual had done,) might give additional tone to this portion of the discourse, without adding very much to its bulk.

The next paragraph, 'Nor be it imagined,' &c., could scarcely contain more matter, in so many words ; but the last paragraph of all, imperatively demands expansion. I cannot but advise that this should be done, before it be delivered in public ; as the point with which it now ends, is far too important to be left in obscurity.

I make these remarks, rather to show you how sincerely interested I was by your communication, than in the hope of their being of any service to you. They contain nothing but what your own thoughts would suggest, on reading over your discourse, a week or two after having written it. That is, so far as my remarks are just, they contain nothing but this : I will not flatter myself that every thing which has occurred to me, would have also occurred to you.

I often have serious doubts, whether I am ever to be as well as I was a year or two ago. I sometimes suspect my health is seriously undermined ; that even my strength of mind is lessened, by the growing infirmity of my body ; and that the most I can hope for is an easy, perhaps slow, but assuredly steady decline. I feel no difference, I thank God, in clearness, or even closeness of thought ; but in vigor of thought, I must think I am scarcely the same, nor even likely to be the same, that I once was. In my recent writing, I could go on tolerably ; but the flow of thought, which used formerly to spring up, seemed to have passed away. Perhaps I am calculating too gloomily, but I fear I have some reason : still, however, I am not depressed. There are consolations, far above those of intellect, which I humbly hope will increase, not diminish, as I advance in life. Were it not for the prospect of these, I should more sensibly feel my lessened ability to exercise thought ; but blessed and comforted in so many ways as I am, the least I can do, is to commit myself without reserve to that guidance, which will never leave or forsake an honest adherent, especially in a season of increasing exigence.

I said pleasant things to you about — ; I wish I could

always use the same language ; but, in truth, to impress him, is too much to write on sand. I have been long aware of this ; but it becomes more apparent, when one seemed to have made some definite traces on his mind. Once or twice, he has seemed almost transported, with ideas I conveyed to him ; but a day or two after, he would seem to suspect himself of having yielded to illusion. I can only hope that, on the whole, some advance is made ; but what it will all eventually amount to, I am sure I cannot imagine. While — is wax, — is mountain granite ; a better man cannot be ; but his mind needs to be softened and unfolded, if that be within possibility.

January 17th. Thus far I wrote, on this day se'nnight, expecting an opportunity the next day ; but, on that day, a storm of snow commenced, which has interrupted all regular intercourse, and kept us here in a state of imprisonment. There was to have been a removal to town this week ; but, when the road will now be practicable, cannot be conjectured. It is thought that, even on the supposition of a decided thaw, it would take ten days at least, to put the roads into travelling order. I have been told, that there will be an opportunity of sending letters, either to Bray or Dublin, to-morrow ; and therefore I resolve to have this in readiness to be dispatched. You asked me about Kirwan's sermons. I think your single subscription will be enough, and I will take care to subscribe for you, when I go to town. Apropos, have you ever read those discourses of Massillon's, which are called, *Conférences et Discours Synodaux* ? If you have not, I advise you to look into them : I have read a few of them, with great pleasure ; and they have to recommend them, that they are the maturest fruits of his mind. Certainly, nothing of his, ever satisfied me so much respecting his piety. That, in the second volume, '*Sur la manière dont les ecclésiastiques doivent converser avec les personnes du monde*', and the latter one '*De la nécessité de la prière*', in the third, pleased me particularly.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Good Friday, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
I DID not sooner reply to your kind letter of the 25th March, because I have had my usual spring fit of illness : it is now

abating ; and by nursing myself, I trust I shall be enabled to get through Easter Sunday. You will be glad to know that the attack has been less violent, than I have experienced, at this time, for some years back. Your wise and good advice about change of scene, was not thrown away. It is but honest to confess, that the cause you have assigned as probable, did counterbalance other attractions to Dublin. Its removal, therefore, did much towards deciding me to a short excursion ; and I determined with myself to visit town, immediately after Easter. My inclination, however, has been forced to yield ; and I must remain at home. In the first place, I did most decidedly decline two very kind invitations, one from my brother, the other from my sister ; and so declined them, that a change of purpose, now would be accountable, on no assignable motive. In the next place, I resisted, with equal resolution, a most pressing call from our friend N—— : and last of all, another motive weighed with me from the first, and has by circumstances been brought to weigh very imperatively on my mind : I mean, economy. A trip to Dublin, necessarily implies much more than bare travelling expences ; and with my house still unpaid for, and some unexpected calls starting up, I feel it a duty to be rigid, for this year at least, that I may be more my own master in the next year, if it please God to spare me another. Pecuniary independence is a blessing, which, with the divine aid, it is my purpose, first to attain, and then to cherish, as indispensable towards mental and spiritual ease and freedom ; and I cannot give stronger proof that I am in earnest, than by resisting the attractions which would now draw me to Dublin.

I have not seen Mr. N——'s book, and, in truth, am little read in the Biblist-controversy : on that point my opinion has been long made up ; were I nearer the centre, I should be more acted upon, by the passing publications of the day ; and even as it is, did they reach this remote corner, I should read them with avidity ; but I turn with far other relishes, to such passages as you led me to, when you recommended a chapter in 'Baxter's Life of Faith.' It, assuredly, is not to be ranked among the '*opinionum commenta*.' It harmonizes with the '*Ecclesiæ judicium*', . . which, with Cicero's good leave, I would place at least on equal ground, with his '*judicia naturæ*.'

Though not equal, or comparable to Baxter's noble passage, I cannot help transcribing one from ORIGEN. It might have helped to support Bishop Horsely in his exposition of *ιδιαις ενδιουσις*. It is from a fragment of his commentaries on the Psalms. *Edit. Bened. tom. II. p. 526.* (For I too have some Benedictines.)

Μελλοντες δε αρχεσθαι της ἐρμηνειας των ψαλμων, χαριεστατην παραδοσιν, ὑπο του ἑβραιου ἡμιν καθολικως περὶ πασης θείας γραφης παραδεδομενην, προταξομεν· εφασκε γαρ εκεινος; εοικεναι την ὅλην θεοπνευστην γραφην, δια την εν αυτη ασφιαν πολλοις οικοις εν οικια μιᾷ κεκλεισμενοις, ἐκαστῷ δε οικῷ παρακεισθαι κλειν, ου την καταλληλον αυτῶ. και οὕτω διεσπεδασθαι τας κλεις περὶ τους οικους, ουχ' ἀρμοζουσας καθ' ἐκαστην εκεινοῖς οἷς παρακεινται· εργον δε ειναι μεγιστον ευρισκειντε τας κλεις, και εφαρμοζειν αυτας τοις οικοις, οὓς ανοιξαι δυνανται. νοεισθαι τοις και τας γραφας ουσας ασαφεις, ουκ αλλοθεν τας αφορμεις του νοεισθαι λαμβανουσας, η παρ' αλληλων εχουσων εν αυτοις διεσπαρμενον το εξεγητικον. ηγουμαι γουν και τον αποστολον, την τοιαυτην εφασκον του συνιεναι τους θειους λογους ὑποβαλλοντα λεγεν — ἃ και λαλουμεν ουκ εν διδακτοις ἀνθρωπινῃς σοφίᾳς λόγοις, ἀλλ' εν διδακτοις πνευματος, πνευματικοῖς πνευματικῶς συγχεροντες.

Is it thus, that modern religionists seek, and choose, and apply the keys of scriptural interpretation? I trow not.

Along with this, you have a sermon, which I preached last Sunday se'nnight for a Female Orphan School at Limerick. I do not send it as containing any thing, either very new, or striking. But I wish to show you, that, in my retirement, I am not altogether idle; it is, perhaps, too, no unfair specimen of a style of composition, into which I have been lately getting; which flows rapidly from my pen, and which, I would at the same time hope, is not altogether deficient either in strength or correctness. I have no other copy, and having promised the loan of it to my parishioner —, I should be glad if you would have the goodness to return it by post, in two or three days. By the way, I wish for Dean Kirwan's Sermons. Mr. Whitty put down my name. You, I know, will be kind enough to pay the money; and perhaps they could be forwarded to Limerick in a Castle frank. I have been more a sermon writer, of late, than for years past.

Pray give my kindest regards to Miss Fergusson.

Ever, my dear Friend,

most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 116.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

- Dawson St., May 20. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been long silent, but I can assign reasons, some of which you will deem too good ones.

* * * * *

Do you take the British Critic? I think you have not taken it, but now there would be a motive for taking it, which did not exist before. It begins, this year, a new series, and with great prognostic of animation and energy. An article in the March and April numbers, has made me think again and again of you. It is a review of Lord Harrowby's plan, for raising the salaries of curates, and it says many things in a manner as like your animadversions on the 14th report*, almost, as if you had written it yourself. If you have no pecuniary objection (on principles of present economizing) I could almost wish you to order it. On one great point, I fear it is as hostile to my wishes as ever; but there is a fair and spirited zeal for the church establishment, which the times need, and which I much wish were, on one or two points, better informed. For example, much advantage is given to the soi-disant evangelics, by identifying, instead of synchronically and consequentially, connecting, regeneration with baptism; yet this is less grossly done in these late numbers; and some things are even so well said, in a review of the late pamphlet war between Simeon and Marsh, that I meditate writing them a letter, assigning reasons why Dr. Waterland's anti-catholic doctrine, of regeneration being nothing but baptism, should be rejected, and a sounder doctrine from the fathers substituted in its room. I feel an inclination to say to you, Save in what you may, do not save in reviews. The receiving of these, every month, has something which I find exhilarating: they bring in news to me, from the mental and moral world. I see, in these, what is going on; and I take those three monthly publications, because, as specimens of three distinct classes, they admit of being compared with each other. In reading them, I feel the pulse, as it were, of churchmen strictly so called, of equivocal churchmen, and of professed dissenters; and from these three, some satisfactory inference may be made, of the stations which minds are keeping, or of the changes which they are undergoing.

* Of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland. . . Ed.

You have no doubt looked at the last Eclectic review; and perhaps have been amused, as I have been, with the faux pas, which the reviewer of Collinson has made, Page 474. 'The direct commission of Christ', says he, 'accompanied by the extraordinary illumination of the Holy Spirit, alone constitutes authority in religion.' 'This character,' he proceeds, 'belongs exclusively to the apostles; to them alone, did Christ give the promise of the Holy Spirit, to lead them into all truth. In every instance then, in which an apostle presents himself to our attention, as a religious instructor, his character is sacred, his communications are to be received, if we reject his doctrine, we reject it at our peril.' Now observe, that this title, being founded on what our Lord said, to those who had continued with him, in his temptations, is not strictly applicable to Saint Paul, but absolutely falls to the ground, in the instances of Saint Mark, and Saint Luke; so that, according to these gymnographists, (forgive the new word, for what can one do when a new class extorts designation?) two Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, are ipso facto relegated to the Apocrypha! There was a sort of half awaking, before the page was ended; at the bottom of which we learn, that religious doctrines are to be found, 'in the writings of evangelists and apostles'; but the former denomination is introduced, not only gratuitously, but inconsistently; for, in the rigid exclusion of all but apostles ('the direct commission of Christ', and the extraordinary illumination, being confined to these) they who confessedly are not apostles, must sink to the level of those, whom the reviewer wishes to divest of all authority; the successors of the apostles, alias the fathers.

Henry Woodward is in town to-day, and spent part of this forenoon, and means to spend this afternoon with me. I must now stop, and earnestly intreat you to believe me cordially, and unalterably, and ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, May 22. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
I KNOW you will accept a few (for they must be a very few) lines, of heartfelt acknowledgment, for your late most acceptable letter, and its valuable accompaniment. Believe me, you

need not 'earnestly intreat' that I should credit, what is the great cordial of my life, the unshaken steadiness of your friendship. On that point, I dare venture to assure myself, that all morbid misgivings are for ever vanished into thin air. By the grace of God, I hope I shall continue such an one, as you will never blush to own; and to your counsel and admonition I look forward, for the detection and the removal of some at least, among the many infirmities which cling to me. I shall then be less unworthy of your partial kindness.

I cannot say how deeply, and how warmly, I approve the paper of 'Amicus.' It is, indeed, but candor to own, that had I been at your side, I should have ventured to recommend some abbreviation, some elucidation, and some infusion of terseness; but, from the paragraph in which it is shown, that 'the religious difficulty is at an end', to the conclusion of the paper, I feel unmingled complacency. It is one of the very best specimens, in my judgment, of your very best style; and it strikes me, in argument, in pointedness, in precision, and in spiritedness, to be a capital piece of political writing. When your leisure permits, I shall be most anxious to know how you have been employed.

Many thanks for your hint about the reviews. You make it plain, that to economize here, would be a downright vice. I pray you, therefore, aid me in removing a part of the stain I have contracted, by forthwith ordering for me, paying for, and procuring a receipt for, the British Critic, the Eclectic Review, and the Chris. Obs., for one year, from the commencement of this present 1814, inclusive. Be accurate in procuring the receipt, as our friend, Mr. A., is in the habit of making many embarrassing mistakes. As to economy in general, I had special, and unforeseen motives this year. But I am most entirely of opinion, that on no future occasion should I economize, by cutting off my intercourse with Dublin: such intercourse is essential to the healthfulness του σωματος, της ψυχης, του πνευματος: and never, I trust, after this year's experiment, shall I wilfully abstain from my exhilarating annual visit. I trust my present economical measures, may serve a useful purpose; and be assured, it has been my first object in retrenchment, to retrench without *carefulness*, and without any movements which might contract my mind. It does not enter into my plans, to deny myself the privilege of quietly and moderately seeing my friends. I look forward, in some parts of the summer, to visits from my nearest relations; and I still fondly indulge the hope, that you and Miss Fergusson may look in upon my retirement. Do not, however, misunderstand me. It is, as it has all along been, among the most ardent of my wishes; but I most unaffectedly declare, that I deprecate your thinking of

such a movement, if, in any shape, it can interfere with the health, or the comfort, either of yourself, or of my valued friend Miss F. Of her alarming illness I did not hear, till I heard also of her recovery from all danger: I trust she may be long spared to this earth, a quiet example of solid, unassuming goodness. To both of you, I am not without hopes, that a summer trip to our southern climate might prove serviceable. If you can come, without doing any violence to yourselves, I shall rejoice. If you cannot, I shall feel assured that your heart is with me.

Dean Kirwan's Sermons I wish you to get and pay for (my subscription copy). I am sure the Archbishop of Cashel will kindly bring them for me to Cashel; and I can get them at the visitation.

Adieu! Ever, my dear Friend, most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 117.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, { July 25. } 1814.
 { August 2. }

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In what you say of the missionary business, you feared an appearance of 'hasty incoherence.' I assure you that fear was groundless, and in every remark I am obliged to concur. Poor — is an odd compound; he, as it were, occupies a point of various, as well as heterogeneous contact; and he strays, from his own ill defined station, sometimes into one territory, and sometimes into another. The worst of it is, that he has least propensity to the quarter, with which he is externally connected. I lead him with me sometimes, a short way, and for a short time, into the interior of his professed province; and he often owns himself interested and impressed, but it is the feeling of the moment. The next meeting shows me that I did little more, than write on sand. I go on, however, and sometimes flatter myself that a more substantial result may, at length, be apparent. I have no doubt it would be so, if he were once established in the catholic verities, an event, respecting which I can only say, I do not despair. Until then, he cannot see the only certain grounds of moral melioration; and being, in the mean time, anxiously conscientious, respecting every matter of real, or supposed duty, it cannot be expected, but that he will be more or less attracted, by every meteor of active religionism, that comes within his horizon.

I am sorry to say. — is fitted to encourage him in these wanderings, though not disposed to support him in unsettled belief. — has a demi-calvinism about him, which gives a liking for coarseness and hard driving. Consequently, the prevalent movements of the day engage him by their energy, and do not repel him by their crudity. He delights in the one, and he has little, if any, distaste for the other. There is, however, great good in him, and no small talent; yet I have little hope of his ever being regularly and consistently useful. He belongs more to the sectarian, than to the hierarchical species; and there is a want of pliancy in his mind, which leaves little on which to calculate changes for the better.

But it is not amongst such only, that the missionary project receives countenance. I am told that several churches in Dublin, (St. Anne's, and St. Andrew's for example,) were given to those gentlemen; and Dean Graves (who came here shortly after) seemed strongly impressed with a persuasion, that either those movements ought to be aided, or something of the same nature, among the regular clergy, should be adopted. 'For,' said he, 'what will be said, if we neither favor the exertions made for christianizing the heathen world, nor make the effort ourselves? The character of our establishment will be lost, if we, its clergy, clearly subject ourselves to the charge of indifference, on a matter of such vitality?'

My answer was, 'That the church of England would not be served, by a dereliction, from whatever plausible motives, of its essential principle: that it was an essential principle of the church of England, that, whatever was done in its name, should be done regularly and responsibly, under the authority of its chiefs, and harmonically with its organization. But this,' I observed, 'could not be the case with missions, voluntarily undertaken, by unaccredited individuals. This would be the work, not of the church, but of self-directed, irresponsible agents.' 'If individuals,' I added, 'would act in this way, let them do it; and let those whose conscience impels them, unite in the undertaking, if they will. But let no one talk of serving the establishment, by exertions irreconcilable with its essential principles; nor call that a church mission, which the church could not recognize without self-contradiction. In a word, a bishop of the anglican church, is now to be established in the east: he will of course be the regular superintendent of all ecclesiastical movements, in that quarter; through him, therefore, alone, would it seem, that a church of England mission could now be set on foot; or, if set on foot, could be conducted with consistency or safety.'

He did not deny the force of this reasoning; but Graves is

too much disposed to be, not in charity only, but in unison with all men. There is some good in the wish, but there is more weakness.

I wish you would give me your criticisms, on the former part of my Quarantotti paper; you might greatly serve me by it, if it should please God to permit me to make further use of my pen. I am sure *you* do not find fault without reason; and as I do believe *I* write better through your animadversions, so I might, by a continuance of them, be still further benefited. If I live, I shall be using my pen; and I trust no remark of yours, on what comes from it, shall ever be made wholly in vain.

I should have been glad to meet Mr. M'Cormick, and shall be gratified at his finding his new situation, every thing, and more than every thing, he hoped for.

I am glad to find myself at the close of this letter, not from being tired of writing, but that I may catch an opportunity going to town, which, from some interruption an hour ago, I feared to have missed. The people here are well, and would wish to be remembered to you, if they knew I was writing to you. They are immutable in their regard.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, August 9. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM unwilling to let a day pass, without acknowledging the gratification I have enjoyed from your last most acceptable letter. And, my own church being closed under repairs, and a very wet day preventing me from attending any distant church, I know not how, more congenially with the feelings I should wish to cherish on Sunday, an hour or two can be passed, than in conversing with you.

At a more seasonable time, and when I feel in a more critical mood, I shall endeavor to recal any thoughts which might have passed in my mind, on reading your *QUARANTOTTI*. It is my present notion, that any objections, were chiefly, if not altogether, respecting arrangement or style. If I can recover them, very likely they will be trifling. But it affords me deep satisfaction, that you value and wish for my remarks. To have them now and then provoked, might serve perhaps to rouse me, from occasional, but inevitable torpor. In order to exertion, my

faculties, such as they are, require excitement; of the quiet kind indeed, but still they need excitement. And, if I can indulge the slumbers attributed (and perhaps too justly) to my profession, it must be pleaded, in mitigation of sentence, that Providence has placed me in a narrow sphere, with scarcely any thing professional to do, without any of the propellants which variety affords, without literary intercourse, and with a frame, which, in spite of some natural sturdiness and stoicism, if it does not sink under depressing circumstances, at least, often lamentably flags. I thank God, however, that I do feel conscious of a radical healthfulness, and of some steadiness, and some solidity at bottom; and, since we last met, though there has been little accomplished that is actually producible, some ground, I would hope, has been gained, both in expansion of view, and in powers merely instrumental. It would appear, that I see objects more distinctly; that I catch more readily, and point my weapons more directly, at the *jugulum causæ*; and my hopes are more sanguine, though I trust not less tempered by sobriety and humility, that I may yet be enabled to do something in my generation. By the bye, do you recollect to have ever noticed the character of christian humility, given by St. Ambrose? ‘Sunt et alia innumerabilia testimonia, quæ, ex paginis et novi et veteris Testamenti, quodam conclamatione confirment hanc esse veræ humilitatis excellentissimam dignitatem, ut omnia quæ hominem faciunt christianum, ad divinæ gratiæ donum referantur.’

I have lately commenced an undertaking, in which I trust I may be enabled to persevere. The revizing and recomposing of my sermons, with some view to publication. Some of my older ones, though deficient in terseness, pointedness, and polish, seem to me to have considerable *stamina*. That, for instance, of ‘*They that sleep, &c.*’, I now like much better, than I ever liked it before. I propose, both with a view to unity of subject, and to moderation of longitude, that it should, in a reformed edition, fall into two discourses. One of these I have composed; and it seems to me among the very best I ever produced: through the other, I pretty well see my way; much of the materials are ready in the old one; more materials seem tolerably arranged in my mind; and as to the amputation of needless words, and the supply of strong ones, I trust that my small powers both of judgment and invention, are greater than heretofore. One secret I must disclose; namely, that, in several of my latest and least objectionable discourses, I meet with a *mannerism*, to me, at present, absolutely offensive; a species of phraseology, peculiar and abhorrent from the usage, not only of polite secular writers, but of our own chaste-translation

of the Bible, of our best theological writers, and (making allowance for the different genius of different languages,) of the ecclesiastical succession of the catholic church. Such phraseology has in it something, which at once offends good taste, and puzzles plain understandings. It often rather veils, than discloses an object; and even where it pleases, and engages, and appears to instruct, I more than suspect, that it throws a false coloring over subjects, by involving them in a sort of gawdy mist. I know not whether I can make my meaning precisely intelligible; but it will, perhaps, be tolerably plain, if I am enabled to complete my project of revision. It would be my wish, not only to retain, but, if it may be, to increase any portion of energy, impressiveness, and genuine feeling, that may have hitherto existed in my sermons: but then, I would discard all peculiar phrases, all over-wrought expressions, all round-about talk; I would, in a word, aim at simplicity; and leave what is, in any measure, either weighty or affecting, to make its way, by its own intrinsic weight and pathos. This, it may be objected, is an ambitious effort. I can only reply, that the effort is made after some thought, and without any ambitious object. And in an effort so made, though complete success may not be attained, I would humbly trust, that, through divine assistance, there will not, on the other hand, be complete discomfiture.

The above, relates especially to manner. Respecting matter, I would say, that, let the Christian Observer people speak as they please, (see their review, in the No. for July, of Dean Ryder's Sermons), I feel more and more a disposition to cling to the department, as I conceive, most congenial with the providential function of our church; the department of *EDIFICATION*, rather than of *EXCITEMENT*. I cannot, I own, 'wish to see' in others, much less can I propose it as an object to myself, 'that the largest portion of every sermon should be *appropriated* to the largest portion, confessedly the ignorant and careless, of the audience.' Has the Holy Scripture been thus *appropriated*, by the Holy Spirit? Does it not, on the contrary, *there only* meet its most appropriate usufructuaries, and *then only* discharge its most enlarged, and most appropriate function, when it is intelligently and affectionately approached, and deeply and profoundly investigated, and practically and spiritually imbibed, by the best prepared and best instructed minds, by the most awakened and most interested hearts? The best writings, of the best and ablest christians, in all ages, must be tried by the same test; and assuredly, they will nobly stand the trial; and they who are best qualified to pronounce, will not merely confess as a truth, but lay down as a principle, that christian writers and preachers,

have been, and will be, able and useful, exactly in proportion as they advance those grand and deep truths, which the ignorant cannot apprehend, and which the careless will inevitably disregard. 'God,' indeed, as *they* say after Scripture, 'is no respecter of persons.' But in what consists his equitable distribution? Is it in attenuating his gifts, till they suit the tenuity of the receiver? He causes his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, indeed, equally upon all. But it is the sun in his undiminished splendor; it is the rain in unpolled purity. It is no dim and dull obscurity of light. It is no perturbed, and stagnant muddiness of moisture. It must indeed be owned, that, in the religious world of to-day, a substantial evil does exist against which the C. O. was, with good intention, solicitous to guard. But I humbly conceive, that the physician is not merely unacquainted with the causes and the cure of the disease, but that he is also himself infected. 'The bent of some, and those eminent and distinguished preachers, seems to be, rather that of addressing the elect people of God, as the class for whom more especially, if not exclusively, the word of this salvation was sent; and who alone have, or can have, an ear to listen to its instructions.' This is doubtless very true; and it is also very much to be deprecated. But in what instance does it obtain? In the instance, we must believe, of high-flying, doctrinal dogmatists, whose preaching is notional, rather than moral, who dwell on peculiar views of divine truth, on special determinations of God's sovereign will, on exclusive privileges of God's chosen people. It is not so much the moral elevation, as the revolting dogmatism of this mode of preaching, which makes it unacceptable, unintelligible, and unfruitful, amongst ordinary congregations. Indeed, moral elevation is out of the question. But how would the C. O. remedy the evil? Partaking itself of the disorder, it is unconscious of its malady; and, like all who have been unpractised in the examination of themselves, it is little qualified to prescribe for others. It would willingly retain the dogmatism; it would cling to the unhealthful sustenance, which feeds and fosters the disease; but it would superadd a certain mawkish diluent, which, for all moral purposes, will be found miserably inefficient. A low and dull morality, attenuated to the low and dull conceptions of the vulgar, or even a warm and exciting tone of exhortation, addressed to the indolent and careless, when, of set purpose and full premeditation, divested of strength and body, of fullness and of grandeur, is little calculated to advance a congregation; and perhaps, too, very imperfectly calculated to awaken and reform. But the truth is, that of advancement, they have little notion. They regard christianity, almost exclusively, as a re-

medial process; little aware that christianity is then alone rightly apprehended, when viewed as most sublimely perfective. Here, I conceive, lies their grand error. For to him that rightly understands the New Testament, I do verily believe it will appear, that remedial christianity may and should be so put forward, as to afford instruction and delight to the most established and advanced; whilst, on the other hand, perfective christianity may and should be so inculcated, as to cheer, to encourage, and to confirm him, who is but just entering on the way; and so inculcated also, as to elicit a wish, even in the profligate and careless, that they too might be enabled, to forsake their wickedness and live. The Scripture itself is, at once, milk for babes, and strong meat for men. Saint Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, so managed, that by far the greater part of those epistles should be interesting and edifying to the most advanced christians. The same Saint Paul, again, in writing to the Ephesians, so ordered that wonderful and high doctrine, that it should contain much to benefit, and even to awaken those, who scarcely knew the first and simplest elements of christianity. But, on all occasions, he manifestly writes most peculiarly, for enlarged and elevated minds; and in no case, are his instructions '*appropriated* to the largest portion, . . . to the ignorant and careless.' The truth is, that such appropriation must necessarily lower the standard. And what can be the effect of lowering the standard, but teaching people to rest satisfied, and to feel complacent, in something different from, because inferior to, real christianity? Far opposite was the mode of our Lord, of his apostles, and of the great doctors of the church. And has not the result been also most different? Let the principles be judged by their several results. When have there been most mature, and most advanced christians? I grant, indeed, that there is such a thing as an awakening, exciting department. But this department is not in our church. And assuredly it is not to be produced within our church, by the superinduction of a dull, vapid spiritless morality, upon a dry, stern, disputatious dogmatism. Such people will be always learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. Such people must inevitably remain nondescript and amphibious entities, without the stability and elevation of a hierarchy, without the magnetism and energy of a sect.

The fact is, that one can feel infinitely more disposed to congenialize, with an honest, orthodox, pious dissenter, than with a perhaps equally honest, orthodox, and pious evangelic, who professes to love, and who thinks he supports our establishment, whilst, in reality, he both deteriorates and undermines it. And the reason is obvious. The strict dissenter properly fills his providential function; the evangelized churchman does not.

Nor is this a mere theoretic distinction. For assuredly, whosoever departs in any degree from his proper providential sphere, in so departing, must suffer loss. His movements cannot be steady; his principles cannot be rooted and grounded; his conduct cannot be free, from more or less of trimming, or obliquity. There is a certain sobriety of conviction, a sort of absence of all conscientious misgiving, which cannot be purchased by any lower price, than a wise study of the principles, and a steady adherence to the lawful course, of 'that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call us.' When, therefore, I see a spurious liberality, either in churchmen, or dissenters, . . . when I see the one, ready to view as merely subordinate, and almost indifferent, the goodly order of the hierarchial institution, . . . or the other, ready to scoff at the conscientious scruples, which kept their forefathers without the pale, I cannot help apprehending, in each instance respectively, that the light is turning into darkness, and the salt is losing its savor. Amongst dissenters, such departure from the old ground, engenders arianism, socinianism, and unbounded scepticism. Among Church-of-England men, the diffusion of evangelical indifferentism is of too late a growth, to give us a complete result; but the tendencies are, in my judgment, by no means equivocal. The reviews which have lately reached me, place it in my power to offer some illustration. There is much, of course, to which I strongly object, in the Eclectic. Yet, when I compare the moral tone of the best articles in that publication, with the moral tone which pervades the Christian Observer, I am obliged to say, that I could far more cordially mingle minds with the avowed dissenter, than with the soi-disant churchman. You are well aware of the neutralized spirit, and compromising caution, evinced by the Christian Observer, respecting public amusements. Look, on the other hand, at the bold, nervous, manly, and philosophical tone, in which, on this delicate subject, the Eclectic Reviewer (No. for July, p. 84 . . . 86.) castigates Miss Hamilton. You must also recollect that indifferentism, which would 'merge all minor differences, in the pursuit of a common object', on which the Christian Observer delights to expatiate. This conciliatory project is carried to its height, in the charge of the Bishop of —, from which I must cite a passage, sanctioned by the Christian Observer (No. for May, p. 303.) 'The [Bible] Society is constituted on this simple and comprehensive principle, that it may not exclude the aid of any persons, professing to be christians. Indeed, no contribution for the distribution of the Bible can be unacceptable, whether it come from a churchman, or a dissenter, from a christian, Jew, mahometan, or heathen.' Thus speaks a Bishop of the church of England! And thus feel the whole body of

the evangelical clergy ! Let us now turn to the Eclectic Review for August. I cannot but feel greatly struck with that fine and masterly article, upon 'Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsay.' It were easy here to dwell on felicities of thought, of argument, of indignant reprehension, of playful wit, of cool irony, and of retributive sarcasm, which mark the mind, the hand, and the undaunted spirit, of a controversial hero. But the passage to which my attention was especially attracted, as contradistinguished in a peculiar manner to the new-fangled indifferentism of to-day, is from the top of page 130. to the end of the article. The reference, towards the very conclusion, to the practice of the primitive church ; and the quotation from Eusebius, &c. mark out, to me at least, most clearly, a far nearer approach to the genius of a hierarchy, than we can at all discern in our evangelical churchmen. There is here no 'merging of minor differences', . . . no disposition to commingle with 'Jews, Mahometans, or heathens.' Had the writer of this article not been born a dissenter, he would have been a noble churchman. But, on the whole, I rejoice that such men are to be found in the dissenting ranks. They may, under providence, preserve their body, from adopting 'the system of Socinius, or any other cold negation.'

The truth is, that both amongst dissenters, and among the Church-of-England men, we shall invariably find the most unsophisticated piety, and the most zealous attachment to catholic verities, where there is least disposition to recede, from the proper ground of their respective callings. Dissenters have, in too many instances, receded and diverged ; and, in none of those instances, have they failed to make shipwreck of their faith. Among churchmen, to recede, or to diverge, is a new thing. We have had coldness, indeed, and ignorance, and profligacy, and total disregard for every thing connected with religion. But, in the church of England, strictly so called, (that is, putting Methodism out of the question,) religion cultivated in the sectarian manner, . . . the forms of the church retained, but its spirit neglected ; the doctrines of the church (as they explain them) strongly asserted, and its order lightly regarded ; constituted authorities moved aside, and self-elected bodies usurping their jurisdiction ; the ancient distribution of parishes repealed, and the clergymen of those parishes bearded, by the miscellaneous committee of some newly-apportioned district ; swarms of dissenters intruded, and intruded by laymen, and clergymen, and nobility, and bishops of the church of England, . . . all this is a new thing upon the earth ; and its consequences who can venture to foretell ? One thing is certain, . . . that the result cannot be trivial. In one way or other, it must

produce some great change. And the nature of that change, though sagacity may shrewdly conjecture, time alone can thoroughly disclose. Meanwhile, I have good hope, that, even now, some beneficial effect has been produced, among those who wish well to our hierarchical establishment. Jealousy has been awakened ; and a spirit of inquiry has been set on foot, as to the nature, the functions, the privileges, and the safeguards of the church. And though the subject is yet but very inadequately apprehended, its revival, at a period certainly of greater light, and more generalizing powers, than any period in which it was a matter of much thought, or interest, can hardly fail to answer a most valuable purpose. In the *British Critic* for June, though originating with a man one cannot like, there are some capital observations from 'Daubeny's Sermon.' I had almost thought him on the true ground ; . . . that the Bible, to be an efficient instructor, does need collateral aid. He is, indeed, substantially on the ground ; but he does not plant his foot firmly. Perhaps we may live to see our own Dodwells, and Hickes's, and Collier's, divested of the old peculiarities, shorn of some excrescences, and enlarged by a philosophic apprehension of the Scripture. And perhaps too, a little of persecution, or of somewhat resembling persecution, may be providentially permitted, to train up men with an attachment towards the church, as a hierarchy ; as distinct from the state ; and as dignified only by its intrinsic excellence, by its venerable antiquity, and by its apostolic institution.

But how have I wandered ! Into how wide a field ! But I trust, into no inextricable labyrinth. Nothing, indeed, has been said, new to you ; but you will like to see many of your own thoughts reflected. You will forgive whatever is weak, and correct whatever is erroneous ; and you will indulge this excursion to a mind that has been kept somewhat long in close imprisonment, and that cannot help gambolling a little, when turned out to grass. You see I am disposed to make use of the *Reviews* : a more superficial use, it must be allowed, than a more sagacious and practised observer would have made ; but mental movement, however imperfect, is better than mental torpor.

I am sure that, at all times, but specially in times so pregnant as the present, it is of essential consequence, that we should watch the indications of the day. The scribe, is to bring forth things new and old. To the ancients we must go, indeed, by day and by night, in order to acquire true and settled principles. But to present writing, and events, and particularly to the periodical recorders both of events and opinions, we must go for things new, in order that our right principles, may be

brought to bear on real objects. Were we to confine ourselves to things new, we should be superficial, unballasted, and unsteady; were we to confine ourselves to things old, we might indeed be full enough, but we could not bring our fulness to bear on any definite purpose. The former error, and its consequences, are abundantly exemplified around us; the latter is not predominantly the error of the day, yet it is probably the error into which I might be most likely to fall. But I hope to be preserved from it: particularly (next to light and guidance, εἰς ὁδόν) by the conviction, that whoever exclusively confine themselves to things old, are apt to fall into some strangeness or other; either they pursue learned trifles, or waste away their minds on antiquated common-places, or take up strange notions respecting catholic doctrines, or soar into the ideal world of mysticism. Specimens of each variety might be easily adduced. I believe, however, they will at once present themselves to your mind. And you will probably not differ from the opinion, that the just and happy mixture, if we could attain it, of conversation with the past, and observation of the present, would be no bad preservative from many absurdities, into which learned and religious men have too frequently plunged themselves.

All that you say about —, all that you said to Graves, and all that you both recommended, and omitted recommending, about the Anglican missionaries, I cannot but most cordially approve. We cannot, in these times, look for many intelligent, and complete coadjutors. We must bear with many, whose honest dispositions cannot fully sympathize with ours. And we may feel right thankful, whenever we are given to meet, here and there, a congenial individual. It is, however, a grand consolation, that, in the worthies of the church, of all ages, we can recreate ourselves, if not with absolute identity, at least with most substantial agreement. And it is a still greater consolation, that the day will come, when throughout the christian world, our way of thinking (making allowance for any slighter aberrations, *quas parum cavet hominum natura*) will become the prevalent, if not the universal way of thinking. I am sure it is the most comfortable; and pursuing it in sincerity and simplicity, with directness and perseverance, we may humbly trust, it will bring peace at the last. Nor is it a slight matter, that any minor difficulties will be cleared up, by a moment of the invisible world.

You will be glad to hear, that we have got into this parish a treasure of a young priest; zealous and indefatigable among his flock; a constant and impressive preacher; open, engaging, and gentleman like in his deportment; unaffectedly cordial in his intercourse and co-operation with Mr. Forster and myself; and

withal a very pleasant companion. There is not an atom of indifferentism in his liberality ; and, on the whole, I consider both the parish and myself, very fortunate in his appointment.

It is said, and on what I take to be the best authority, that Dr. Everard has been appointed, that is, that the postulation has been transmitted to Rome for his appointment, as coadjutor to Archbishop Bray. In this I should rejoice. It was said that he had come over ; and in this supposition, I sent over to Thurles, by my friend the parish priest, the enclosed letter. He, however, brought it back ; and you have it. Would it be well to write some such letter to Dr. Everard, when he does come over ?

I have, it is to be feared, exhausted your patience. You shall be now released. My most cordial remembrances you will not fail to give at B. ; they are not less deeply felt, than they are justly due. C. F——, and Mr. Jellett (now with me,) desire me to present to you their kindest regards.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. If you would entrust me with any, or still better, with all of your papers which relate to the Liturgy, and particularly to the subjects of baptism, and the Lord's Supper, you would do me a great service and kindness. I propose, very soon, re-writing my sermons on the Liturgy : and your materials would afford me most valuable aid. I should take care not to interfere with any use, to which you may wish to put them ; but I could earnestly wish, that the volume which I hope to have ready for publication next spring, might have in it half a dozen discourses on our formularies. The views which we love, might, in this way, be put forward to as much advantage, as I can at all expect to put them forward ; and perchance, in this way, we might gain the ear of genuine churchmen. If you do not like to entrust your papers, you would gratify and serve me, by noting down any important references to the fathers, and to passages of consequence, in writers of the Church of England.

—o—

LETTER 118.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, August 13. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
From my happening to come to town on Thursday, your letter

reached me a day sooner : and I cannot delay to thank you for giving me so speedy a reply. I grew ill in coming into town ; and am convalescent only this day ; yet I was able to read your letter as soon as I received it, which was in the evening, Mr. Taylor's porter happening to meet Michael at the post office, into which he had delivered it, and from which he got it back. Unwell as I was, I read it with interest and pleasure.

I will now only touch upon three things. 1st, you shall certainly have all my manuscripts, you being the one man in the world, who may command every thing of the kind I possess. I have those, to which you particularly refer, at B—— ; and, on returning, I will, as soon as possible, look over them and put them into legible order, and send them, either through Mr. Taylor, or by any opportunity that you could find.

2. The letter to Dr. Everard well bespeaks your kind and liberal feeling ; but whether such an overture should be made to him by you, supposing him actually in that situation (of which I have heard nothing but that vague newspaper report), is another question. I own I am as well pleased it is in my possession, as in his. Liberal as I hope I am, toward the R. C. religion, I would not be too prompt in committing myself to its clergy. I would meet them cordially, and cherish their kindly movements ; but I would not put it in the power of any knowing R. C. ecclesiastic, to make a cold return to my kindness, nor an unfair use of my ingenuousness. Dr. Everard's intercourse with us was, in every instance, on his side spontaneous. He came, on the slightest invitation (a kind one on my part, certainly, but not a pressing one), both to C—— and to B——. Afterwards, I saw little of him, and that little, I say to you in confidence, forced me to deem him more showy than solid ; though, I would fain hope, not dishonest or hypocritical. My feeling towards him, at this moment, is just such, as that I would receive him, if he offered himself, with the same cordiality of manner as ever (if his manner should leave room for it) : but I would give him no more of me, than he clearly chose to have. And should he come into your neighborhood, I would advise you to take the same line. I would send him a civil, nay, a kind message, by your young priest ; but I would not write to him.

In short, there is no class of men, whom I would more critically try, before I would trust, than thorough-trained R. C. ecclesiastics. I deem them to be a most necessary agency in the great system ; but their peculiar circumstances, too often, merge the man in the functionary.

3. What I have said in No. 1. implies my best wishes on what you are doing. Go on ; and I think, when you have satisfied yourself, you will scarcely fail to please and interest others.

I rejoice with you respecting your young priest. It gives a gratifying specimen, of what I have long been fancying attainable. If others, in your situation, felt as you feel, increasing instances of like kind, would perhaps be found, and certainly would at length be formed; till, at length, charity and good sense, would triumph over weakness and prejudice. I would be glad to know where your priest received his education; and, if at Maynooth, what his name is, and when he came out.

Do not suppose I am unsolicitous to visit you. I wish it sincerely, but my strength is certainly not what it was; and the untoward distance of your house from Dublin deters me. If it were exactly at the distance of Cashel, I should, even this autumn, make the effort; but the want of a sleeping-place, which would equally divide the journey, is to my weakness a revolting circumstance. I fear I am not again to be strong in this world; which would the less affect me, if I did not dread a decrease in the working powers of my mind, as well as of my body. Against all this, I have but one resource; which I humbly hope will never fail me: namely, endeavoring to follow our Savior's counsel, of taking no painful thought for to-morrow.

Things may, however, yet turn out better than my bodings. They are doing so, I trust, in the instance of Miss F., of whose health I receive most encouraging reports, both from herself and others. She is at Leixlip with her brother Geo. I return to B—— this evening.

Adieu. Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 2. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FROM a severe and sudden change to frost, I am this day more than commonly nervous and incapable; but, frost-bitten as I am, it is impossible to let the post-bags go, without a few lines of acknowledgment for your most reviving letter. I have reason to be thankful to Him who has given me such a friend, and fervent in my petitions, that I may prove not unworthy of such friendship.

I rejoice in the renewal of your literary labors, and am certainly right well pleased, that the puritanic memoir was not omitted; it will now become, as it were, the vehicle of a tribute,

far more worthy than simple omission, to our venerable church. As to style, it is a very subordinate consideration, but if your preface is written like your letter, you need not be afraid.

When I reach Dublin after Christmas, all things must be discussed and determined, respecting my sermons and London. To be there with you, alternately perhaps a nurse-tender, and nurse-tendee, is perhaps almost too fair a vision to be realized. We must compare our *ifs*, and strive to act as wise men. You will be glad to know, that I have been getting on rather beyond my hopes; my capabilities of writing have indeed been intermitting; but, when I could write, I have written with ease and pleasure; sometimes perhaps with force and fluency. As this is the only period, perhaps for many months, that — can be spared to visit his friends in Dublin, I am speeding him off on Monday. He will tell you more about me and my pursuits.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 119.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, January 17. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By a letter received this morning, I find you have been some days in Dublin. My first thought was, to go to town before the close of this week, instead of waiting, as I had purposed, to the end of the next. But Mrs. L. so earnestly desires me to beg you, in her name and Mr. L.'s, to come here, that I am led to think *that* the better measure. They mean to go to Dublin, themselves, on the 31st; and I had calculated on going the Saturday preceding. But now, I should be truly glad you would come, and particularly before the close of this week, as every one would be gratified by your being here on Sunday. I must therefore even intreat you to strain whatever point, to make it practicable.

You were our preacher in the chapel on Sunday evening. Mrs. L. read your sermon on 'Be not conformed to this world', &c., and most truly do I assure you, that it interested me even more, than at any former hearing. I cordially felt, that the publication of a few such discourses, would be a benefit of solid value, to this poorly instructed generation. — had preached, I may say, an eloquent sermon, in church that day; but it had

neither the solidity, nor the order of yours. Therefore, the comparison heightened, instead of impairing, my pleasure in the evening.

I am obliged to stop, that there may be time to send this to the office, which Mrs. L. does by a special messenger. I therefore only add that I am,

Ever yours,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rutland Square, January 18. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kind letter of yesterday was on every account most acceptable. Nothing fairly superable should prevent my forthwith obeying, the welcome summons to B——. I had, however, engaged to preach, on the two next Sundays, at the Asylum; and the engagement could not be wholly set aside. The best that could be done, was to compound matters. Next Sunday, the 22nd, I shall be at the Asylum; on Monday I hope to proceed to B——, and there, with your permission, we will remain till the Monday following, so that I can preach on Sunday the 29th, at D——. The following Sunday will answer at the Asylum.

I must now say, that your judgment of 'Be not conformed' has invigorated and cheered me; which I often need, from sickly and morbid misgivings, the result of over-seclusion. Right glad I am, to have again visited the busy haunts, and again to hear the busy hum of men. But this year, Dublin and its environs must content me. For this I can give, when we meet, good and solid reasons. But I do not by any means relinquish thoughts of early publication. What do you think of my having bought from Archer, Benedictines, to the amount of 82 guineas? I saw Miss F. to-day, well, and down stairs in the dining room.

I must close, to catch postman. My love to our excellent friends.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 120.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

January, 1815. Sunday morning.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF I did not immediately acknowledge the receipt of your most acceptable letter, it was that I thought there was nothing in it to be replied to, until I should have the pleasure of seeing you. But on handing it this morning to Mrs. L., she thinks it right you should receive a line, before you leave town, assuring you of the gratification every one here will derive from your visit.

As to my staying till Monday, most happy shall I be to do so, provided I continue in, or, indeed, rather return to such health, as will let me stay till then with safety. I merely mention this, as the sole reason why I do not grasp at your proposal. But I hope, still, I am more frightened than hurt; though I verily believe I am, on the whole, rather in the descending, than ascending node.

I like your prowess about the Benedictines. I suppose Archer told you I had purchased an Augustine and Ambrose.

Poor Henry Thornton, I see by the London paper received this morning, is no more. This is a warning to me, who with all my weaknesses (I cannot but think increasing on me) cannot hope to weather many more winters. Be that as it may, I pray you to believe me,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Worcester, May 7. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE moved with such expedition, and had so much to look at as we moved, that last night, after Dr. W. placed himself in the mail coach, was the first moment I could spare, to read your sheet with any attention. It greatly pleases me, and unless my judgment be greatly astray, it will at least equally please those, whose approbation you would most value. Some slight observations I have taken the liberty to make; very possibly they

are not well founded ; but it remains for you to set them aside, if they fail to approve themselves.

Our passage, you have heard, was long, twenty-seven hours. The subsequent journey, or rather tour, was more prosperous than could have been expected. The scenery far surpassed my expectations. And we had, all through Wales, an uninterrupted succession of most charming weather, while, in England, they were suffering under tremendous rain, and hail, and thunder. Dr. W., you may well suppose, was a most agreeable travelling companion.

I must now confess, that I feel nervous, and almost painful sensations, at finding myself afloat in England, and especially on my way to London, and on such an errand ; as, however, the object of my visit is not absolutely illegitimate, and as my hopes are not high, perhaps there may be in store for me a little of the ' grata superveniet.'

I shall be most anxious to hear from you, and to receive your valuable inclosure : on every account, I am desirous to get speedily out of this business, and to return to my post in poor, distracted, yet beloved Ireland.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, May 15. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By this time, I dare say, you will not be displeased to hear somewhat further of my movements. Last Tuesday I arrived here ; and, in two or three hours, found that our excellent young friend J—— B—— had heard of my intended peregrination ; he had been looking for me at Cadell's, and elsewhere ; and so cordially, so kindly, and withal so modestly propounded my fixing my quarters at his house, that it was not in me to resist. Here, therefore, I am, very happily settled in Fleet-street, and within a stone's cast of Strahan's printing office. Kindness such as Mr. B.'s always comes deeply home to me ; but, in a strange country, it is peculiarly delightful. I own too, that, on the first morning when I found myself alone, to seek my abode in this great Babylon, without even a servant to assist me, my heart sunk within me. But now I am domesticated. The

young couple have not lost an atom of their simplicity : they live quietly as possible ; dine precisely at four o'clock ; are attended by nice maid-servants ; and seem to have made for themselves, in the midst of Fleet-street, a sort of philosophic retirement. He is most thoroughly a churchman, and is hardly less estranged from all the societies and religious bustle of the day, than you, or myself. He has a fine mind, which he is well disposed to cultivate ; and as for Mrs. B., she is really a charming young woman, quite intellectual ; she has acquired a very good knowledge of Latin, which she reads with taste and feeling ; and is not absolutely a stranger to Greek ; very pleasing and agreeable in conversation ; serious, sober, yet cheerful and animated, and altogether . . and what more can I say . . such a person as you would dearly like to talk to.

Tuesday, the first day, I dined with Lord ——. It is absolutely a privilege to see our friend Lady —, in the midst of her little family, so happy, so innocent, so matronly, yet, I could almost say, so much the very same childlike *deliciæ patris*, that I recollect her at Cashel. It is surely a blessed thing, to see a young person, with the world at her feet, altogether uncontaminated by this contaminating atmosphere ; and retaining, without the least scratch or blemish, the pure enamel of simplicity.

To you, it is needless to say, for you know better than I do, that her mind has been greatly expanding.

Wednesday, I passed quietly and comfortably at home.

Thursday, having procured a ticket from Lord C——, I attended, at St. Paul's and Merchant Tailors' hall, the feast of the sons of the clergy. In the cathedral, by the management of Mr. B——, I was seated in a stall, but two or three removed from the Duke of York. The scene was grand, the church never having been so full, at any former meeting of the sons of the clergy ; and the chorusses were very fine : the solos, duets, and trios, not at all comparable to those at our own Christ-church. At the dinner, I saw Mr. Wilberforce, and was introduced to Mr. H——, next whom I sat at table ; opposite me, was seated Dr. R——, Dean of W—— ; beside me, was Archdeacon P—— ; within one or two Mr. — ; so that I was among the high-churchmen, but I had no opportunity of conversation with any of them.

Friday. In the morning I hunted through some old bookshops, and picked up a few little prizes.

Saturday. Mr. L——, the Moravian, dined with us ; a stronger minded, and more roughly mannered man, than I had expected to find him. Often his conversation reminded me of the facetiousness of the old puritans ; a comical account he gave of —, whom he called mad —.

Sunday, being Whitsunday, Mr. B—— brought me to his parish church, St. Dunstan's, where I heard the most manly, the most theological, the best arranged, and the most powerfully delivered sermon, from the vicar, Mr. Lloyd, that I almost ever heard in my life. Of some things, Indeed, I could not approve; he seems somewhat a doctrinal calvinist, but he is not in any measure a modern evangelic. His sermon was long, without being tedious; argumentative, yet practical; serious, without an atom of cant; and calculated in a very peculiar manner, to command attention, and extort assent. He was admirable in the indignant parts; treated cold anti-spiritualists as they deserved, and pelted pretty strongly the opposite party of irrational enthusiasts and fanatics. He maintained with great energy the position, that holiness, alone, was happiness and salvation; that grace, was glory in commencement; and glory, grace in full and perfect consummation; but I cannot now give a syllabus. I shall only add, that it might perhaps be wished he could make religion appear more amiable and lovely, but then, probably, his *deivovhs* would be wanting.

At 4 o'clock, dined with ——, to meet ——, and hear him preach at Percy chapel. The ——'s sermon was not by any means marked with the strength, which characterized Mr. Lloyd's; there was little theology, and no profundity, but there was amiability and feeling. What I most cordially disrelished was the style of hymn. The first line of the 1st hymn sung at the chapel, was the *Veni Creator Spiritus*; but alas, from thence to the close, all was dismal beyond what I could have imagined. The whole congregation was made to speak of itself, as cold, dead, and agglutinated to this present evil world; in one verse it was said, 'But we are cold towards Christ, and he is equally cold towards us'!!! I do not recollect the precise words, but this was the sense or rather the nonsense. I felt like a stranger, dropped from another world, into an assembly of strange worshippers, with whom I could no more join, than I could join in the adoration of Juggernaut. In the morning, indeed, the Psalms displeased me; they were christianized, and no *Gloria Patri* was either sung, or indeed existed in the printed Psalm book. I forgot to mention, that, before sermon, —— gave a long prayer of his own, and altered the Lord's Prayer; and after the sermon, took a still greater liberty, in lengthy alterations of a liturgical collect. Oh innovatores! At the chapel I met Mr. I——, who recognized me in the most cordial manner possible. I am to call upon him to-day. Mr. Wilberforce proposes taking me, to-day or to-morrow, to see poor Mrs. H. Thornton. I have not yet seen the G——s. For C——', I left my card on Saturday. R——, indeed, I did see, in the old square

of Lincoln's Inn, but from a nervous diffidence, which you will readily understand, I shrunk back from accosting him, on his own ground.

The printing is advancing, and I am most desirous to finish my appendix ; till I receive your packet, however, I can do nothing. I know you will dispatch ; even any loose hints and references would be acceptable, in preference to delay. Sir T—— A—— I have not seen. Mr. H—— proposes carrying me to breakfast with him.

The enclosed paper, my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. B—— copied for me, from a printed draft, which Mr. —— is submitting here to some persons. Here is more tumbling for preferment. It seems to me a most dangerous, most impertinent, and most arrogant undertaking. I wish you to show the paper to the Archbishop. Something surely should be done to counteract those meddling geniuses, who care not what complicated, and unmanageable machinery they set at work, always provided the first wheel may turn them, into some situation of emolument and confidence.

The B——s desire me to give to you their affectionate remembrances. He says he would travel a thousand miles, and a thousand back again, to see you. I am sure she would not willingly be left out of the party. This is a sad scrambling sort of epistle, but you will forgive it. Love to Miss F.

I am, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

J. J.

—oo—

LETTER 121.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 23. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

DESPAIRING of being able to copy the rough draft I have made, without annoying you by my necessitated delay, I have resolved to send you, scarcely legible as it is, the enclosed outline of my plan. I hope you will be able to read it, and, at least, to extract hints from it. Absolutely, under the circumstances, I could not do more. I hope and trust it will reach you safely.

If the Archbishop has not work for me to-day and to-morrow, the next business of my own choice will be to write to Lady B——.

I pray you to write to me when you can. I enclose the priest's note which C. F. sent me, having the present conve-

nient opportunity. My love to your host and hostess. Ever
yours,

(in great haste to catch Mr. Taylor)

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 122.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., May 25. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter, received the day before yesterday in my bed, gave me a pleasure, which could not be damped by the illness that made, even the reading it, a matter of difficulty. Every thing you tell is interesting. As soon as I knew you were at H—— B——'s, I wrote forthwith to Sir T—— A——, and enclosed a note to your host; which I expect has reached him ere this, to tell him how deeply I felt his attention to you. What you say of him and Mrs. B. gratifies me cordially; and I pray you assure them of my, not diminished, but solidly advanced regard and affection. I endeavored, in my note, to explain to him the causes of my apparent negligences; some of which, at least, you can verify.

It is astonishing how my time is devoured by visitants, some of whom I like to receive, others invade me; for instance, poor —— comes to sit of an evening with me, and one part of my occupation is, to pull him from time to time, my talk always operating on him as a soporific. Why he comes I cannot tell.

Mrs. —— went to see her son on Monday last, and I sent him by her 'Roderick the Last of the Goths'; in consequence of which, I have this morning received one of the warmest-hearted letters, I ever received in my life. I rejoice that I thought of what has given his honest and affectionate heart so much pleasure.

Miss F. keeps her ground; but she looks very indifferent. I am not well; whether I am ever to be much better, time only can show. I sometimes hope, and sometimes fear. Which scale will finally preponderate, He knows, who, I hope, will do what is most for my good.

Remember me, in the kindest manner, to all our common friends. I trust you will speedily hear from me satisfactorily; in the mean time, believe me,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, May 25. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How shall I sufficiently thank you for your letter to Sir T—— A——, your most kind note to H. Butterworth, and last, not least, your letter to myself of the 20th of this month? But you need not thanks, and I need not pay them. It is enough that I am most deeply gratified, and that I trust we shall ever be one in sentiment and affection. Certain it is, that I do not feel any other human being, so much, and so pleasantly identified with myself, as you are.

——, on receiving your letter, wrote me a very kind note; inviting me to dine with him the next Sunday: I was engaged; he afterwards called, but I was unfortunately not at home. Several notes passed; and at last H. Butterworth and I breakfasted with him, yesterday. It is needless to say, how much I like both him and ——. Parliamentary duty, and the constant engagements of this great town, so occupy him, that *here* there is little prospect of much intercourse; but, not being able to go with him next Saturday or Sunday, I am to do so, on the following Saturday and Sunday, to his father-in-law's, Mr. H——, at M——.

Of —— I have seen a good deal; and was not able to enjoy so much of her society as might have been, in consequence of my engagements. —— has been most kind and attentive. He is, as you know, very solid, very amiable, and deeply pious. He feels, in the profoundest manner, the absolute necessity of close and continual self-converse, in order to be carried with safety through the active exertions, in which he thinks it a duty to engage; and deprecates, to your heart's content, a course of bustle, unsupported and unfed by an interior life. One sentiment, I think you will like; 'I do not find,' said he, 'my intellect so powerfully called forth in any other exercise, except, perhaps, that of prayer, as in the study of scripture.'

Mr. Wilberforce is so much occupied by parliament, by bustle, and by a crowded succession of visitors at Kensington Gore, that I cannot see much of him. He says, in his kind, cordial, but hurried, and manifestly embarrassed manner, that he hopes I shall pass two or three days with him, when his house shall be sufficiently quiet, and free from guests, to receive me; but I doubt whether these days of quiet will come. He pro-

posed to me one day, to take me out to pass the next Tuesday, with our valuable friend Mrs. H. Thornton, at Clapham. I most gladly embraced the offer. She was much affected, and spoke freely to me about her feelings. At first she had been reduced to a state of inert grief, which would willingly have made her lie down on the same bed, with him that was just gone, and die with him. A sense of affection and duty to her children, soon roused her from this torpor; and she then felt, and continued for many days to feel, as if she were in heaven. This high-wrought feeling, however, could not long remain; and nature since has had its griefs and tears. But she feels quite abstracted from the world, and raised above it; willing to continue, so long as God pleases, with the feelings of a devoted nun; at the same time, discharging, with the utmost care and diligence in her power, her duties to those children, for whom alone she wishes to live. I since went down with Lord C., and passed last Sunday with her; preaching in the evening. She appeared, both to him and to myself, considerably improved, both in health and spirits. Saturday next she goes to Mr. C——'s at H——; where I am to meet her, and preach on Sunday. Mr. I—— made me out; indeed we met at Percy chapel. He showed quite the kindness and affection of an old friend; and when I called at his house, his very charming wife received me with the same cordiality. I passed a very rational day with him; the company select, and well assorted.

I called on Mr. Pearson; but have not yet seen him. Tomorrow I am to dine with him. Wednesday next Lord C—— and I are to dine with Mr. D—— at Clapham. Mr. D—— W—— has called on me, and I returned his visit. At Lord C——'s, Mr. I——'s and Sir T—— A——'s, I met a most amiable and accomplished young clergyman, Mr. Marriott*, to whom Walter Scott addresses one of his introductory poems. He presses me to visit him in Warwickshire, on my return home. The good S——s, also, wish to see me at Henbury.

As to the religious world, it would seem that churches are more and more assuming a dissenting tendency; and in the bill for further relief of dissenters, brought in two or three years ago, by Mr. Butterworth's management, the word 'dissenters' was left out in a leading clause, with a view to enable clergymen of the establishment to have their churches licensed, independently of bishops. This has been done at Mr. Butterworth's suggestion, in one instance; and if this instance should succeed, evangelical laymen, with anti-episcopal propensities, may build as many private chapels as they please, and legally keep

* The late Rev. John Marriott. . . Ed.

the presentation in their own power, by licensing under the late act. Is not this a pretty scheme?

Farewell, my dear friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

J. J.

P. S. I rejoice that you took that kind notice of my excellent young friend —. He will ever be one of your comforts. I have procured a nice little Sedan Greek Testament, to present him with, on my return : say not a word of it, that I may surprise him.

—oo—

LETTER CXL.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, May 31. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SNATCH a few moments to employ a frank, and thank you for your invaluable paper : to abridge, were to injure it. The whole must be employed ; and I find it needful only to use verbal alterations, and compositional modification, here and there, for the purpose of making it match the rest of the volume.

Never, in any former instance, did my mind and heart move in more complete unison with my pen, than while retracing your thoughts for the last three days. To do an act of common justice to my own sense of right, I must acknowledge obligation in a short preface, or rather, advertisement. But your name shall not appear. This course, I hope, you will approve. It would be impolitic, (for the debt would be inevitably detected,) to put forward as my own, what has been supplied by another. But independent of, and I would hope, infinitely beyond and above, any petty fear of detection, I must place, the honorable satisfaction of my own mind. It rejoices me, that, in the same volume, we shall go forth to the world, and even, perhaps, do some good to posterity.

I have been prodigiously engaged of late, through the matchless hospitality of English Friends : yet, in the midst of bustle, I have been quiet within. Details, I shall, I trust, give you in a little time. For the present, as a specimen, I will say, that on Saturday I went to Harrow ; preached twice on Sunday ; went on Monday to Clapham. Yesterday, being Tuesday, breakfast with Sir T. A., and paid several visits. Yet, on Friday night, I received your paper ; and this day, being Wednes-

day, at one o'clock p. m., I am at the close of my 18th quarto page of appendix, small and closely written. To-day I am again going to Clapham with Lord C., to dine with Mr. D. Saturday and Sunday I am to be at Mrs. H. Thornton's, to meet Lady O. S., and preach at Clapham. Yet, amidst all, I am working hard and fast; I must conclude. I am running a race with the printer. You shall, I hope, soon hear at greater length.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 123.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 5. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OCCUPIED as you are, I cannot refrain from breaking in upon you, for the purpose of putting into your hands the preface, which you assisted in fitting for the public. Still, I am sorry to say, you will find incorrectness. One terrible one in particular, at the top of the 17th page. Watson's printers are not masters of their trade, and perhaps they trusted to my corrections, which, in purely technical matters, are as little to be relied on, as those of any one that handles the 'pen of the writer.'

I have thoughts of publishing the second preface separately, as 'A brief View of the Spirit and Tendency of the Church of England, written with Reference to a Paragraph in Bishop Burnet's Life of Sir M. H.', with a notice prefixed, that it is a preface to a second edition, with which it is right that the possessors of the former edition should be enabled to provide themselves.

It strikes me, if you have not done it, and there be yet time for it, that Van Mildert should be noticed in the Appendix. His last sermon comes wonderfully near us.

Repeat my love to your host and hostess. Reflect on what I have said, about going home by Bristol. When you arrive here, I shall probably be at B——; but I rely on your seeing me there, as speedily as possible.

Adieu, ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 124.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, Dawson St., June 6. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST tax you postage, for the purpose of telling you what pleasure I received, from your note of the 31st. My success gratifies me deeply. I hoped for your substantial approbation ; but your unqualified adoption was above my reckoning. I cannot pretend to resist your desire, limited as you propose. In truth, to see myself so referred to by you, would be as high a pleasure, as any thing of that kind could give me. I therefore leave myself in your hands ; and, if I am employed in doing what is good or useful along with you, I hope I shall be grateful to Him, without whose special aid and blessing (much more than aid, re-animation from the worst of deaths) I should have been, and should, if living, still be, of all men most miserable. In this feeling, I hope and believe no calvinist upon earth can exceed me ; and it is a thought which never fails to recur, when I experience any gratification resembling that, which your value for my communication affords me.

I do not believe I have yet thanked you, for the pains you took with the second sheet of my preface. I endeavored to avail myself of every one of your observations. I believe I omitted but one, where you suspect yourself of fastidiousness. I did not see, how I could either part with, or materially alter the passage, to which your remark referred. I say, 'it is the consistency of our church with itself, its essential identity' (I substituted the plainer word 'sameness') 'notwithstanding circumstantial changes, with what it was originally, and its consequent vital retention of catholic faith and piety,' &c. This, in truth, seemed to me a sort of key-stone of my arch ; and I could not imagine any happier way of shaping it. In every other instance, I was satisfied, that, in adopting your idea, or using your hint, I was improving my little essay.

Last week, as I was going to Watson's with the proof of that same second sheet in my pocket, whom should I meet but the Dean of Cork ?* While we talked, I could not help saying, 'I am going on an errand, in which you have had some concern. Do you remember your attack on me, about a Memoir of Sir Matthew Hale, by Richard Baxter, inserted in Burnet's Lives ?' 'Nothing of it whatever,' said he. 'Ah,' said I, 'that shows

* Dr. Magee. . . Ed.

how phosphoric your flame is, when it leaves no vestige on yourself. But, however, you did attack me.' And then I went on to explain to him the nature of my preface, and what had induced me to write it. The conversation ended with my putting it into his hands to read over, before I should proceed farther. In about an hour, I received the following note (with proposed corrections, of every one of which, I more or less availed myself) :—

'My dear Sir, I rejoice exceedingly, that the phosphoric corrosion, drawn forth by Richard Baxter, has served to spread so sweet and soft a light, over the venerable fabric of our establishment. I am indeed greatly pleased, with what I have just read ; and read, though hastily, yet not without close attention. I find much to admire, and nothing to condemn.

Corrections proposed.

'With much satisfaction at even having had the *demerit* of being instrumental to this purpose, I remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely and faithfully yours.

W. M.'

I am sure this will gratify you ; and therefore I give it you verbatim. Will you be angry at me when I tell you that, perhaps rather rashly, I hope, however, not vainly, I showed him yours of the 31st ? I believe it was not amiss. It left room for my telling him the leading idea ; which, considering his own intended publication, may not have been wholly inopportune. He took me affectionately by the hand, and thanked me for showing it to him.

Thanks to you for your paragraph, about Mr. Wilberforce's and ———'s steadiness. I quite agree with you about my friend ———. Except, perhaps, that I would be ready to impute his not entering deeply, to a certain coldness about the heart, rather than to a want of light in the understanding. I think he has said enough, in his letters to me, to prove that he understands me ; but I have not proof, that his feeling keeps pace with his apprehension.

I do wish you to come home by Bristol. Why should you not ? You are of course not living at expence in London. Your stay, therefore, cannot affect your means of travelling ; and, as to time, I almost persuade myself, that the little difference, in that respect, would be amply compensated. I wish you greatly to visit my cordial friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stock ; and when you visit, tell them how sincerely I regard and love them. I wish you also to see Hannah More. You never may

have an opportunity of seeing her again. And when you see her, assure her of my cordial affection; and tell her I shall never forget the delightful days I spent, under her truly kind, and most hospitable roof. I wish you to do what, were I in your place, I should do myself. And I can add, that he, who on earth, has the highest right to judge of your conduct, is perfectly desirous that you should take all convenient time, and omit nothing that can add to your present, or retrospective comfort. I am sure what I am urging would redound to both.

Tell your friends with whom you are, that I rejoice in your being under their roof. And that, if they will receive me, I shall look forward to a journey to London, just to have the gratification of living with them for a week or two. If I could be deterred, it would be by your catalogue of engagements. But I am set at ease! Preaching is not my province. Therefore I could escape invitations, which you are forced into.

If you can, get me a copy of Worthington on Redemption; and, when a little at leisure, get and read Southey's Roderick the last of the Goths.

Adieu. I am going to spend the afternoon with the Archbishop, who is alone; the young ladies having gone to B—, whither he follows them to-morrow.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXLI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Fleet Street, June 10. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 6th instant, just received, affords me the purest gratification. In the very first place, from its general tone, I collect, (and, I trust, not *mendose*) that your health and spirits are as I could wish; and that being the case, I feel an implicit reliance, that all other things are well. But how many special occasions of gladness do you minister! They are delightful refreshments, amid 'the smoke and stir'; and you will be glad to know, that there is no drawback, from the least circumstance approaching to untoward, in my present posture, or my approaching movements.

It is truly a cordial to me that you like, (though alas! you greatly overrate) my adoption, of what it had been folly or madness to reject, or to curtail. It is to me a great thing, that we shall thus go forth together. Perhaps this may not be the

last time. Before I leave this point, I must tell you, that Mr. H——, lent your letter about the fathers and tradition, to Mr. R. G——; who has started some objections with great acuteness, but with great modesty and mildness; and with the most evidently cordial respect, and, I would nearly say, affection for your person, including therein your heart and mind. The ground of that letter to Mr. H., you may recollect, greatly corresponds with that of our Appendix. Had I seen it, and Mr. G——'s animadversions, before the said Appendix was in the press, it (*i. e.* the Appendix) might have been profitably enlarged, and perhaps not slightly improved. For that purpose, they came too late into my hands. But I am just at present somewhat far advanced, and much mentally occupied, in a defence of our common opinions: it will be a letter to Mr. H., and I told R. G—— yesterday, how I am employed. Should a second edition of my book be called for, what I am now excogitating, might possibly be interwoven with the Appendix.

All that you say of Magee is to me right pleasant. You know I regard him as an old, attached, kind friend, that loved me, and essentially served me, as a tutor, and that has not forgotten his old feelings towards me. I delight, therefore, in every indication of good and softened feeling, in other respects, which he manifests: and I rejoice in the hope, that he may one day come closer to our own views and sentiments. He is a manly fellow: nothing sneaking. This you know is a classical epithet:

'When interest calls off all her *sneaking* train.'

You surely did quite right to show him my note.

I suspect you are quite right respecting —. He has however, I verily believe, honestly received, *secundum modum recipientis*; and what more can we look for? His steady relinquishment of the gay world, in which he might revel, is a test of sincerity pleasant to reflect upon. As to the G——s, kindness I believe they feel; outward indications they have shown. I breakfasted with them one day, by appointment; and dined yesterday: a fair, pleasant, quiet day. Still, still, ambition is a sad snare! They are young men whom HE might love, were he again upon this earth: I trust they would not go away sorrowful.

Of Wilberforce I have seen very very little. He is amiable as ever: but, perhaps, more distracted than ever, by the cares of state, and cares of church, and cares of sects, and cares of societies, *cum multis aliis curis*. Mr. I—— yesterday observed to me, almost in words like your own, that his spreading sails

are sadly bereft, by the loss of poor Henry Thornton's ballast. By the way, I greatly like I——, and his nice wife.

——, the more I see him, the more highly I appreciate his solid excellence. He is surely in the way to heaven. I do believe he secures more hours of secret converse, than any other of his confraternity. Mrs. H. Thornton too is very steady: and wondrously supported. Good Mr. Pearson, and worthy Z. M——, are not at all declined from what we saw them, either in kindness, or religious feeling: and with Mr. D——, whom you never saw, I have been very cordial. Mr. Bean called here yesterday. He is one of the librarians, now, at the British Museum; which he is to show me on a close day, and afterwards he dines with us in this house.

The good people have the delicacy to abstain from any discussions, which might involve controversial discussion. For this I am grateful, to them, and to Providence; for such discussion would go far to upset me. Of the A——s I have seen scarcely any thing more: but by old appointment, which, had I been disengaged, would have been much earlier, I am to go with them to-day to Mr. H——'s at M——. From what I can learn, he is a little too much occupied in, and with the world. But I am told he pretty strictly keeps his Sundays; and here is a rallying point. To strengthen, (if I can be made the instrument ever so slightly,) this salutary adherence, I mean to-morrow, to preach '*the Sabbath Day*,' and then a long farewell to twelve of my sermons. They will be out, probably at the end of next week.

I did not say, that I have passed a couple of days in company with Lady ——. You have heard so much from others, that I need only add, that, like the rest, I too am fascinated. She has, clearly, real religion, great talents, and great steadiness, along with a playful buoyancy of spirits, which may serve to make religion less a bugbear, to many of the great and gay, than it has hitherto been. Still I think a sober month at B——, in company with a certain sage whom I shall not name to you, would materially serve her. She would, or I am much mistaken, prove a good recipient.

And now, my dear Friend, what shall I say on the subject of protracted stay? Why, that I had already decided on the course you recommend. And that your sanction, and the paternal permission of him, whom I do not more revere as my Bishop, than I love as my friend, relieve me from the only drawback, and set me quite at ease. The truth is, I was anxious to meet the most cordial, and generous, and delicate invitation of our excellent friend Mr. Stock, as it should be met. You will delight in

his letters to me. I was solicitous also to see Hannah More, perhaps for the last time in this world. In addition, Lady ——— tempts me to pass a little time, at her seat in ——— shire. I found her, on this point, as all others to whom I speak have found her, irresistible. Then my most amiable friend Captain V—— has caused his father and his brother to look after me, and if I did not pass three or four days between Bisham Abbey and Taplow, I know it would give pain to one of the most affectionate hearts I ever knew. I wish you had before you, what he has written to me, and also what C. F. says. These, with a call of duty, friendship, and family condolment, on poor Mr. Finlay at Reading, who so lately lost his daughter, will wind me up; unless indeed I stop for a day, on my way home, with good Mr. Stedman. And these all over, I shall, if it so please God, hail my retirement with joy, and not without hopes, under the same gracious protection and influence, of being enabled to keep my heart and mind, or rather to have them kept, more healthily in tone.

Poor ——— is full of cordiality, simplicity, and kindness. I was probably mistaken as to the extent of his fine engagements. He is full of affection for you, and hopes very soon to see you. He called here yesterday: and again breakfasts here on Tuesday, to accompany me to the British Museum. Sure I was t'other evening in Sam Johnson's house, and in the apartment wherein he breathed his last, in Bolt Court. You may judge with what reverence! The premises are now, partly bare rooms, partly a printing office, in the occupation of Mr. Bensley, forming but a minute part of his vast concerns. I could not help comparing the palace of the printer, with the humble dwelling of the sage, and then asking myself, how poor a thing is pelf! How unworthy of our care and competition! By the way, as my personal expenditure has been reduced, I bought a few books; a Benedictine uncut St. Basil 6 gs. (3 vols.) Do. Gregor. Magn. 10 gs. &c. &c. I have been unsuccessfully hunting after Worthington for Miss B. I shall hunt more for you both. Pray do you wish for 'Hare's Essay'? Miss B. commissioned me to get it for you. I do not know but you may have been supplied in the interim. It was Worthington on Resignation I could not find. W. on Redemption you shall have: I was giddy.

My host and hostess could not have been more rejoiced by any earthly prospect, than that of having the happiness and the honor, for such in the highest degree they would account it, of having you under their roof. You cannot, perhaps, form an adequate conception of the delight your message gave to their unsophisticated hearts.

To be the bearer of such a message to H. More, too, is most cheering to me. This trip is beyond all expectation improving upon me. To use your apt words, I may humbly trust, it will 'add, both to my present, and retrospective comfort.' Lady B. showed me your last excellent letter: it has made, as well it might, a deep impression: I greatly like Miss B. the ——'s sister. To my invaluable friends the Archbishop, and those at B——, I beg my most cordial and affectionate respects and regards.

Ever yours entirely,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I must prepare for Sir T. A——, who is to take me out in his curricule.

Have you heard that Grattan's speech on the war, was considered the best he made in this house, by many degrees; and that an old friend of his told me, and had previously told him, it reminded him of the best days of the Irish Parliament. In truth I believe it united the energy and animation of his old, with the more chastized taste of his new speeches. Adieu. I am in momentary expectation of Sir T——.

—oo—

LETTER 125.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 22. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I am not sure that these few lines will catch you in London, I cannot but say something to you, in the hope that it will at least overtake you. Your letters have been to me extremely interesting; and particularly your last, in which you say as much as could be contained within that compass. The paragraphs in which you speak of the feelings of Henry and Mrs. B. on receiving my message, and of my letter to Lady B., were as full of gratification as any thing of the kind could be.

* * * * *

I wish you could procure a copy of R. G.'s remarks, though I dare say you have well answered them; at least, if you think so yourself, I am sure I shall be of the same opinion. It is, however, a good thing, to have a system objected to. It leads to deeper investigation; and of consequence, if we be of the side of truth, to a more perfect enucleation of the subject.

I am now longing to see your volume, and to hear and read what shall be said, or written concerning it.

* * * * *

Mr. O——, who was recommended by Mrs. H. More, dined here ; and appears to me likely to do ample credit to his recommender. I think him exceedingly solid, both religiously and intellectually. When you see Mrs. H. M., mention this to her ; as I think she will be pleased to know that her friends here like the person, on whom she has fixed the valuable stamp of her good opinion. As far as I can judge on a short acquaintance, I conceive him most deserving of it.

I am ashamed of making you pay postage for such a letter. And yet I might cause you a much greater uneasiness, by omitting to write. Perhaps I may hear from you to-morrow or next day. I look forward to this gratification, whenever I think it approaching, with something of actual avidity. Have you written to the Archbishop of C. since you came to London ? If you have not, you ought. Affectionate persons are apt to be jealous. And, besides, he thinks so much of your letters, as to entitle him, even on that ground, to no small dividend of your correspondence.

You are not wrong in your conjecture about my health. I thank God I am better a good deal, as far as present feeling amounts to, than I was this time last year.

Adieu ! may Divine Providence guard you in all your movements, and guide and bless you in all your undertakings !

Ever yours,
A. K.



LETTER CXLII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, June 27. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You so encourage me to continue my letters, that I am truly sorry I disappointed your kind calculations ; this, however, will reach you, within a week of the time, at which you expected to hear ; and, had I not been peculiarly occupied and on the move, you should have heard long ago. Yesterday (Tuesday) I returned from Cambridge, which I reached, the day before, from Lady O. S——'s. You are doubtless aware, that the general effect of Cambridge, is incomparably below that of Oxford ; that King's College Chapel is, perhaps, the first thing of the kind in Europe, with various other &c's., which it is needless here to mention. But I can tell you one or two things. Mr. ———, a fellow and late tutor of Magdalen, brought me over,

in his gig, to the University; and having shown me the lions, and given me my dinner, brought me to Mr. —, in the evening. As the friend of Mr. H— and Lady O. S—, he received me most cordially: and at once, *sicut est mos* of him and his party, began to catechize me, 'What part of Ireland?' 'whether curate or rector?' 'how long in my present situation?' &c. &c. Hearing that I had formerly resided in Cashel, he said, 'The Archbishop of C. is favorable, is he not?' It was clear he took me for an aspirant at least, if not for an adept, and therefore used the cabalistic jargon of the sect. I was literally unable exactly to decipher his meaning, and unwilling to ask it; therefore I looked, probably, with the stupid stare of deafness, or misapprehension. Mr. —, again identically repeated the question. By this time I was collected enough to take his meaning, and determined to evade a reply, and to show that I had not the watchword: therefore I answered, 'The Archbishop of C. is an excellent man.' Soon after he said, 'You are in a country very much swarming with papists.' 'Yes,' replied I, 'there are a great number of Roman catholics in my parish: it is extensive, and I have but fifteen or sixteen protestant families': this I believe was further drawn out, by a question relative to the comparative numbers. 'Then', said Mr. —, 'have you made any exertions among the papists, to bring them over?' 'No', I replied: 'the attempt would be altogether in vain; and, indeed, I do not feel myself called on to use exertions of that nature.' 'But, have you consulted with other ministers, as to the line of conduct which you should adopt?' 'I have thought much upon the subject; and my mind is fully made up, that I ought not to interfere; particularly as I know the people to be under the care of a very pious and attentive parish priest.' 'But do you not feel it your duty to attempt the conversion of those poor people, from the damnable errors of popery?' 'I cannot think that they labor under damnable errors; they have erred, and do err, grossly and absurdly, but not, as I conceive, damnable; else how could their church produce so many pious and excellent individuals?' 'That is owing to the goodness of God, who has permitted some individuals to be better than their system.' 'But surely their doctrine of justification, and their abominable doctrine of human merit, are damnable.' 'I cannot think so: some crude things they do say, on the point of merit; but they firmly believe, that we can do no good thing, but by the grace of Christ.' 'Yes; but they give their works a share in their justification, and they should be opposed,' &c. To all this, I said, in order to cut short useless discussion, 'that from birth, education, and providential circumstances, and of deliberate choice, I dissented from the errors

of popery; that divine Providence had made me the superintendent of a church-of-England flock; to that little flock, I endeavored to pay attention. That the same Providence saw fit to leave the population of my parish, under the care of another pastor; that with him, I did not think it, in any degree, my duty to interfere,' &c. &c. And so, after a few words more on both sides, the discussion ended. At parting, Mr. — spoke kindly to me. I begged he might not account me quite a heretic. He replied, cordially enough, that persons, certainly, were best able to judge of the circumstances under which they were placed; and that, without a knowledge of circumstances, he should be sorry to pass the least unfavorable judgment.

He is an amiable, ardent, and particular sort of character: somewhat, as I take it, vain of his own exertions, and receiving, from those who approach him *capite obstipo*, this homage as no more than a just tribute. It is assuredly no little trial, to be at the head of a party, with influence widely extending, and a very ample revenue. I fear, I fear, that evangelicism is no barrier against pride; and that the merit of works is practically held, outside of the church of Rome. Still, Mr. — is a worthy, and sincerely religious man. — too, prepared me for something peculiar; saying, that he could not be known by a few interviews, but greatly improved upon acquaintance. He had been upon a judaico-financial tour, had preached on the same day, as he said, in the morning to 2000, in the evening to 3000 people; and chuckled at having bled the people of Bristol of their money.

After leaving Mr. —, we were joined at supper by Professor F—; the best mathematician, and the worst classic in England. The founder, I am told, of the Bible Society. A man of great benevolence, and great simplicity. With him, there was no controversial talk. But from one little trait, you may judge what note he takes of passing events. He actually spoke of the Duke of Bourbon, as son of Louis the 18th, and natural heir to the French throne. This may seem incredible; but I soberly aver it.

And now, to travel back, I must tell you, that I passed a most delightful week under the roof of —.

* * * * *

In your conversation with characters but partially developed, you, above any person I know, should, as I conceive, be guarded: precisely for this reason, that your views, above any that I know, seem to me most nearly to approach the views of our blessed Lord; and, whilst he cautioned his disciples against lavishing their treasure on dogs and swine, he was himself care-

ful not to put new wine into old bottles, not to put new cloth upon an old garment. This, after all, from me to you, is, I fear, impertinent talk. But you will both tolerate and forgive.

— is very amiable, and, as you well know, a fine creature. But I fear the world for him too. I went with him too M—; passed there a quiet Saturday and Sunday; and had some pleasant talk with him. The Sunday sermons, which, I think I told you, I meant to preach, were opportune. He was impressed, and he told me so: saying, that he endeavored to stick to Sunday, as his sheet anchor; as a rallying point, which might, under God, bring him back, if he should ever decline from the right way. I ought to tell you that, at Mr. H—'s, I met a Mrs. H—n of Yorkshire, with whom and her uncle, many years ago, you passed some time. She speaks of you with great respect and regard, and desired her kindest remembrances.

I am now looking forward somewhat earnestly, to the fulfilment of my engagements, that I may get back to poor popish Ireland. I ought to have said before, that, at B. Park, I received a very warm and affectionate note from Wilberforce; expressing his regret at not having been able to bring me under his roof; pleading hurries, and fullness even to overflowing. I was invited to meet the Wilberforce's for a few days, at Mr. N—'s, but could not go. Next week, I propose going there, and to Mr. Vansittart's.

Many thanks for your *preface*: which was read, by more than myself, with real pleasure. At the same time, objections were made by Mr. I—, which, though of a superficial nature, would have led you, both to guard, and to explain. Should a separate edition be printed, I would recommend enlargement. It is very true that objections are useful; they put us on the alert, and sharpen our powers, both of invention, and of discrimination. On this ground, R. G—'s remarks will be useful. My answer is yet unfinished, and may never be sent; it is far from sufficient; at the same time, there are some tolerable thoughts. You shall see all, especially you shall see R. G.'s letter. I dine with them to-day by the way: and am to meet Lord C—, (whom I like more and more,) at our friend Mrs. Thornton's, on Sunday. And now, have you received the copy of my sermons, which I sent you? They could not send it, except in sheets; but if it reached, all is well. You have probably seen, in the notes of the 4th sermon, that I took a liberty with you. Lest it should be refused, I would not ask leave; and I have, in thus acting *meo periculo*, added a great ornament to the volume. Many, I am sure, will thank me for it. You see too, in the notes of sermon xi., that I manufactured your MS. note in the Bishop of L.'s charge, which you permit-

ted me to use. But most of all, I hope I have not spoiled the appendix : some touches are added, I am almost ready to flatter myself, a little in your own way ; particularly about 'no strange blood flowing through the veins and arteries.' My conscience, however, rather smites me, that I have not, in the little advertisement, acknowledged with sufficient fullness, and explicitness, the extent of my literary obligations to you. I hope the motto from Gregory Nazianzen, opposite the inscription to the Archbishop of C., cannot wound his feelings. The character struck me years ago, as most appropriate ; and dwelt upon my mind ever since, associated with that of our excellent friend. I did not think I could use it more aptly. I hope the thing is not done broadly or indelicately. I wish that the words should be exclusively *παρηγορία συνεισότητος*.

Cadell and Davis say, that, so far, they are well satisfied with the sale ; and anticipate, in due time, another edition. From the reviewers I anticipate some hard knocks ; and many regrets for doctrinal deficiency. As yet, however, I have had more encouragement than I had expected. Governor M—— writes . . 'permit me to return you my most cordial acknowledgments, for the valuable present you have made me ; which I greatly prize, not less for the sake of the donor, than of its own intrinsic and distinguished excellence. I pray that God may make the work useful to the edification of many.' Mrs. Henry Thornton says, 'I have read some of your sermons with great delight. The tendency of them is so constantly to wean the heart from its attachment to earthly vanities, and to induce it to grasp that golden chain, which is to draw us up from earth to heaven, that they may be truly called angels' food. But whether these consolations are not too great, too remote, to be frequently regarded with safety, is a question which I have often and ardently wished to hear argued by you, and some judicious pious men of our English school. In my present depressed state, I firmly believe all such contemplations are, not only safe, but salutary. Torn and wounded as I have been ; and still in danger of being wrecked, by anxiety for my numerous children, nothing is more likely to protect me from the incursion of those bad thoughts, which would lead me to distrust the mercy and the love of my gracious heavenly Father, than that subdued and purified state of mind, which you so beautifully describe, and promise to those who really pray for it. Perhaps, in the bright hours of my earthly prosperity, I should have turned from these exhortations, as incompatible with my present enjoyments. Perhaps, had I been a determined violator of the holy laws of God, I might have required a more loud and awful

denunciation of the anger of God, and a more full declaration of the Savior's willingness to purify and pardon me, through his death and intercession ; but being as I am, nothing, I think, can be better calculated to pour balm into my sad spirit, and to lead me on in those paths, which shall conduct me, at length, to the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' This extract shows great feeling, and great honesty. In my answer, I hope I was enabled to meet the former ; assuredly I deeply sympathized. For the honesty and delicacy of the intimation, both of redundancy in one respect, and deficiency in another, I returned my cordial thanks ; stating, however, that my views had been formed upon much thought, with much care, and in full dependence upon that aid, without which we can do nothing ; adding, as nearly as I can recollect : ' these views, as they have not been argumentatively imbibed, so, I am apt to think, they cannot be argumentatively dislodged.'

The next testimony is from Mr. Bean (zeal without innovation), whom, before I received it, I very greatly liked ; having passed a day in his company at the British Museum, of which he is assistant librarian, and at dinner in this house. He says, ' I am more than usually gratified, by the gift of your volume of sermons. I have already read several of them ; and find myself confirmed by them, in the views I had entertained of the doctrines of our holy religion. I trust that a very extensive blessing will attend the publication of them ; and I thank God, for putting it into your heart, to employ yourself for the benefit of the church at large. * * * * With my sincere prayers for your comfort and usefulness, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged and affectionate fellow-laborer . . JAMES BEAN.'

I know, that in copying these extracts, I shall please you ; but they are for yourself *exclusively* ; or at least for those only, yourself being the judge, who can distinguish between the ebullition of vanity, and the allowable, and perhaps salutary feeling of honest satisfaction, when one's labors seem not to be wholly in vain. At the same time, I pray that I may be kept truly humble. Much, indeed, that I have experienced, of kindness and attention, might well have overset me ; and doubtless so it would, were I left to myself. But this, I hope and trust, I am not, nor ever shall be.

It is now past one o'clock in the morning of June 28. I have been about an hour away from the G——s, where I passed a quiet, rational, and cheerful day. R. G—— is not yet at all with us, on christian antiquity. He has been looking at my appendix ; not, however, as yet, with much care ; he speaks with great gentleness and modesty ; and I hope to extract from

him some more objections, in writing. I must fortify the second edition, if any be called for. And even now new matter suggests itself; but objections may give me more.

Many many loves to my excellent friends at B——, not forgetting the parsonage.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

J. JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CXLIII.

To A. Knor, Esq.

Rutland Square, Dublin, July 8. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HERE I am; but on grounds, which I think you will not disapprove. This day se'nnight I received such a letter, as induced me, that day, to leave London. I felt that I had no other chance of seeing my poor brother-in-law* alive: and that, under such circumstances, my longer stay in England, could neither afford me satisfaction for the present, nor comfort in the retrospect. And as I imagined it would be, I rejoice that I am come over. On Monday, I propose going to Rosstrevor; and on my return, which will probably not be at a very distant day, I hope to see you, and our invaluable friends at B. Till we meet, I shall keep back all I have to say.

My most affectionate regards to our common friends.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 126.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, July 8. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

YOUR most interesting letter would furnish me with many a theme, but I will, in this first instance, admit none but your sermons. They reached me as you wished, only with a little delay, from Miss F. supposing that they must be in the book-

* The Rev. Joseph McCormick... E.D.

binder's hand, before I could use them. She therefore did not send them instantaneously, as it happened she might have done, and I was accordingly a little disappointed. She did not know, that I myself knew a little of the bookbinder's art. And accordingly, I assure you, I have your volume, through my own handiwork, in very readable order. But from all these causes, I have been able to read only five sermons. My observations must be of course limited, and somewhat matter of hazard.

I own to you, then, freely, that I shall be most curious to know, what reviewers will say of them. I almost doubt whether they will not be as much puzzled as they have been for a long time. They will not question, either the talent, or the literature of the writer. The volume contains such ample evidence of both, such manifestations both of eloquence and erudition, as to make these admissions certain. And where there is a spark of goodness, the spirit which animates the discourses throughout, will be felt and recognized. I do not, therefore, apprehend any lack of special approbation. And I think, too, the positive faults alleged, will not be very substantial. It will probably be said, that the discourses have a good deal of that warm effusion, which is a characteristic of the Irish pulpit ; and, possibly, after all your care, here and there, what you call mannerism. It may be, they will still more deeply complain, that your meaning is not always sufficiently obvious ; and that, notwithstanding a prevalent vein of sound sense, it might not sometimes be doubted, whether you were not verging toward the cloudy region of fanaticism.

If, however, your volume should meet some more discerning mind, it will be perceived and acknowledged, that, under a declamatory appearance, you are laying down principles ; that what might appear, at first view, to have been said to impress, is often, from its depth and digestedness, fitted to convince ; and that, in reality, you philosophize, when you seem most to neglect the forms of philosophy. But I fear this will not be remarked in the *Christian Observer* ; and it has little chance of being observed by the *British Critic*, though there is some one who writes for it, that might make these discoveries. I should, however, most reckon upon something of this sort, from the *Eclectic Review*, notwithstanding all the quarrels it will have, for wants in divinity, and high claims for the hierarchical church. The *Quarterly Review* will be likeliest to speak approvingly ; but it will hardly exercise due discernment.

Let these matters turn out as they may, I am not sorry you have made this commencement. I certainly feel myself less adequate to judge of your writing, than I should be of almost any one's else. Why do I say almost ? There is none who

will ever write, capable of so unfitting me for the art of coolly estimating. It is next to reading my own writing. I therefore am suspicious and jealous about results : yet, in spite of suspicion and jealousy, I believe you are safe. And I think you will be encouraged to write more ; and I also think, nay, am sure, that you will write better and better. I think so, for two reasons. 1st, the superiority of the completely new parts, which to me, who can make the distinction, is striking ; and 2dly, the still superior mode of expressing yourself, which is found in your commonest and least studied letters : an ease, this, which will assuredly flow into your compositions, for the pulpit or the press, the more confidence you gain in yourself, and the less anxious you are about the judgment of the world : I mean, from an honest assurance, that you have nothing about which to be fearful.

I this morning read your sermon on Abraham ; and all it wanted to interest and please me in a high degree, was, the not sufficiently showing, in the close, the sense in which all are called to tread in the steps of Abraham. You, I think, almost confine your application to those, who are called to make some special sacrifice. 'Are we then, &c.' you say, p. 120. This is all most true, and yet I think I should have liked another topic better. I mean that view of strictly moral relinquishment, which, being every man's duty, would apply to every individual. Still, it is an absolutely engaging discourse. All that is said of Abraham, being most interesting, and practically impressive.

I must add to all this, that many of the notes appear to me to be highly useful ; fitted to give valuable information ; and excite, I would almost say, still more valuable curiosity. It may be that, here and there, a note might have been omitted. But, in general, I think they will please all readers of taste and good nature.

Certainly, my dear friend, I should have strongly dissuaded you from publishing the letter of March 13. 1804. Now that it is too late, I do not wish you to feel uneasy about it ; and, in truth, I feel not a shadow of selfish pain. I merely am sorry, that your volume should have any thing in it, especially of mine, that could, by any chance, lessen its respectability. There is something so odd, and almost so canting, in representing oneself as thus engaged, in the streets, that I am afraid it will excite, not merely dislike, but disgust. And what follows, was doubtless well enough for a private letter, (which I still think also excuses the mention of the streets, because it was a fact) but it is neither clarified, expanded, nor guarded ; nor, indeed, in almost any way expressed, as I think it should have been, to fit it for the public eye. But I add, again, its publication does not hurt

me, if it does not hurt you. I certainly wish your useful reputation, as much, at least, as you do yourself.

I intreat you, if you see Mrs. H. More, to explain to her my cessation of correspondence. You know, you, too, who stand in a brother's place in my regard, have long been complaining of me. The simple causes are, decreased strength, and increased avocations. My public calls, (if I can call such things public), . . . Association, Academy, charities, cut deeply into my time. Visitors, you know, carry off much of the remainder; and weakened health, now forces me to seek refreshment, when, once, I could have written.

But I must stop, or lose the opportunity. Assure Mrs. H. M. of my immutable regard; and say every thing, for you cannot say too much, to the Stocks. All well here. Adieu,

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXLIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rosstrevor, July 13. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS morning, at ten o'clock, my dear friend and relative was released from all human pain and suffering. He expired, without a struggle or a groan. And I have the gratification to think, that his trying and excruciating illness, was made the providential instrument of preparing him for a happier state. He had honestly, conscientiously, and I do believe, with his whole heart, employed the talents and opportunities entrusted to him: and it would seem that, as a reward, he was purified by suffering. He was brought to the innocence, the harmlessness, and purity of a child; and has repeatedly brought to my mind, and to that of others who attended his sick bed, our Savior's declaration, that we must become as little children, to enter the kingdom of heaven. It is a great comfort to me, that I reached this in time. My sister is wonderfully supported.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 127.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Aug. 14. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY first thought was to enclose these two letters for you, to the Archbishop, and to write to him myself; but my feelings respecting health are yet so uncertain, as to make it not desirable for me yet to reply to his kind wish. I would fain go to Cashel; therefore am unwilling to speak negatively, till I cannot avoid it: and, on the other hand, I am not in a state, which authorizes me to say I will go. I was determined against it three days ago, from feelings of indisposition. I am now better, and therefore am inclined to reconsider my movements. Yet this I say to you, that, being as I am, nothing on earth could induce me, but an absolute wish to do what would gratify our friend. If, therefore, there be any circumstance, which makes it less an object, at present, with the Archbishop, could I know it, I should certainly avail myself of it, and not undertake the journey. At the same time, nothing can be more my wish, than to do every thing possible to prove the depth of affection, which I have for him, and his children. Write to me, and believe me

Ever most cordially yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CXLV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 29. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will be glad to hear, that every thing in this quarter is in a state of apparent, and, I trust, of real tranquillity. On the way, I was somewhat cheered, by meeting a gentleman, who, though not resident, has an estate in this parish. He told me, he had been a few days since speaking to his tenants, who said, they had not only given no obstruction to the valuation of my tithes, but were ready to pay; adding, that my valuation was very moderate. The people have, in the better quality of ground, for the most part, drawn home their corn; the rest are busy doing so; all apprehension, therefore, of resistance, is pretty well at an end. Some days, or I should say, nights ago, the law-makers did come to the house of a respectable farmer near Cappamore, on the borders of my parish, and who has farms in it.

He had already drawn home his crop, and having been apprehensive of such a visit, had also privately requested Mr. S. to send a constable, with an official summons for his arms. For arms the banditti asked him sure enough, and required to see the summons, and receipt of the magistrate. They then proceeded to swear him that he would set apart, and remove from his hay-yard, the clergyman's tithe. He came the next morning, and gave full information to Mr. S. ; nor did he obey the injunction of the miscreants. The fact is it does not appear, that an individual resident in this parish has been actually sworn. You know, by this time, that the magistrates have recommended the enforcement of the insurrection act, through the entire county of Limerick.

I found a letter from my brother, given a pleasant account of his excursion : a part of it, which may interest you, I shall transcribe. ' Your letter to Mr. Bean, was of great value ; it opened the Museum to us, and obtained us his very polite, and useful attentions. We spent part of two mornings with him. He spoke in warm terms of your sermons ; he had read them over once, and was beginning the second reading ; your doctrine he considers quite sound, and I cannot repeat all he said of the execution. He thinks it must be a year, before they can be reviewed ; it will require that time, for those who differ from you to prepare their arguments. The sermons were deposited in the Museum, the last day we were there ; and will form an article, in the appendix to the catalogue now printing. I have got the *Reliquiæ Sacræ* ; (Routh's) and am struck by the coincidence in the preface. My brother adds, that he met N—— at Oxford, who has almost broke himself in *Fathers*. He looked very ill, and was going to Cheltenham.'

A head-ache obliges me to break off. Do write me a few lines, when you can command leisure. As winter advances, I trust we may be good and frequent correspondents. Even since my return, I have found new matter, in unsuspected sources, for the treatise on catholic consent ; it seems inevitable, that between old arguments, and new, the matter must swell into a book, perhaps of 200, or 250 pages. Much will depend on a lucid arrangement and distribution of materials, so as, at once, to make the argument one, and yet to omit no point of moment.

My most cordial and affectionate good wishes, always belong to the Archbishop and his family, whether expressed or not. You will give them greater value in this instance, by your being the conveyer.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXLVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, October 5. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Will you accept from me a few lines, and at present, but a few? This will be carried to Cashel by our friend Whitty. He, his lady, two children, and Mr. Madder*, are now with me; and, in virtue of my new arrangement, whilst, in the morning, they occupy the drawing-room, I have my books, my time, and my fireside to myself. I have taken to two things, in which I find comfort already; and hope, progressively, to find more and more: the daily reading of a portion of the Greek Testament (*meimet in usum*); and also the reading of St. Crysostom on St. Matthew. Am I right or wrong in the conjecture, that St. Matthew is the least picturesque of the evangelists? and if so, what is the cause?

Yesterday, I had a letter from our good friend H. B., enclosing one from Hannah More†: the latter I have copied, thinking it would gratify and amuse you; it is awkward and strange to copy the eulogy of oneself, but I should not like to part with the original; and I may play the egotist, at least as safely with you, as with myself. It were hypocritical affectation to say, that I am not pleased with this testimony; but I trust such testimonies, when they come, will rather tend to humble, than exalt me. Henry Butterworth says, 'Mrs. Hannah spoke of the sermons, with undisguised, unqualified approbation'; and then he goes on to repeat, very much the substance of what is said in her letter. He further tells me, 'Cadell informed me some weeks ago, date 28th Sept., that a hundred copies of the sermons did not remain, and I know that number has since been diminished.' This, I own, is beyond my reckoning. H. B. spent a few days at H——, pleasantly enough. 'At our first meeting, Mr. C—— immediately began to talk to me of the deficiencies of our friend's book; he could go along with him as far as he went; but his wants were not met, not sufficiently evangelical. Good soul! he abounds in fine tempers, and openness of disposition. But he is a perfect enthusiast, and how should he be otherwise? His love for goodness simply, I dare venture to think, draws him not unfrequently into the class of men, who may say with truth, *decipimur specie recti*. With all his faults,

* The Rev. George Madder, Precentor of Emly, one of Bishop Jebb's fellow-laborers, during his residence in Cashel. . . Ed.

† See Appendix, No. II.

however, one cannot but esteem him.' This is a candid estimate : I verily believe it also is a just one.

There is a very kind little P. S. by Mr. S——, which, also, I am tempted to transcribe. With perfect honesty, he clearly overrates. 'I owe you an apology, for so long omitting to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and valuable present : and although I object to the proposition, that evil may be neutralized by a favorable issue, yet it has fallen out, that, through this improper delay, an opportunity has been given me of forming a better estimate of your volume. I leave it to the critical taste of competent judges, to appreciate the just value of the composition : it is sufficient for me to say, that, in point of true simplicity, accurate statement, and, what is of most consequence, practical utility, the work has, with me, no rival among the moderns ; and in profound reasoning, and philosophical sentiment, classes with my good friend Butler. I do confess, whilst perusing the pages, I felt some sort of desire, to have occasion to exercise the power of a censor ; but, to my mortification, I found your dexterity subjected my poor wit to its dominion.'

After all this, I should have a giddy brain, had I not too many salutary mementos of my own weakness, to let me luxuriate in a fool's paradise. But I take these matters to be kindly ordered ; good Providence may see fit thus to cheer and indemnify me, for many painful hours, and days, and nights ; and, by cheering, to encourage me in efforts after self-improvement.

You see the whole county of Limerick is proclaimed : no disturbances here as yet : though Mr. S—— declares, that the people assemble nightly round his house ; probably to administer unlawful oaths. Major W—— disappointed me ; being occupied in a change of lodging, and apprehensive, too, that the General could not consent to his being a night absent from quarters.

Pray read a minute of a conversation, which I send Miss B. ; also some gnomie verses extracted from Bishop Ken ; as they occur in a very long, and sometimes dull, epic of the good Bishop's, they may have hitherto escaped your notice : to me they seem, not merely the description, but the effluence, of a very matured state of christianity.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. Since writing the above, I finished a letter to Mrs. Hannah More, which I enclose for your perusal. Thus have I shaken off a weight, which has been oppressing me for years. I shall thank you, when you have read it, to seal it with a black

head seal, and get the Archbishop to frank the envelope. I should leave it to your castigation, and to your suppression if you should see fitting, were it not that I could not encounter the return of that uneasiness, which haunted me on the score of my ingratitude, not to mention the breach of common politeness. I must, therefore, intreat, whatever the imperfections, and doubtless they are many, that you will forthwith dispatch the letter, with those imperfections on its head.



LETTER 128.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 14. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I KNOW you will like to hear from me, however little I may be able to say. I left Cashel on Thursday morning, the dear Archbishop himself setting me down at Littleton. — and Whitty had been at the Palace from Monday. The former, certainly not degenerated; the latter, the same amiable creature as ever. But he, poor fellow! is not well. I thought, as he told me his case, that I, on selfish principles, would not give my case for his.

I was greatly gratified by your communication. I despatched your letter for H. M., only with this difference, that, instead of a head, which I had not, I sealed it with what I had, Hope on an anchor. Yours, however, took along with it two companions in another envelope, one from the Archbishop, and one from me; so that H. M. will be indemnified (I rather vainly persuade myself) for your controversy, by our undiluted courtesy. At the same time, you have said, what is as important as it is true. Only I fear your and my friend, some way or other, has not head to comprehend the conclusiveness of your remarks.

I rejoice at your few words about the Greek Testament, because I am more certain than words could express, that you cannot do, on this earth, a wiser, better, or happier thing. If the soil of the law could do all that, which is told us in the first Psalm, for him who, through delight, was planted in it, what must his attainments be, who, by a similar delight, is rooted in the infinitely more fertile Gospel?

That quality or defect, in St. Matthew, did not strike me, till you made the observation. I dare say it is so. I remember nothing which contradicts it. Perhaps it was St. Matthew's

peculiar vocation to record our Lord's discourses; and the power of mind best fitted for this purpose, namely, memory, is seldom I believe associated, with a power of picturesque description. This latter proceeds from a higher talent. Did you never hear the saying, that 'great wits have short memories'?

Poor Mrs. T. Vicars died in the course of last night, to appearance wonderfully prepared for her change. Amid other more brilliant testimonies to your sermons, this may not be the least gratifying, that you were the instructor of this poor lady, in the last weeks of her life, and it may be believed contributed your part towards the happy issue.

I hope not to be wanting in my part of the accomplishment of your kind wish.

Ever yours,
A. K.

—o—

LETTER CLXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 24. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAD not my ailments continued in some considerable force, I should sooner have answered your most acceptable account, of your prosperous journey, and safe arrival.

By this time, probably, the Archbishop has shown you Dean Magee's letter. His judgment is favorable, far beyond expectation, and even lets down the appendix very gently. I am not without hopes, that the enlarged edition may tend to bring him over to our way of thinking. Yesterday, I received Dr. Routh's *Reliquiæ Sacræ*. It opens with a very dignified, affecting, and beautiful dedication, to the bishops, and presbyters of the Scotch episcopal church; which bespeaks him to be a man with the deepest veneration and love for hierarchical government itself: a spirit in which it is to be feared modern high churchmen do not greatly participate. The opening will I think please you. 'Aurea hæc primorum sæculorum scripta, misi ad vos, venerandi Patres, qui laude morum antiquorum, disciplinæ apostolicæ, fidei catholicæ, floretis. Sunt hæc quidem reliquiæ, fragmenta tantum flebilis naufragii, et humilis atque depressæ ecclesiæ monumenta: sed eo etiam magis vobis offerendæ, quod et ipsi fortuna minus prospera utimini. De rebus vestris externis non ita valde laboro, seu prædia perdita et dispersa sunt, seu dignitates et pompa sæculi ablata; hoc enim parum est: sed non bilissimam gentem, religionis cultricem cæteroquin egregiam, a pristina sua

di visam esse hierarchia, ac scindi a communione vestra, Patres venerandi, nemo est omnium cum christianis quidem antiquis sentientium quin doleat.'

In the preface, he quotes the canon of 1571. Also, Vincentius Lirinensis. He shows that those foreigners, who vilify christian antiquity, not only neglect and deride the fathers, but even attack the Scripture itself; describing its books as of uncertain origin; denying that they contain a rule of faith; and reducing all necessary belief, to the bare and dry limits of moral precepts. 'An isti sint ex animo christiani,' says he, 'haud quæso: ita esse, quamobrem debeant, ex principiis scilicet, quæ ipsi sibi potuerint, idoneam satis causam reperire non possunt.' He states it to be his opinion, 'in numerum dogmatum fundamentaliū, sive veritatum præcipuarum ad sancte pieque vivendum efficacium, et, ad salutem eternam pertinentium, (cujus quidem generis capita fidei quin existant, fieri non potest,) nulla omnino placita referenda esse, nisi quæ, cum ex S. Scriptura probari, tum ex antiquæ scholæ Christi monumentis, testibus quidem non originibus vel auctoribus veritatis, firmari queant.' I might quote much more, but those specimens are enough to show, how much Dr. Routh agrees with us. The book seems to be edited in a masterly and scholar-like style; and would appear to give promise of a school in England, that will apply, to the emendation and elucidation of christian antiquity, those principles of just criticism, which have been unfolded by the great scholars of the last century. A school, altogether different from that of Michaelis and Marsh.

And now, to turn to a different subject, I was most agreeably surprised, in reading some of Venn's sermons. Considering whose son, and whose associate he was, he freed himself in a wondrous degree from doctrinal trammels. I grant, he sometimes uses phrases (though but rarely) that we must dislike; and sometimes one part of a discourse, from crude theology intermingling, may rather contradict another part. But, on the whole, in no modern sermon writer have I yet discovered, so many coincidences with my own way of thinking and feeling. I am bound to say, that, in my judgment, the Christian Observer did not choose the best specimens. To judge fairly, we must look through the sermons for ourselves; and read the sermons also, which we select, from beginning to end. I greatly wish you to read over the three discourses, which I shall get the book and refer to: . . . 'The Happiness of Heaven', Vol. ii. p. 47.; 'John the Baptist's Office and Preaching', Vol. ii. p. 66.; and 'On Halting in Religion', Vol. i. 276. These sermons I have been reading, none of them without drawback, but none of them

without very sincere pleasure. What you say of poor Mrs. T. V., affords a more solid satisfaction, than the highest literary or theological eulogium could be. It is a satisfaction, which, we may humbly hope, will increase, and not diminish. I find, that our excellent friend Mrs. H. Thornton, is rapidly, but most peacefully sinking into the grave. . . — enclosed me a most affecting letter from Miss — to Miss —. It exhibits a truly edifying picture of the triumph of religion, over the most afflictive of all trials, which can happen to the truly good. A MS. sermon of J. D.'s has been poor Mrs. H. T.'s nightly comforter. There was in it (you may recollect our hearing it together) a moonlight scene, and a description of the glorified body. The cast of it is highly imaginative; and, very likely, a body not its own may be supplied to such a discourse, by a mind like that of Mrs. H. T., in the near and unclouded prospect of a happy eternity. The circumstance must be truly gratifying to J. D., and I am very glad of it.

Whether well or ill, I make it a point not to omit some daily lection of the Gr. Test. : it often happens that I read drily, that is, with little enjoyment, and small power of placing myself in the scriptural group. But still I go on. Some one of the fathers has observed, that reading of the Scripture, though sometimes apparently unproductive at the time, if it be honestly pursued, will not fail, sooner or later, to produce its fruits.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 129.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 28. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I PERSUADE myself you will like to hear from me, be the matter communicated more or less. It cannot be much at this present sitting, as I have only one hour, between me, and the closing of the post office.

On Saturday, a third Sunday reading from your sermons appeared in the Farmer's Journal. I have secured them all for you; and, as soon as the publication terminates, I will send them altogether. I do not think, however, that great skill (I should rather say good judgment) is shown in the selection; the last two readings being taken, not from your popular, but from your clerical sermons. It strikes me, however, at the moment,

that there may be design in this, perhaps justified by the great proportion of clergymen, throughout Ireland, who take the *Farmer's Journal*.

When I called for it to-day, there was one of the proprietors, a Mr. E—— D——, in Porter's shop. He of course did not know my special motive; and began to talk to me, as if I had purchased the paper from general interest. It was not necessary to undeceive him. He spoke of writers on wheel carriages, who, in his opinion, are writing over people's heads. I dare say he is right enough. But when he asked my opinion of the Sunday readings, and I, as in duty bound, praised the last three, he said, 'I am sure Mr. Jebb does not write over people's heads; there is nothing unintelligible in him.' I confess I heard this with pleasure. Whether he spoke from knowledge of the volume, or merely of the readings in the *Journal*, I do not know, and did not at the moment think of inquiring. The editor is a Mr. L——, a barrister.

Yesterday I met —— at Christ-church; and never before did he speak to me with such warmth, as he showed on the subject of your sermons. It really gratified me to see, that there was probably not one on earth who was more pleased with your sermons, than he who it was desirable should be most pleased.

Poor Mrs. Henry Thornton, whose illness I suppose you know of, has finished her course. I am told she has committed her children to Mr. and Mrs. I——. The latter fact I heard from Miss B——, on Saturday. The account of her death arrived this day.

This day a young friend of mine, just come from India, breakfasted with me. I asked him various questions about christian missionaries. And he clearly explained the necessary unproductiveness of all such measures, until, as he said, a way is opened, through some political revolution. This agrees with all my preconceptions. I conceive we must gain the rulers, by exhibiting a case, which will speak for itself. And we must prepare for the diffusion of the gospel, by purifying and simplifying the matter to be communicated. I must stop, or run the chance of lateness.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 30. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD a most pleasant letter from my brother. No one can enter more fully or warmly, than he does, into the business of the appendix.

Mr. I—— wrote me a very interesting and affecting account, of the last days, and the last moments, of Mrs. H. Thornton's exemplary life. The family are all well, and at Battersea Rise, where they are to continue their residence. The care of the girls is entirely entrusted to him and Mrs. I——; that of the boys, is committed to Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. J. T——, the two G——s, and Mr. I——. The last-mentioned begs to be kindly remembered to you.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JESS.



LETTER CXLIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 8. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE our letters crossed upon the road, I have often wished to thank you, for your just and sound observations on the Observer. But there were obstacles by me insuperable. A most trying season; a long interval since my downright illness, and a consequent accumulation; and last, but not least, an inevitable and total exclusion from all society, and absence of all exhilaration; these, altogether, so weighed me down, that I was unequal to all exertion; and, least of all, equal to letter writing, which, with me at least, demands some elasticity of mind, and some flow of spirits; an elasticity and a flow, which I should be, perhaps, rather less than man, to possess under present circumstances. Were I, indeed, more of the animal, and less of the intellectual being, I might thrive and fatten like multitudes around me. . . So far I had written with the comfort of thinking, that we might hope for a peaceful winter in this district, which had been quite undisturbed. But, within these five min-

utes, I learn, that my neighbor Mr. — has had his corn last night maliciously burned, although within a stone's cast of a military station in the village. This took place but a little mile from this house, which is far more defenceless in every respect; and it is, but too probably, only the beginning of troubles. The grand consolation is, that we are under the care of Him, who, whether we live, or whether we die, careth for those, who endeavor to serve him faithfully.

You have heard of poor Lady B——'s loss. She bears it like herself. And one cannot help feeling grateful, that it was not one of the elder children. My brother is threatened with a severe affliction: the loss of his only daughter: such a child of her years I never knew. Two letters of his I cannot resist enclosing. They surely bespeak a mind most solidly religious. When you have read, reinclose them, for I wish to preserve such comfortable documents.

There has been a great call for my sermons. The Archbishop writes that London has been searched, and that Hatchard says no time should be lost in preparing the new edition. I am ready, but my booksellers are absolutely careless; not once have I heard from them, nor can — procure an answer to my inquiries. If they remain much longer thus unsatisfactory, I must break with them, and entrust the work to other hands.

I am ill able to proceed: at present but convalescent from a smart attack, which came, at length, this week. The intelligence of this morning, coupled with the dreadful outrages in the county of Tipperary, has greatly shaken my nerves.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CL.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 12. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last letter, I fear, may have pained you: if so, *indictum volo*: not, indeed, that I can pretend my situation to be exempt from sore trials, especially my constitution considered. But still, I can look around and abroad on the severer trials of those, who perhaps have less merited, if not less needed them; than myself: and thus looking, I feel enabled, and thankful that I am enabled, to kiss the rod; convinced, that either the

trial will be removed, when the purpose is effected ; or that, if the trial be continued to the end, it may and must be needful to the end. But the end of what ? A point in the expanse of eternity.

The burning of which I told you, narrowly threatened Mr. ———'s dwelling-house. There can, I fear, be no doubt it was malicious : I do not, however, fear for myself.

Did you hear that our amiable young friend H—— B—— has been very ill ? By my last letter from Mrs. H. B., I rejoiced to find he was recovering. She writes like a truly wise and pious christian. I wish you would write a few lines to him : it would be a great consolation and support. In her last letter, she says, ' None of his friends have, I believe, occupied a greater share of his attention, during his illness, than yourself and Mr. Knox. And the principles and sentiments, which conversation or letters have developed, have recurred to his mind, as a source of pleasure, and a system of truth, according most harmoniously with the soul and destiny of man, and undeniably corroborated by every moment's experience.' This surely is well conceived, and equally well expressed. I trust it may please God to spare this good young man. You have not upon this earth two more cordial pupils, than himself and his wife.

I must now break off. My most grateful thanks, and most affectionate regards, to our invaluable friend, Mrs. P. L. T.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 130.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 14. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RETURN with thanks and pleasure the two letters from your brother. They are as good as they can be, and wonderfully fitted to cheer you, under the weaknesses to which it pleases providence to make you liable. I dare say you feel such a communication, at such a time, in the light in which I am putting it. There is some reason in the view of omniscient wisdom, why you should continue under suffering ; but it is intended that, in the mean time, you should not be comfortless ; and the comfort comes in that solid way, which makes itself be felt, in spite of bodily, or even intellectual depression. It comes home to the mind, and unites with the life which never dies. I sincerely

hope the stroke will be averted, and that the feelings excited in the moment of alarm, may never fall away. Mrs. L. was as much pleased with them as myself.

I must not add another word, but may you grow better, and be kept safe.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 8. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE appearance of a letter with your seal and superscription, is always cheering to me: but that of last Saturday was particularly cheering, at once giving me to see, that, in defiance to a trying season, your health is gaining ground, and to hope that you will be a better correspondent from Dawson-street, than from the fairy land. Indeed, if you could witness the tenor of my days, and could see what a stimulus and cordial your letters are, you would then write frequently. I do not now speak the language of repining or complaint, but of simple fact.

You are anxious to know about me; I, on the other hand, am anxious to make my way through a dull story, and escape from it. Since I had the happiness to meet you in Cashel, though seldom severely ill, I have never been completely well; for the most part laboring under indiposition, which, perhaps, had it been more severe, would have been less depressing. Add to this, a degree of monastic seclusion from all society, good or bad, which, even in this remote spot, I never, for so long a time, equally experienced; spirits often affected, and weighed down, by the horrors of our troubled country; teasing, embarrassing, and uncomfortable details, daily growing out of my relation to the poor barbarians of this parish; and a necessity, never before equally felt, of practising the most minute economy. These ingredients, put together, may convey some notion of my outward manner of being.

There is, however, on the other side, a brighter prospect; to which the mind turns, when the animal spirits will admit. There are many blessings; many more than I deserve, which it were ingratitude and folly, not to feel, and to enjoy. Among these, doubtless, are the very trials, which, at times, depress, but do not overwhelm. Indeed, I have the most rooted conviction,

that there is not a particle of suffering, uncommissioned for my real benefit. It sometimes occurs to me, that, in my course, there may be special necessity of trying back, in order to deepen principles, which may have been rather superficially traced; perhaps, even, to convert theories into realities. I know not whether I may not make my meaning clearer, by employing one or two familiar, and self-devised analogies. When a boy at college, in the course of preparing for my first mathematical examination, I took considerable pains to investigate for myself, and to learn from others, many theorems, deducible from the propositions of Euclid, but not contained in the book. One mischief was, that, in my eagerness after things not required, I neglected things indispensable: and, while somewhat at home in recondite conclusions, at preparatory lecture I was found lamentably deficient in the plain and simple propositions: but, thus taught my error, I set doggedly to work, during the two or three days in my power; and not only escaped disgrace, but acquired credit, by doing at the last, what I should have done at the first. With this little fact, I would connect a tendency, which I cannot avoid observing in my own nature: namely, that, when a matter trying to my temper, or disposition, is suddenly proposed, or presented, the first movement is, frequently, not what I can deliberately approve; it often requires, and I am thankful it commonly receives, immediate revision and rectification. The application is easy and obvious. At college, I was obliged to try back in mathematics. Through daily life, I am obliged to try back in minor morals. And, perhaps, in the greatest of all concerns, divine Providence may be kindly, though painfully, teaching me to try back also. If there be no royal way in mathematics, much less in christianity. It is an antiquated metaphor, but not, therefore, the less true, that strong principles, like old oaks, are more firmly rooted, by the tempests that assail them. Much that I have heard from you, much that I have read in books, was closely grasped by my understanding, and cordially relished by my affections: it cannot, surely, be questioned, that, to be wrought into habit, and identified with our spontaneous movements, the very best truths need the accompaniment, not only of gracious influence, but of providential discipline. That trials have lately seemed to increase, I do not wish to conceal either from myself or you: but, may there not be a wise, and seasonable adjustment, in their being sent at a time, when, from authorship rather successful than otherwise, and from a reception, on the whole, very flattering, in my late trip to England, I might, perhaps, be in no small degree of moral danger? But however these matters may be, of this I am steadfastly assured, that the fault must be deeply and entirely my own, if

any bitter ingredients, which are mingled in my cup, do not, in the end, produce competent and comfortable healthfulness and enjoyment. You desired that I should speak about myself; and I have spoken with a witness! But I am in safe and tender hands. If I have spoken foolishly, you will bear with my foolishness; if erroneously, you will correct my error. And thus, thoughts and feelings, which, pent up, and brooded over, might be pernicious, when whispered in the ear of friendship, will become salutary, if not delightful.

Many thanks for your kind offer about the Reviews. Mine had been kept back; but I, too, wrote, learned the cause, applied to Mr. Tho. Orde Lees, and am supplied by him. Yet he, too, has made a mistake, which I have put in a course of rectification. Last night brought two Eclectics, and two Christian Observers; but no British Critic. In looking over Articles last night, I could not but feel seriously, that matters seem drawing nearer to a crisis. The Eclectic speaks out in a bolder tone than ever; and it manifestly feels, that, in the establishment itself, dissenterism has allies; for what other construction can we put on the saying, that 'the political advantage which a clergyman possesses, is one of the strongest pleas that attach many excellent men to the church, as a sphere for more commanding influence.' Remove, then, this political advantage: reduce their sphere of commanding influence to narrow bounds: and then, excellent men will account liturgy, and creeds, and episcopacy, and communion with the church of past ages, and all the spiritual blessings of our goodly heritage, very weak and unattractive pleas to attach them to the church. They, too, will then outwardly consort with the motley crew, which they now inwardly approve; and, in truth, the church could well spare them. But do they, i. e. the dissenters, dream of removing this political advantage, and contracting this ample sphere? Let the Eclectic Reviewer answer. 'The question, then, may constitutionally be agitated, . . . how far, for the support and maintenance of such an establishment, the great body of the nation ought, in fairness, to be chargeable with so heavy an impost, in addition to their own voluntary contributions for the better promotion of the objects the establishment was designed to answer.' But do they absolutely threaten the agitation of this question? Ecce iterum Crispinus! 'The Bible Society may, from the opposition of so large a majority of the clergy, prove the occasion of danger to the church. We allude to the probable influence of their conduct, on the opinions of the nation; and to the tendency of the will of the nation to become law. In other words, we allude to the possibility of its being, at length, more generally perceived, that the sort of connexion now subsisting, between the state, and the episcopal church of England,

no longer answers the purpose, for which, we may presume, it was originally designed; and that neither the interests of religion, nor the ends of good government, are benefited by a national establishment. To what constitutional modifications of the present order of things in the episcopal church, this conviction in the minds of our representatives and legislators might lead, we presume not to form a conjecture. They would certainly be of a nature to leave the civil rights and possessions (civil possessions! i. e. (see the preceding quotation) their private property as citizens, not their ecclesiastical property as parsons) untouched: they would have no influence on the purity of the episcopal succession (i. e. episcopacy would be graciously tolerated:) they would not affect the moral claims of the church; they would divest it only of civil authority in matters of religion' . . (i. e. they would not persecute; they would only revolutionize.) Is not here a goodly result of Bible Societies, and Parliamentary religionism? (See *Eclectic Review*, pp. 56. 61. 58.) And then compare *Christian Observer*, p. 740. 'It is impossible, but that an ill opinion must attend the churchmen's efforts against the Bible Society; and that opinion, widely disseminated through the country, may, doubtless, be productive of very serious consequences.' This is the text given, in the *Christian Observer* for November. I have already adduced the comment, from the *Eclectic Review* for January.

The *Christian Observer*, you see, has acknowledged your paper. I am sure they will print it. But, should my suretyship be fallacious; should it not appear in the next Number, I agree you ought to reclaim it.

My dear little niece is better; but still great apprehension is entertained. As to ———, I have the comfort to think that he is in an excellent state of mind and heart: whatever he once takes up, he commonly takes up soundly, soberly, and permanently. When well enough to read at all, I begin the morning with a chapter of the Greek Testament, in regular order; in other respects, I cannot report much intellectual progress; and, even in this, I often regret that I am cold and spiritless. The very regret, however, is somewhat; and malady makes me cold and spiritless in other matters too. Yet, I do not wish to flatter myself neither: some uneasiness, though it were without just foundation, is surely safer, than much comfort, with any likelihood of self-deception.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most cordially and affectionately yours,

J. JERR.

LETTER 131.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 12. 13. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received a letter from the Archbishop, enclosing two small sheets of a letter from — to him, part of which the Archbishop thinks may be interesting to you. I have been myself acquainted with the schism referred to, and I wonder I did not think of mentioning it to you. I am sure, had I been in Dublin, I should have mentioned it. But I explained, and you will understand, why I should be negligent at B—. I really could not help smiling to find the identical case (both cause and effect) described so literally by —, who writes from Lord —'s where, it seems, the same inconvenience is suffered. He says, 'I have intended to write to you every day, for the last four or five days; and I have been continually prevented from so doing, by the uncertainty of the time at which the letters were to be sent off; one day they have been despatched at one hour, and another day at another.' The only thing which abates this uncertainty at B— is, that they are not sent off at all.

I think it right to give you the entire passage. 'Since I have been here, I have been disposed more than once to regret, that circumstances had rendered it unadvisable for you to visit this place. I do think you would have found — in all respects more conformed to your views, than your previous acquaintance with him would have led you to suppose. He certainly strikes me as much altered, with regard to his views both of church government and politics. There has been, you know, a great secession from the church. Among those who have dissented, and who amount to about fifteen, are some of the —s and —s: those of them who were in orders, have given up their preferments; and those who were laymen, have ceased to attend the church. This event has evidently created a very strong sensation; and led many of —'s way of thinking, to enter into a closer bond of union with the church. The attention which ministers have paid of late to the appointment of bishops, has also made a very visible impression. A large number of the conscientious evangelical clergy, have been led, by the same circumstance, to enter into a sort of compact, to preach, more than they formerly have done, upon practical subjects.'

I confess, I lay little stress on the wisdom, which shall be thus forced upon the evangelicals. Individuals may receive instruction, but the party will be, what it was before. It may feel something of *μεταμελεια* but (I conceive) nothing of *μετανοια*. This is shown by the milk-and-water remedy, to which they are resorting, 'preaching more than they formerly have done, on practical subjects.' That is, not reviewing their principles, to see whether some worm might not lie concealed at the root; not reconsidering their language, to ascertain whether they might not sometimes be liable, to 'speak unadvisedly with their lips;' but, leaving all of this kind as it was, merely to dash their external wall of enclosure, with a fresh moral compost, of which it will be difficult to say, what are the component parts.

Since I began this, your letter has reached me: I read it with sincere pain, but with solid pleasure. I will not go into particulars; but this, I will say, that I do not think more deeply right views could be taken of a depressive set of circumstances, than you take of yours. I humbly conceive it must be, that rich consolation shall, in God's good time, repay, what is thus submitted to; and thus, in cordial purpose, and honest effort, turned to the best advantage.

I am sorry to agree with you, in all your remarks on the present state of things in England. I hesitated about the import of 'civil possessions;' but, laying the whole together, I was obliged to admit your interpretation. There is great weight in that expression, 'the tendency of the public will to become law.' This refers to the spirit of the House of Commons, for some time back; in which the state of things made it indispensable for public taste to be consulted. But should it please God to preserve peace, the disposition, thus built upon, may baffle sanguine calculators. What Divine Providence may intend, we cannot presume to say; but I should think the claims of turbulent dissenters will be made, long before they are actually listened to. I trust, before that time, they will have awakened the spirit of sober research, and of deep principle; so as that steersmen, adequate to a storm, shall have been trained, before the actual occurrence of the crisis. I do not mean, that a temporary downfall of the church of England will not happen. I, on the contrary, reckon upon nothing else; but I think it is more remote, than the phenomena of the moment would lead to apprehend. I should not wonder if the late interference of the dissenters, respecting the protestants in the south of France, were to awaken the jealousy of Government, by showing what, not servants, but masters of all work, they would be, if they were permitted to acquire organization, or evince possession of power. But how strange was it, that the letter to their secretaries

from Lord Wellington, dated Nov. 28., should be only making its appearance now ! To suffer the first impressions, made by their resolutions, to grow, while they had a contradictory document in their pocket, would be like John Knox's device for aid from England, without offence to France. 'Send them off,' said he, 'and then proclaim them as deserters.'

If 'gold be tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity', a valuable institution, intended to be made still more valuable, is likely to be brought under an analogous discipline. I am sure the church of England, as a public exhibition of the christian religion, is, at this day, matchless, in-point of purity, consistency, and substantial vitality. I am certain, that to drink in its full spirit, is to possess such unmixed excellence, as is not, elsewhere, to be found on earth. But the perfection of the christian church is, in my view, comparative, not absolute. I believe it is yet to be, what it now is not, and what now no church could be. I believe our church is now, what it now ought to be ; its defects, I deem to be strictly providential. But hereafter, in some way or other, religion must be brought more broadly, impressively, and attractively, into general, and especially into juvenile view. Bishop Butler's desideratum in his charge, must, some how or other, be provided for. The want of this (I speak not in a way of blame, but in point of fact) has left the English population in the dismal alternative, of brute, perhaps scornful, impiety, or indefinite sectarianism.

How this point is to be gained, might be too bold to conjecture ; but, I repeat, it must be, or a religious public is out of the question. Man is so much an animal, as to ensure that he will, in general, think of nothing, which does not, as it were, *oblige* him to think about it. Religion does not thus, in its own nature, oblige, as hunger or thirst obliges ; and therefore it must be made attractive, as the higher degrees of civilization are made attractive, by adequate exhibition, striking on the sensitive faculty. What a wonderful engine, in this department, is the thing called fashion ! But the machinery is vast : public buildings, equipages, substantial comforts, well-dressed persons, all have their share, in raising the tone of civil character. Can RELIGION advance, then, without being similarly, I should say analogously, brought into view ? How this may best be done, I confess my own thoughts are so crude, that I do not lament want of room for mentioning them now, in any instance. But I will just transcribe a short passage, from Fleury's *Mœurs des Chrétiens*, which I think has a good deal in it ; though, I must observe, serving but very subordinately to my leading objects. 'Les saints évêques des premiers siècles étoient des Grecs et des Romains, souvent grands philosophes, et toujours bien instruits de

toute sorte de bienséance. Ils sçavoient que l'ordre, la grandeur, et la netteté des objets extérieurs, excitent naturellement des pensées nobles, pures, et bien réglées ; et que les affections suivent les pensées : mais qu'il est difficile que l'âme s'applique aux bonnes choses, tandis que le corps souffre, et que l'imagination est blessée. Ils croyoient la piété assez importante, pour l'aider en toutes manières.'

I confess these last words, suggest to my mind the true key (namely, the opposite of this feeling), to what has been so much cried up, as simplicity in the service of God. They who have been most zealous on this point, would not have liked for themselves, what they allotted to religion.

A. K.



LETTER 132.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 22. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I MET, a few days since, a new and respectable testimony, to our view of the church of England. Archbishop King, then Chancellor of St. Patrick's, wrote remarks on a paper, published by Peter Manby, Dean of Derry ; who, in that season of calculation, like some others, became a Roman Catholic. King was a powerful writer ; and had a clearer view of that controversy, than most who engaged in it. He does not therefore, like Chillingworth, plead for the popedom of each private christian, against the popedom of the bishop of Rome ; but he distinguishes between the English reformation, and that of all other reformed communions. He accordingly says,

'The third difference, between the dissenters' case with respect to us, and our case in respect of papists, is in the principles on which our first reformers proceeded. They did not pretend, as he (Manby) slanders them in his preface, to justify their separation (for they never made any) by the Scriptures only, as interpreted by themselves, not only without, but against, the authority of the present catholic church. But, on the contrary, except he mean by the catholic church, the particular church of Rome and her adherents, the catholic church was for the reformers, as they conceived ; and the greater part of visible christians* concurred with them in *their* sense of scripture,

* Of course he means, the greater part of the whole collective and continuous body . . . note by Mr. Knox . . . E.D.

as to the most material controversies between our church and Rome. But the true principles of the Reformation were such as these, that the catholic faith ought to be the same in all ages, and could not receive additions, or grow by time : that nothing should be an article of faith to-day, that was not yesterday ; and therefore nothing was to be reckoned as catholic faith, but what was received *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, according to Vincentius's rule ; and that nothing was thus catholic, but what might be proved by Scripture, taken in that sense, which hath not been contradicted by catholic fathers. These were the principles of the reformers' faith.'

King's answer to Manby's considerations. London, 1687. pp. 30, 31.

I hope to hear soon from you, and am ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 27. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I FEEL quite easy about my volume of sermons. By the efforts made against it, I don't think its sale will be injured, and, at all events, I rest assured its usefulness will not be impeded ; for, so far as I may venture to judge, both from the quarters in which it has hitherto met acceptance, and from the kind of good it has already done, it is fitted, not so much for theologians (so called) of the present day, whether high church, or evangelic, as for persons of fair minds, cultivated taste, and with an honest desire of spiritual improvement, who have little concerned themselves with existing controversy. Among such, I believe, the circulation has been brisk, and will be rather considerable. And to such persons, I cannot doubt, that some good has, even already, been done. Within these few days, I heard two pleasing little facts. Mrs. R——, after having been driven about a long while in the channel by contrary winds, on her way to England, was obliged to re-land in Dublin: the only thing which she remembered to take out of the ship with her, was my volume ; which she said, she concluded to be meat, drink, and clothing for her, as she did not recollect any thing more substantial. She has since requested from me, a list of books of a serious nature ; and as I knew that, since the general's death,

she had particularly applied to serious reading, I gladly complied, sending a catalogue raisonné, drawn up as briefly, yet comprehensively, as it was in my power. The other circumstance is still more pleasant. A lady died lately, in the county of Tipperary, of a lingering complaint; during the close of which, till the hour of death, she never willingly suffered my volume out of her hands, except when indispensably obliged to do so. This remarkably coincides with the case of poor Mrs. T. V. As to the doctrine of the Appendix, I have not a shadow of uneasiness. Certain that it is sound, I am equally certain, that it must ultimately prevail. The sooner, or the later, is of very minor consequence. Do you know, that the second edition has been published in London more than a fortnight? I hope the Dublin booksellers have made their orders; for many, I believe, are anxious to be supplied. But how could I have so long omitted saying, how much I like the support given us, by Archbishop King! His recognition of Vincentius is greatly to the purpose. In any future treatise, I would set myself particularly to defend this 'doctor of catholic interpretation.' It has been the fashion to treat him with scorn. Lardner has doubtless contributed much, Maclaine somewhat by his curt stigma. See the Index of Mosheim, who is infinitely more fair than his translator.

I am a little looking toward Dublin; but without any fixed time in view. Should it please God to remove my little niece, I have promised my brother to join him forthwith; he said it would be a great comfort to him and Mrs. J. And if the event is likely to take place, I know he would rather wish me not to go, while she lingers. On the other hand, should she be likely to recover, I would go, probably, about the middle of April, after his circuit. All, however, is now uncertain. My health has been still indifferent; spirits, to use Bishop Warburton's illustration, like Sancho's ochre; I have been able to do little in any way. What do you think of my having substituted, last Sunday, for a sermon, a reading-desk exposition of the gospel for the day? I prepared myself; threw down a few short hints; and trusted to the occasion for words, which came fluently enough. The people listened with attention, and apparent interest; and I am disposed to think a continuance of the practice would be useful to them. I am sure it would be useful to myself; and my situation in this retired spot, with a very small flock, may entitle me to take liberties, which would not be expedient elsewhere: I, too, can sometimes look to expediency.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, March 29. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE these lines to say that I long to hear from you. For the last three or four weeks, I have been more busily, and more pleasantly occupied, than for years; having finished, perhaps three fifths of my remarks on the Heb. distribution of the New Testament: finished, I mean, so much of the first copy, with a view to publication, more to my mind, and more thoroughly at my ease, than I could have dared to anticipate: the whole will probably run to 300 pages 8vo.

In preaching to my little flock, as I mentioned, it would also seem, that I have not been misemployed. With a little previous meditation on passages of Scripture, before carefully read, and somewhat imprinted, both on mind, I trust, and heart, I am able to talk without hesitation, in language well arranged, and well composed, more racily, I think, and not less solidly than I could write. It seems to come home to people more, and I have no doubt it is more profitable to myself, than the elaborate preparation of written discourses.

I fear I must not, for some months, look towards Dublin or its vicinity. You will wonder at this scrawl. The fact is, much writing has tired my hand; and peculiarly bitter weather has this day affected my nerves. But my general state is comfortable. Write soon, and you will gratify me deeply.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most cordially yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, April 6. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING just received the Reviews, I cannot help making you pay postage for these lines, to say, that opposition to the appendix, or non-notice of the sermons, matters not. The sermons, I doubt not, will make, whatever way they deserve to make; and the doctrine of the appendix, will, one day, be the acknow-

ledged doctrine of the christian world. Cadell and Davies write me word, 'that they have every reason to expect a favorable sale of the 2d edition; that they have heard no opinion passed upon the appendix, and that the Anti-jacobin stands too low in the public estimation, to deserve that attention should be paid, to any opinion which it may give.' The Heb. poetry of the N. T. draws near its close. I have seldom been so busy; and therefore seldom, on the whole, more cheerful.

Cantabit vacuus: not a shilling is to be had; and while times continue as they are, it is out of the question that I should encounter the expense of moving to Dublin. Mrs. F—— is nervously ill, I fancy at the thoughts of finally leaving Dublin; and wishes for her son immediately after Easter; so of course I let him go. I am grateful to Providence, for being able to struggle, as I have done, against uninterrupted solitude, for at least six months past. Perhaps, indeed, had I had money enough to move, I might have been rambling, instead of writing my book. Thus all is for the best.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 133.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

April 8. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been long desirous to write to you, I might almost say anxious, and particularly since I received your last most acceptable letter. But I have been strangely occupied. The miscellany of matters, which, during the last week in particular, left me not one hour to dispose of, would be laughable from their incongruity, were it not for the one tragical cause, which had a great share in the disposal of my time, the death of lady ——. This sad event affected our friends at — so deeply, that I dined there four days successively, to do what I could toward keeping up Mr. —'s spirits, who, having deeply loved his brother J., and being proportionably attached to R., entered deeply into all the mournful consequences, of his losing one of the best wives, that ever fell to the lot of man.

It was every way an extraordinary event. She was beautiful, interesting, of high rank, the world at her feet; yet, with all these flattering deceits around her, she determinately chose the better part. I spent some days in her company last autumn;

and I thought I had never met a mind and heart more devoted to all that was excellent. There was a solidity and a determinateness about her, which equally astonished and delighted me. She knew nothing about doctrines; religion with her, was a business of the affections, and of the judgment.

She lay in during the week before last, and had, at first, the best possible appearances; but alarming symptoms took place the third or fourth day, and on Tuesday night last, her case became hopeless. Dr. Clarke slept in the house; toward morning she sent for him; and when he had felt her pulse, she said, 'Doctor, tell me, plainly, do you think I am near my end? for I have a great deal to say to Mr. —, and I must receive the sacrament.' He told her (I had all this from himself) that she was very weak; and that the sooner she said or did any thing she wished, the better. She sent for her husband, and spoke to him for a length of time, earnestly urging the religious education of his children. Then her brother, the Bishop of E—, who also had staid the night, was called; and Clarke told me that so awful and impressive a scene, as that celebration of the Lord's Supper, he never had witnessed in this world. The good-hearted Bishop was raised above himself; all present were as if on the verge of the other world, but she who was actually so, seemed the least agitated of the whole. She expressed the firmest and brightest hope of heaven; and, as the R. C.'s say, died in the odor of sanctity. No death, for a long time gave so universal a pang; and her loving family are as unfeigned mourners, as ever wept for a daughter, or a sister.

R. D— preached for the orphans yesterday: the best conceived, and best expressed sermon I ever heard from him. He brought in Lady — very well, and most impressively. He acquitted himself beyond my reckoning. I gave him the text; and he declaimed excellently upon it: 'Come, ye children, and hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.'

I thought to have said a great deal more, but I have been interrupted; and I must either break off, or not send by this post. Having told you something, I prefer the former, and am

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, April 9. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
I HAVE had my fears, that, from my silence, your fears may
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have been awakened for me ; and in truth, considering the nature of our last conversation, I should, however invitat Minerva, have said somewhat to you. But I know not how it is, I have seldom found it less practicable to write, than since my return home ; which I attribute principally to the state of the atmosphere. You will, however, be glad to know, that, whatever may have been either my bodily or mental ailments, I have not had the least symptom of returning morbidness. Should Providence, hereafter, please to call me elsewhere, I hope cheerfully to obey the call : should I be left where I am, it will doubtless be more advantageous for me that I should so be left : this, whether sick or well, whether busily employed, or quite unfit for study, has been my deliberate persuasion, ever since my return home ; and so οὐκ ἔσθ, I trust it will continue to be.

My mind has been worked a good deal, since we parted, on the Hebraic subject : new ideas have presented themselves to me ; and rather a wide field seems to open ; especially in the department of N. T. quotations, from the poetical parts of the Old : I am not without hopes, that some valuable light may be thrown, on the ' modes of quotation ' of the sacred writers ; and, even already, I have begun to make some indigested collections, in this branch of my subject. Many books, however, must be consulted, before I see my way clearly ; enough however appears, to satisfy me, that my projected work, if it ever is to see the light, will come forward to much greater advantage, by my giving an additional year to reading, excogitation, and enlargement of my plan. I have already written to London for some indispensable books ; for the most part, philological and critical commentators.

I am just now under such exhaustion, that I cannot write more ; but I am really anxious to know how you are, what you are doing, how your paper is proceeding, and especially to have some of that advice and counsel, which never fails to do me good.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 134.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellerue, May 2. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
HAD I received your letter of the 26th of April in Dublin,

you should have had an answer by return of post, provided I could use a pen. I could not write from hence, sooner than to-day. — is here, and occupies a good deal of my time, certainly very pleasantly; for though we do not affect to agree with each other, we so understand one another, as to enjoy the most comfortable communication. J. D. and R. D. are both here, and as they add new varieties to the difference, they contribute powerfully to the coalescence; for having each his own disagreement with —, she less feels mine: and it happens, that many of the ideas which I throw out, are so approved by them, as to be the more readily listened to by her. On the whole, it is a right pleasant party; and I this day told her, that it was very well I was too old to be spoiled, otherwise I could scarcely escape without injury.

* * * * *

I cannot add another word, except that I am ever,

Most cordially and unreservedly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 135.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 18. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEAR I have not time to say any thing which will compensate for postage; but I feel an inclination to say something to you, were it only to prove that you are present to my mind. The fact is, that, while at B——, I could do nothing but talk; and since I returned, I was busily employed in writing a letter to Lady B——, to whom I was deeply in arrear. I am, I may say with truth, only now, completely at my own disposal; and I accordingly turn to you to have some talk, be the same more or less.

I was pleased with —. She is exceedingly interesting; and, considering her prepossessions, uncommonly liberal. I went to B—— to meet her, with some prejudice against her. I thought she and I could never agree, and I was accordingly drilling myself into the habit of forbearing. But she overcame, at once, all my predeterminations; and I do not know that I talked more, within the same time, for some years, or with more kind acceptance of what I ventured to express. J. D—— and R. D—— were there; the former the whole, the latter almost the whole of the time, which was eight days. I never saw

D—— in better humor. His opposition was only occasional, and always gentle; but R. D. was my powerful ally. He fought for the *semper creditum est*, with a zeal which surprised me, and made me hope that his expensive purchases of Benedictine Fathers were not in vain. I know he has both Chrysostom and Augustine. I do not know what others he has; but what he has, have done him good. He does not profess to agree with us in every thing. But such as he is, his alliance is invaluable; and I think he is formed to act a decided part, whatever may be his line. I know I felt more pleasure in his fighting so much as he did on my side, than I can easily express; and I am apt to think that he will approximate yet more nearly.

* * * * *

I have written the above under sleepiness, and fear it may contain nonsense. If so, forgive him who only adds, that he is
Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLVI.

To A. Kner, Esq.

June 1. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may be well surprized, that, though two letters in your debt, I have maintained a long silence; longer, I believe, than I have been guilty of for months, perhaps for years: certainly, I have not the excuse of too much occupation: unfortunately, however, I have the excuse of too little; and I have ever found, that, when least occupied, I have been least able to converse on paper; the same cause which suspends my studies, suspends, also, all my faculties. The truth is, then, that, though never quite overwhelmed with illness, since my last letter I have been so much indisposed, and so nervous, that I have been good for nothing; yet, though unable to give a good account of myself, I am unwilling any longer to appear ungrateful and unkind.

After having had at least one additional friend, every day, for the last fortnight, — and I, this day, are left to our own devices; Mr. R. B—— having proceeded hence to Doneraile. I very greatly like him. There is about him a great fund both of good sense, and good feeling: he is manifestly full of the most unaffected and serious desire, to acquit himself as a zealous and useful clergyman; and I have not the least doubt, he will prove both one and the other. In his nature, and in his habit, I can well believe there has been a tendency, and no

slight tendency, to opinionativeness ; but I see, too evidently to be questioned, the religious principle efficiently at work, to remove every such peccancy ; and in matters religious and professional, he has (without losing an atom of his manliness) all the simplicity of an amiable child. He preached for me on Sunday last, a very solid, serious sermon ; it was very well and impressively delivered ; and it is but fair to add, that it edified and delighted high and low among my parishioners. To please me, he is moreover, one of the best readers, both of lessons and communion service, that I ever heard ; grave, and solemn, and affectionate, without the least tincture of the canting, or the lugubrious. I could not part from him to-day without much emotion, and he was also manifestly affected. I cannot but feel deeply interested for him, and most desirous that he should be soon comfortably settled ; convinced that the parish in which he is called to minister, will have reason to rejoice in obtaining such a pastor. H. W—— was here five or six days, and is, in all respects, going on as well as possible. I am very glad that you like my friend —— ; and, at your leisure, I should be much obliged for a sketch, however slight, of the chief topics which engaged you.

Whenever I can sufficiently shake off my maladies, I shall be most desirous to resume my essay on the N. T. In autumn, I hope to submit to your inspection and castigation, at least the first draft of my MS.

I know you will excuse the incoherence of this hurried scrawl : were I to wait till I could write as I could wish, I should add to the self-accusation, which, with other causes, has concurred to keep my spirits down.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever, most entirely and unalterably yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, June 22. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I can, just now, write but few lines, those few must not be postponed.

In these trying times, it has been my lot, in common with multitudes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary inconveniences : it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I have not

the least reason to complain of my parishioners, and that we are mutually on the best possible terms ; nor, on my part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting to keep things as they are : it has been my effort to blend firmness with conciliation ; to act with the confidence of a man who is not afraid ; and to let it be seen, that, in the concessions which humanity, and during the depreciation of agricultural produce, justice itself would demand, not even the suspicion of danger is an ingredient. As to the church at large, my mind is easy : there is one who will protect his own cause ; and who, if that cause is to be ultimately served by intermediate adversity, will not fail to give needful strength and patience to those, who endeavor to be faithful. You may be sure that when the business which calls me to Dublin is at an end, I will hasten to B—— : my stay there must, however, be short, on grounds which I think you will not disapprove. In my absence from home, (which, business apart, is most desirable on other grounds) I am desirous, as far as possible, to blend two objects ; 1. The vigorous prosecution either of my book on the style of the N. T., or of the subject treated in the Appendix, or, perhaps, of both one and the other ; 2. The improvement of my health, and restoration of my mind and spirits to a natural tone. Now for uniting these purposes, a facility has just presented itself unsought. Yesterday's post brought me a most affectionate letter from N——, urging me, on the score of health, to change the scene, and pass at his house a month or six weeks. His library, beyond any that I know, would aid my pursuits ; and whenever needful, he could take me to the College library in the morning, and bring me back to dinner : thus my book would proceed, better, probably, than it could at home, while the quiet, cheerful, and congenial conversation of himself and Mrs. N., would, I know, do much for my nerves. Be it also added, that I might be laboring in another vocation : my last letter to —— has tended to make him, what he now is, an unqualified approver of the doctrine of the Appendix ; and there is some reason to believe, that my talk may be not less serviceable than my letters.

You are doubtless perfectly aware, that I am not even mentally instituting a comparison, least of all an unfavorable comparison with B——. What place on this earth comprizes so much of good and happiness ? And where (I speak with gratitude, and I trust with deep humility) could I meet a more cordial reception ? But experience tells me that a transition, for any length of time, from total seclusion, to a mixture with many friends, though delightful in many and obvious respects, would, in the long run, be more likely to upset than to restore ; it has been, in former instances, and it would too probably again,

be followed by a painful collapse. On the other hand, experience equally tells me, that daily and deep study, mingled with exercise, and relieved by daily and cheerful conversation, is the second best of mental medicines.

You shall see my poor papers, in return. I anticipate much pleasure and instruction, from that in which you have been engaged : I rejoice in your good news of your own health and spirits.

Pray remember me most affectionately to those kind and invaluable friends, whom I hope ere long to see.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLVIII.

To A. Knor, Esq.

Aug. 9. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

It cannot, indeed, be denied, that abstractedly, a return to banishment is not agreeable in prospect ; yet it may, and I trust it will, in the result, prove salutary. Perhaps, could I look into the depth of things, I could see, that the whole discipline of my three stations, at Swanlinbar, Cashel, and Abington, has been indispensable, for the purpose of working away certain mental incrustations : of this fact, I have often entertained surmizes, but just now, those surmizes rise almost into moral certainty ; and I register this conviction, that, if need be, which I trust there will not, my present words may hereafter be cited against me : rather, indeed, I should say, cited for me, for J. J. a person of some rationality and common sense, against a certain spurious J. J. who labors under a complicated disorder, of mental morbidness, sturdiness, and weakness. To speak seriously, I am determined, with divine assistance, to wait events, in the assurance that they will be ordered for the best. If you have not suffered by it, I cannot and do not regret the talk of yesterday. It was an attack of malady, in which I thought aloud, what I have often thought silently : but by thinking in the hearing of a wiser than myself, I had the advantage of receiving, in return, sounder considerations, than I could myself have propounded ; not one of which, I am hopeful, will lose its weight in the keeping. It is a result of my experience, as a self obser-

ver, that, when alone and morbid, I act, alternately, the part of a nervous repiner, and of a self corrector: on the late occasion, I doubt not that the correction kindly conveyed by you will be more profitable, than any which could have originated with myself; accordingly I adopt it cordially, and I trust that, when needful, I shall be enabled to repeat it faithfully. To-morrow I go to N——'s. My affectionate regards to my invaluable friends at B——.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 136.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Aug. 12. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for your prompt attention to all my little concerns, but I thank you still more for what is contained on the last page of your letter. I certainly anticipated such an acknowledgment; but I scarcely hoped for it so immediately, and, at the same time, so completely up to all my demand. As to future events, I feel, not surely as sensibly, but as sincerely as yourself, the desirableness of another situation; but if your own movement were to effect a change, how painful might it afterward be to feel that (from some cause or other) the main point, greater comfort, was not gained, and yet the business was taken out of the hand of all wise and all gracious Providence. I rejoice therefore, more than I can express, that you feel with me on this subject; and that I am not more sensible than you are, of the providence, as well as the Spirit of God, being a delicate thing. Certainly, to be under it, without reserve, in its inmost circle of action, is the greatest blessing, next to divine grace itself, that can be enjoyed in this lower world; and every thing is to be endured, rather than risk the loss of this sole pledge of safety. Doubtless, when a state cannot be endured, it may in reason be taken as a providential permission, if not call, to escape if one can. But the impossibility of bearing should be clearly made out, lest the sequel should prove the feeling erroneous. I have been formerly led to say of Mr. Wilberforce and his associates, that by their activity they seemed in danger of unconsciously injuring the machinery of Providence, which, however powerful as to final results, wrought, as it were, by silk strings; and that therefore, he who went blindly

in the mysterious workshop, might make wild work before he was aware. I am sure what is true in this, applies no less to individual life. But I must stop. The bell has rung for prayers, and I have got to prepare. Remember me to Dr. and Mrs. N.

Ever yours most cordially,
A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 137.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 11. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a line to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and to account for my silence. Business first kept me from all other occupation; though I wished it, I could not write even to you. I was thinking so closely, I could not break the chain. I wished to write too to C. F., to tell him that I very much liked his brother's thoughts on the Lord's Prayer. But my business, and every thing, have been interrupted for a fortnight, by (to me) a new complaint, an inflamed eye. This I hope is now off, but weakness remains; and therefore I must now deny myself the pleasure of saying one word more, except that I will attend to what you put into my hands, am much gratified by hearing from you, and with Miss F.'s kind remembrances, am ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER 138.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 14. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just put up your paper, for transmission to Mr. Taylor; I think it well worth sending forward. I have, however, taken one liberty, which I hope you will forgive. I have cancelled the note and its reference, and ventured to alter "cannot be denied," into "need not be disputed." As you doubted the grounds for your concession, and therefore explained, I thought it best to restrain the concession, and omit the mark in the margin, as appearing to me the only ambiguous passage in the whole; and also that alone which could, by any possibility, ex-

cite a personal feeling. I did it with hesitation, but I did it for the best.

I have not been able to read Albius, and therefore cannot venture to give an opinion; except, in general, that your idea appears to me right. I still think that the liturgy of our church constitutes the strong mark of distinction. To choose the language of antiquity, with which to address God for all spiritual blessings, is to adopt the guidance of antiquity, in the most essential way. The continental churches were very happy to have antiquity for their ally, in combating their opposers. But to take antiquity for the guide into God's nearest presence, is to give the fullest evidence of respect and confidence, that can be shown to any authority, below the supreme.

I wish you to read, attentively, what Pearson says on the article respecting the church. It strikes me that he says more, than any other protestant has ventured to say, but I should think not a tittle more, than the concurrent sense of scripture justifies and requires.

My writing grew upon me, and exists, as yet, in an unfinished, and almost unformed state. I examine the *justification* of the Epistle to the Romans, and the *perfection* of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and all I can yet say, is, that E. P., to whom I read what I have written, declares the reasoning to be close and conclusive. I mean to proceed with it as well as I can. But I fear I must still spare my eye, though should it go on for this week, as it has gone on during the last, my fears, on that account, I trust will be over. Perhaps, even now, they are unfounded; but as I am not sure, I will for the present bid you adieu, hoping that I committed no great error about the paper, and assuring you that I am ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.



LETTER CLIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 18. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

DEARLY as I love to hear from you, I could almost wish you to be silent oftener and longer, from close application to such subjects as have lately engaged you, . . two of the most important, in the whole range of Scripture; but I own the truth, in this magnanimity, there is a mixture, I will not say of selfishness, but of complacent anticipation of both profit and pleasure, to

be ultimately derived to myself from your labors. At the same time, I would say, spare your eye, till you can work with perfect safety; and I presume your best criterion will be, the absence of painful sensation. This, I trust, you will soon feel.

It gives me pleasure, that you thought my hasty little paper worth sending: it is probably the general effect of literary solitude, to make people either over confident, or over timid; sometimes both, in rotation, as the nerves and spirits may be high, or low. Now, after sending you that paper, I was in a deep fit of timidity: my comfort was, that, if I had been playing the fool, you were the only human *μαρτυς*, and on your indulgence I could rely. Your approval has unexpectedly cheered me: and I trust that if, at any future time, the confident fit should come upon me, it will receive a salutary check from the same quarter: for, whilst I am in my right mind, such checks, coming from you, will be always acceptable. For your omission and alteration, you have my cordial thanks: had I been on the spot, I might have further modified the conception; but I dare say it will do perfectly well as it is.

I have been much engaged this week, in the *Απομνημονευματα* of Xenophon; of which I have nearly read through one half, with singular delight; and hope, in ten days, or thereabouts, to accomplish the remainder. One curious fact I have discovered, namely, that this attic writer abounds in sentences, affording the closest resemblance to Hebrew parallelism; sometimes cognate, sometimes antithetic, sometimes direct, and at other times alternate: as I have gone along, I amused myself by extracting the most striking parallelisms; and unless I am greatly mistaken, the collection, to say the least, would amuse you. But I have a further curious fact to mention: some of our ablest modern Grecians assert, and prove, that the Greek language of the most classic authors, abounds in orientalisms, especially hebraisms. And Xenophon himself is cited by one of them, to show, that, of all the dialects, the attic is the most miscellaneous. He says of the Athenians, whose promiscuous intercourse with other nations, growing out of their dominion of the sea, he had noticed a little before, *φωνην την πασαν ακουοντες, εξελεξαντο τουτο μιν εκ της, τουτο δε εκ της· και οι μιν Έλληνες ιδιαι μλλον, και φωνη, και διαιτη, και σχηματι λρωντοι. Αθηναιοι δε κεκραμενη εξ απαντων, των Έλληνων, και βαρβαρων.* De Republ. Athen. ii. 9.

This, as a matter of dialect, may perhaps chiefly relate to words and phrases: but may it not, in all probability, have relation, also, to the conformation of periods? Certain it is, that Xenophon, the most attic of prose writers, has more that approaches to the versicular manner of the Old and New Testa-

ments, than my limited studies, and more limited recollection, have enabled me to hit upon, in any or all the classics of my acquaintance. Had I Aristophanes, who is said to be atticismus atticorum, I would search him: and, indeed, when I next visit Cashel, I propose bringing him home with me for that purpose.

It is now very late: and, considering your eye, it is high time to release you.

Ever my dear Friend, most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

N. B. Need I send my best regards to Miss F.? Whether I write them or no, I always feel and mean them.

—oo—

LETTER 139.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 29. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not delay to answer your letter one unnecessary hour. I must, however, say very little, for though my eye is better, and I trust certain to be well, I am so cautioned against exciting it, lest I should bring on lasting weakness, that I refrain from every use of it that ever so slightly alters its feeling. I am, in short, abstemious, that I may the sooner, and the more freely return to indulgence.

I am slowly reading Dr. Ryland's (of Bristol) Life of Andrew Fuller. He was an interesting man; one of the wisest, and most moral-minded calvinists in his day. But it is strange that, within the narrow sphere of that prejudiced party, the boldest new-modelling of calvinism which the present day has seen, as bold as that of Baxter himself, should have been effected. In this view, and for other reasons, the book is worth your attention. I think of ordering his entire works. He possessed wonderful strength of mind; and is an instance how Providence can draw forth instruments, from the most unlikely quarter.

* * * * *

Light is failing, and I suppose I have exercised my eye, which the severe cold of the air is affecting, as much as I ought for the present. Adieu. May happier and happier years be your portion, and may you have your own ample share in every blessing, which your kindness leads you to wish to me!

The people of this house would cordially join me in these expressions of my heart, and of their unfeigned feelings.

Believe me ever most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 2. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS evening I received your most acceptable letter. This post was a productive one, it also brought me the remains of Mr. Bowdler: I had been apprized, by a letter from Mr. I——, that they were on their way; and by one from Mrs. Jebb, that they had actually reached my brother's house. You probably know that they are not published, but are distributed among his friends; and I presume that *we* were placed on that list, through the good offices either of Mr. I——, or Lord C——. (By the bye, Mr. I—— begged to be most kindly remembered to you.) And now, I am about to try your eyes, with what, I think, you will be glad to read, an extract from ——'s letter; he had looked through Mr. Bowdler's volumes, and thus he writes about him: . . . 'He was an extraordinary man, in ability, virtue, and attainments; and must have filled a most distinguished place in the world, if he had been restored to health. . Perhaps it is a fanciful theory, but I think it not unlikely, that his example may be more striking and influential, than if had lived to the ordinary age of man, and attained the highest honors of his profession: in that case, he would have been confounded with the other great men, who have run the same career; and his success would have been referred to the ordinary cause, . . the diligent cultivation of fine talents, with, perhaps, somewhat of patronage. As it is, we dwell upon his high attainments in knowledge and virtue, with a peculiar interest: we see with what diligence the cultivated both; and what fruits he produced, at so early an age; and our view being thus limited, and not directed to the scenes of ambition wherein he would have been probably engaged, we have an unmixed example before us, meriting an imitation, not so much from its worldly success, as from its intrinsic excellence. Certainly, his early doom has given us one instructive lesson: his natural temper was ardent, and his estimate of his own powers was justly high; yet, with what noble resignation does he submit to the dispensation of Providence, which

clouded all his prospects of advancement ! A man worn out with age and business, could not have retired from the world with more complacency, than this energetic young man relinquished all his earthly hopes.'

My reckoning is altogether erroneous, if this extract will not please you : divesting myself, as far as possible, of all partiality, I cannot but account it excellent ; there is a vein of thought in it, very far, indeed, from common place ; but what I most like, is, the evident turning in upon himself, the readiness, first to discover, and then to apply, perhaps the single point in that interesting young man's history, which is most exemplary and instructive ; and, especially, the manifest growth, not merely of religious principle, but of religious taste and relish. All this appears to me to come out, in a manner so easy, so unsophisticated, so unpretending, and yet, withal, so introspective and so practical, that I own myself rejoiced at it. There is, moreover, a curious coincidence with some reflections, which I myself made, about a year ago, in a letter to —, on the probability that Mr. Bowdler's early removal, whilst a blessing to himself, was rather an advantage, than a loss to the world, in the way of example.

The concluding paragraph of your letter, is, indeed a cordial to me : about eight and twenty years have now passed by, since I had first the happiness to see you : a period fraught with how many blessings, but how imperfectly improved ! for the future, wishes such as yours, are an encouragement, beyond what words can express : they are, indeed, much more than mere wishes. You recollect, also, what S. Ambrose said to the mother of S. Augustin.

Adieu, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 140.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 21. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will like to have a few words from me, be they ever so limited. I read with great pleasure your last letter. I appreciate exactly as you do, the excellent remarks of — on Mr. Bowdler, the last particular of which is admirable.

My eye certainly grows better, but I cannot venture yet to give it much exercise. I write with ease, what does not need

to be written with ocular care. But a letter written in the manner in which I put down thoughts for my own use, would be a queer specimen of penmanship. You may infer from the straggling gait of these my lines, that I am economizing my sight as much as possible.

I was much interested by an account of a Mr. R——, in your parish. One circumstance I should have been as well pleased to have not met. But Providence is not to be prescribed to, and strange things have always been happening. I suppose, however, it was a very lively dream. I shall be curious to know how the R. C.'s take the embracing of our communion, and what they think of *your* part in the transaction. What could you do, but what you did? They, however, seldom resort to the golden rule.

* * * * *

Mr. M——, our chaplain at the Orphan House, calls on me ; and gives me great pleasure, by his equally anxious, and ingenious desire to be settled, on what he begins to regard, as the only sure and intermediate stratum, between us and the Apostles and Prophets, the 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est.' R. D. has lately surprised me, by showing himself more impressed than I had reckoned upon, with a long cherished idea of mine (leading to the same great end) that the two witnesses in the Apocalypse, are the hierarchal church, and the succession of sects. If he only pursues this, it will lead him to every thing necessary. I have had also great satisfaction in a young naval officer, a son of M. C., who has maintained piety, through all the difficulties of his station, without ever resorting to society with doctrinal persons, as a support ; which, you may well conceive, he might have had, but which he avoided, rather than sought, in consequence of the obvious defects, which seemed to him to mark their religious character. He has made me talk largely to him ; and has been surprised and delighted, to find so many obscure, but forcible instincts of his own, expanded and elucidated in my several conversations.

I must now stop. Adieu !

Ever yours,
A. K.

LETTER CLXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 28. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER so long and strange an intermission, I am truly ashamed to think upon the date of your last letter, which ought to have been answered without the delay of a single post. My silence, however, has been anti-voluntary. A more than usually severe winter illness has been upon me; all literary pursuits have been inevitably suspended; and, except in cases of indispensable business, I have shrunk even from the commonest letter. Still, it is a matter of gratitude, that, while my mind has been inactive, it has not been uncomfortable; that bodily indisposition, united to ultra-monastic seclusion, has not pressed upon my spirits; that I have had small symptoms of inward morbidness, and none of inward repining; and that I look forward to better times, more cheerfully, than, perhaps, I could do, after a winter campaign of extraordinary exertion. All this egotism, I know you will tolerate and pardon; and with our last conversations at B—— before my mind's eye, I am willing to believe, that it may afford you some degree of satisfaction.

You were interested by the circumstances connected with the death of my late parishioner Mr. R——; they were certainly very extraordinary; and I cannot affect to say, that they did not gratify me very deeply. In many places, they have made more noise, than could be wished by men, who, like my curate and myself, desire to pass inobtrusively and unostentatiously through life; but when things happen out of the common course, people will talk: and we must only rest satisfied in the consciousness, that we acted with singleness and simplicity. Mrs. R—— has been passing the last two months in the neighborhood of Thurles, the Roman Catholic metropolis of Munster: the history of her husband's last days, I am told, has produced a great sensation in that quarter; especially as the protestants thereabouts, who, it is to be feared, have little feeling of religion, and much feeling of party spirit, regard the matter as a sort of triumph. It is needless to say, that, in this house, we neither ourselves view the occurrence in this light, nor have been the authors to others, that they should so view it: but we can only answer for honestly and prudently endeavoring to do our duty, and must leave consequences in higher hands. More stress may have been laid, by some, than ought to be laid, on Mr. R——'s dream: — and

I regard it as no more than a very lively dream : perhaps, while he was asleep ; perhaps, one of those waking hallucinations, which, in nervous illness, I myself have occasionally experienced ; but, whether dream or hallucination, it answered the happiest purpose ; and doubtless it did not come, without its providential commission.

During the course of our visits to Mr. R——, the immediate feeling, even amongst the lowest order of Roman Catholics, was any thing but hostile. One day, while I was confined by illness, — went by himself : on his return, he met two or three peasant farmers ; they inquired with anxiety after Mr. R——'s health (he was greatly beloved), and they showed cordiality, and almost a feeling of obligation, to —, saying, ‘ God bless you, sir, you have done your duty.’ It must be owned, however, that the priests of Newport, in their visits to Mr. R——, discovered much honest bigotry. They told him, that, by marrying a protestant, and by suffering his daughters to be educated as protestants, he had for years been living in mortal sin ; and that, as an indispensable atonement, he must cause them to conform to the catholic church : they also spoke, with marked disapprobation and severity, of his reading heretical books, and especially my sermons. You will observe, that our Roman catholic, and church of England parishes, are not exactly conterminous : and hence, though living in the same house, Mr. R—— was a parishioner of Newport, Mrs. R—— of Abington. I did not, therefore, immediately clash, with the priest of my own parish. However, he and his curate attempted to see Mr. R—— ; whose mind being fully made up, their services were civilly, but firmly declined. Since these occurrences, I have happened, more frequently than usual, to meet him, and to confer with him respecting the relief of our poor : there not only has been no coldness, in his manner toward — and me ; there has been very great, and, I am persuaded, very unaffected cordiality. Yesterday, indeed, something new and unexpected took place, and I am much mistaken if we shall not hear more of it. Mr. C—— requested I would lend him Chillingworth's works. I, of course, complied ; and at the same time, expressed very plainly, my opinion of Chillingworth : the subject thus broached, Mr. C—— intimated, that he had read the appendix to my sermons, having gone to Thurles, and procured permission to do so from Archbishop Bray. From the manner in which he spoke, I judged it right to present him with my volume ; he received it with evident gratification, and said, that, if ever he should print a volume, he would request my doing him the favor to accept a copy. He is, undoubtedly, a man of no mean talents ; devoted to his church and order ; and I shrewdly suspect, that he has not only

received permission, but been enjoined by his superiors, to prepare himself controversially. He said, among other things, that, if I would receive them, he would take the liberty to offer a few observations in writing, upon the appendix. I replied, that I would gladly receive any such observations; but that I would by no means promise to engage in controversy, wishing to live with him on friendly terms. It is my belief, that he thinks I have placed myself on ground, which I am not entitled to occupy; and that he will, most probably, endeavor to prove the church of England less catholic, than we would make her. On these points, I am without pain or terror; but I presume you will agree with me, that controversy with a popish priest is to be deprecated and avoided.

One little circumstance I had almost forgot mentioning: that, about the time of our visits to Mr. R——, the ladies of a respectable Roman Catholic family told my neighbor Mrs. S——, that they had heard much of Mr. Jebb's sermons; and, (Mrs. S. having the volume) begged to borrow it. After having read and returned, they borrowed it a second time.

From different quarters I have learned, with great pleasure, that your health has been good: I trust that your eyes also have been gaining strength. How go on your pupils D—— and M——? It is something, in these times, to have any growing friends of real catholicity. You know, probably, that we are to have an ordination at Cashel. I go over about the 10th to examine, and propose devoting next week to preparation.

H. W—— was with me lately. I never had such unmingled satisfaction in his society.

Farewell!

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 141.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., March 10. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CHOSE to defer writing, until I could direct to Cashel; as, otherwise, my letter might have missed you. Your letter gratified me exceedingly; and especially that part, which you accused of egotism. Such egotism, will always contribute to my sincerest comfort. I am more than willing to sympathize with you, when you have painful things to communicate; but, when you have pleasant matters to tell of yourself, you would vio-

late kindness, by withholding a single thought which presented itself on a subject, to me amongst the most interesting on this earth. For what have I on earth but my friends? And I have no friend, of whose cordial and simple attachment I can be more assured, than of yours; because I set you down as one of the honestest men in this world; and your expression of kindness to me, has conveyed the language of the heart.

I like exceedingly your mode of conduct to Mr. C——. You will probably soon see Dr. Everard; and I think you might cautiously intimate to him, the notification of your neighbor respecting the appendix, and your determination to live in peace; at the same time, expressing readiness to listen to any remark, however in itself hostile, which was made in a friendly way; being always desirous to have an answer, in your own mind, to every possible objection, however unsuitable you might deem it, to engage in hopeless controversy. I must not name Dr. E., without adding my testimonial, to his unfeigned kindness, and honest candor. I never liked him so well, as in my intercourse with him, when he was last in Dublin; that is, a few weeks ago. In short, I never felt myself so safe in answering him, as since our last conversations. Give him a copy, I pray you, if you have not already. Possibly, however, you will be at Cashel, while he is in the neighborhood.

It is remarkable, indeed I may say curious, that, at this moment, a work is preparing for publication, which says more on your side and mine, than any contemporary writer within my knowledge. It is to be a small volume, or large pamphlet, against the Bible Society. I have got the sheets from a friend in the printing office, who knew it would interest me. The writer is a great antagonist of the Bible Society, but he takes strong and comprehensive ground. Who he is, I cannot even yet venture to guess.* I must give you one or two specimens of his manner.

‘The latitudinarianism of the Bible Society, will be found no less injurious to the interests of the church, if we consider the Romanists. The great diversity of sects among protestants, has always been, to those people, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of reformation; nor can this obstacle be removed, unless churchmen act as a separate body. The united church has renounced the *errors* of popery, but no more. It has steadily observed the mean, between superstition, on the one hand, and fanaticism or philosophism, on the other. And thus it has departed much less from the church of Rome, than any other political communion existing in these countries. We,

* The unknown writer proved to be William Phelan, whose *Life and Remains* were among the last labors of Bishop Jebb... Ed.

as well as the Romanists, belong to the athanasian episcopal church ; we can boast of an uninterrupted apostolical succession ; we condemn heresy and schism, as in themselves offences ; and recognize the first four councils, as explanatory of the essential articles of belief.'

He gives an interesting quotation from Tillotson's 27th sermon (which look for), the concluding words of which are, 'When the additions which the church of Rome has made to the ancient christian faith, and their innovations in practice, are pared off, that which remains of their religion is ours.'

The writer proceeds, 'Now, it is extremely improbable, that an uneducated peasant will be able, by the mere reading of the Bible, to pare off precisely those additions and innovations, and no more : particularly, when he is encouraged to rely altogether upon his own skill ; and entrusted with the uncontrolled use of the pruning knife.'

After remarking on the care of our reformers, to furnish due aids for reading the Scripture with profit, he proceeds.

'I am the more anxious to recall this to the recollection of the reader, because, in our days, the reformation is spoken of in very indiscriminating language ; though, perhaps, it would be difficult to find an instance of two occurrences, comprehended under one name, which are really more different, or ought more cautiously to be distinguished, than the English, and the continental, reforms of religion.' (What do you think of this, my friend ? Do you not wonder ?) 'In truth, this latter was little else than a series of popular commotions, raised, undoubtedly, in a very just cause ; and headed by men of great talents, and courage, and perseverance. But they were, in general, persons of obscure stations, and warm tempers ; exposed to considerable personal difficulties ; and precipitated, by their zeal and their circumstances, into situations, too likely to enkindle a dangerous enthusiasm. The consequences are well known. The recoil of enthusiastic reformation was impetuous and extravagant ; and there was scarcely one prominent corruption of the Romish times, which may not be contrasted by some opposite error, of the Scotch, and continental reformers. The papists had loaded religion with a multitude of unmeaning ceremonies : their opponents would bereave it of all, even the most significant rites. The one had introduced a tawdry pomp into God's service ; the others would strip it of its simplest ornaments. The former had attributed a sort of magical influence to the sacraments ; the latter would degrade their dignity, and neutralize that efficacy which the Scriptures ascribe to them. If the papists conceded too little to the people, the reformers conceded too much. The one refused them the reading, the others permitted them the ex-

pounding of the Word of God. The one urged tradition, as a rule of faith equal to the written word; the others were too prone to reject, altogether, the judgment of antiquity. The former exaggerated human imbecility, so as to maintain the necessity of an external infallible guide; the latter either unduly exalted the power of reason, or asserted the immediate illumination of the Holy Spirit, of which they allowed every individual to be the witness and the judge, in his own case. The papists attached extravagant importance to communion with the invisible church: the reformers indulged themselves in a most capricious licentiousness of separation.'

Tell Miss B. I thank her cordially for her letter.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Friday, 6th of June, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will be glad to hear that I have continued on the mending hand. I entertain no doubt that Mrs. L——'s kind prescription has been attended with that virtue, which one could naturally look for, in whatever comes from that quarter.

I have seen Mr. Phelan: his countenance is a letter of recommendation; open, animated, I may say, illuminated: he has unaffected modesty about him: think of his asking me, with great hesitancy, whether I thought any copies of his pamphlet could be sent to London? it was his own opinion, that it would not be worthy of being so sent. This I consider a very good symptom. His mind, and I believe his affections, are bent on better pursuits; and I am sure you will find in him a pupil, very much to your satisfaction. He is to dine with me on Sunday, at my brother's; and to come two or three hours before dinner, that we may talk.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 142.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 21. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH a return of weakness in my eye greatly unfits me for letter-writing, I cannot defer telling you, however briefly, with what concern I heard of your late illness. I am comforted, at the same time, by being told, that your malady may be subdued, by care, and proper management; and I think with pleasure, that a kind female friend was with you, to administer those attentions, which, I know by experience, females only can fully afford. I am ready to persuade myself, that this late definite illness is a good thing. It explains your case, and indicates the means of effectual relief; which could scarcely have been hit upon, while undefinable symptoms left practice in the dark. I do not wish you to write one line to me, until you can do it with perfect comfort; and confiding that you will not, I shall rejoice unfeignedly, at the first sight of your handwriting. Your friends here will join me in that feeling, for certainly none love and value you more. I must say no more, or lose the opportunity of telling you, how solicitous I am for your complete recovery, and your happiness in every way. Adieu, therefore, for the present, and believe me

Ever most affectionately and deeply yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 25. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN now, without inconvenience, and with true pleasure, write you a few lines. The illness, the severest I have ever had, was long, painful, and trying. I was borne through it, however, wonderfully: in every respect, Providence has been very good to me; the presence of Mrs. J. F——, in particular, was inestimable, both from her unwearied and kind attention to myself, and from her keeping up the spirits of my dear friend C——, who has actually thriven and improved in health, under incessant and laborious nurse-tending. The 'definite illness,'

I quite agree with you, is 'a good thing;' and further, I do trust it is the commencement of a change in my constitution. The gall-stones, I am willing to hope, are removed; at all events, within the last four or five days, I have been gaining manifest and rapid ground. To-day I took, according to express medical direction, an airing on a common car, and on the roughest road; and the shaking has not fatigued me. Cheltenham is peremptorily ordered by the physicians; and it is also ordered, that C. F. should accompany me. Mr. Madder undertakes our duty; next week we propose setting off for Dublin, on Thursday the 31st, and hope to sail early the week after.

I am wondrously thin, after a month's use of the strongest medicines, with the least possible nourishment: but every one says I look clearer in countenance, and have more life in my eyes, than I have had, or have looked, for many years.

Pray have the goodness to give my most affectionate regards to my kind and invaluable friends.

Ever most entirely and unalterably yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Drumcondra, August 10. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

EVEN two or three lines, previous to my sailing, may not be altogether unacceptable. We reached town on Tuesday, after a most prosperous journey. Every hour on the road, I seemed to gain additional strength and spirits; and since my arrival, it has been quite needless to have recourse to medicine. I am naturally thinner, than I have been for years; in which, you will agree, there is no harm: I also both look and feel better, than I have done for a long while; and, under Providence, I look forward to air, exercise, and variety, to the cheerfulness of an English town, and perhaps the sight of some English friends, rather more hopefully than to the Cheltenham waters, as the probable means of re-establishing my health.

Before my return, I propose visiting London, when I shall consult the first physician to be had: at this deserted season, I fear Dr. Baillie may be out of town. Any commission, I shall have great pleasure in executing; a line will probably find me, any time within this fortnight, directed to the post-office, Chel-

tenham. C. F. is delicate, and I trust that this excursion will be serviceable to him in many respects, but especially in the grand point of health.

I have had two long sittings with Mr. Morrison. C. F. gave many hints, but my altered face gave more; and I hope the medallion, which I beg of him to bring for your acceptance, may present you with a tolerable likeness. That which you kindly promised me of yourself, I have taken the liberty to request Mr. Morrison will bring me to-morrow; I wish to take it with me to England, and on the morrow we are to sail.

I beg my most affectionate regards to our invaluable friends.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 143.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 1. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE strangely omitted availing myself of the guidance for writing to you, which you gave me, in your kind letter, just before leaving Ireland. I ought not, however, to have used the word *strangely*, for the explanation is easy. I was engaged in a part of my long writing, which I found hard to manage to my satisfaction; and I could not turn to any thing else, until I had cleared my mind of that difficulty. At length I somehow succeeded; though perhaps even this is too much to say. At all events, I am disburthened for the present; and I gladly turn to you, to tell you, that by informing me, from time to time, how you go on, you will gratify me inexpressibly. I am, on every account, interested about you; and few things on earth could give me the same cordial pleasure, as the being assured of your radical and lasting convalescence.

I could find so many things to say to you, that to choose what best fits my purpose, might require some thought. You will like to hear of your friends in this house. Mr. L. felt much more the death of his brother, than people of his age generally do; but he called up both his reason and his religion to his aid. Mrs. L. is well: she went to town on Friday to show the Orphan House to Mr. —, and returned to dinner.

I do not wonder, I confess, that they who mean well, but do not like to think deeply, should be fascinated with the magnitude and grandeur, into which the Bible Society has grown. I

have just read the 13th report (not the appendix) sent by Mr. — to Mrs. L. ; and I justly acknowledge, that nothing can be more gratifying, externally, to its early advocates, than the high fashion, at which the plan has arrived. I willingly allow, that such progress, and such extension, must be providential; but, in my mind, it is mysteriously providential. It is one of those 'ways of heaven' which are 'dark and intricate;' of which we are certain that they must ultimately lead to good, but what they may intermediately involve, we cannot ascertain, and may even think of with awe. A great, and singularly general effort is made; a proportional result will be looked for: an improvement in those for whose religious instruction, this ponderous, though simple machinery, is set in motion, answerable to the cost and labor. If this comes, all will be well; if it does not come, if men remain not one whit better than before, will not the means relied upon, be in danger of desertion? Will not the Sacred Volume be exposed to depreciation, in one class, from disappointment, in another class, from familiarity? A collapse has hitherto followed every case of religious excitement, with which we are acquainted; such an excitement as that in question, the world never before witnessed; never before beheld such a concurrence of high and low, gay and grave, rigid and relaxed, princes and subjects, in one object, and that a religious object. The crusades, when that fever was highest, made more noise, but were scarcely more variously patronized. The great point is, how will all this end? The growing fervor, makes stealthy subsidence more unlikely than ever. What, therefore, it will become, or how the activity will return to rest, is a question as curious, as it is (at this moment) inexplicable.

Even its friends, if honest, must acknowledge one bad symptom; its inefficacy in improving its fashionable patrons. Busy as they are in giving the Bible, they appear to take to themselves as little of it as ever. They are confessedly drawing the good people, and their children (as the C. O. laments) into contact with them; while *they* are just what they were before. All which threatens, that the meal is more likely to work upon the leaven, than the leaven upon the meal.

A remarkable fact is, the co-operation, here and there, of Roman catholics. This, I presume, will not long be borne by their chief. He has spoken already, to the annoyance, or rather to the joy of political anti-catholics (as it gives a new argument). This will lead to a schism, between him, and part of his flock. In truth, the times are strange. They tempt to calculation; yet who can calculate?

I must stop, or lose the opportunity. All here are cordially
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interested about you. Give my love to C. F., and believe me,
Ever more yours than I can express,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cheltenham, Sept. 6. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD been waiting, chiefly in expectation of a letter from you, and partly in hopes, by delay, of being enabled to speak decisively of my health. Both purposes are now answered: your kind letter of the 1st has reached me; and I can report well of myself. Yesterday, I had my third interview with Dr. Boisrangan; who is entirely satisfied that the waters have already been of signal service, nor do my own feelings in the least contradict him. Throughout, he has assured me, that I do not labor under the slightest organic derangement; that my complaints are surmountable, by proper management; that my constitution is excellent, &c. &c. He permits me to leave this on Wednesday next, the 10th; and promises to furnish me with directions how I am to treat myself; adding, that all will nearly be comprized in the prescription of Sydenham: *R. carneam dietam, et equitationem*. Having plunged, according to epic rules, in medias res, I must retrace a few of my steps hitherward. With the exception, then, of a two days not unuseful confinement at Leominster, my health was good, throughout the entire journey. The weather, as we passed through Wales, was most favorable; the scenery delighted me; and the delight was heightened by showing it, for the first time, to C. F., who entered fully into the spirit of travelling, at once, for health, and pleasure. By a pleasant detour, we enjoyed the classic ground of Ludlow Castle, and Ross; the historical importance of the former, sunk, in my estimate, before the delightful associations of Comus; and the richly diversified scenery of the latter, was heightened by the panegyric strains of Pope; not, however, without some drawback, on learning that, in a few particulars, the panegyric was indebted, for materials, to poetical amplification. The waters of this place are so salutary, that I cannot help forming the wish, of our making, in some future, and not distant year, a joint excursion hither. I am almost morally certain you would derive great benefit: the place, indeed, does not afford many attractions; I am already heartily tired of a lounging life, with scarce the sha-

dow of society : but all manner of accommodations are plentiful, excellent, and by no means extravagantly dear ; the possible, and not improbable occurrence of a contemporary visit to Cheltenham of two or three congenial individuals, or still better, of one or two such families, would make all the difference in the world ; and, at the very worst, for two or three weeks, we could be tolerably independent of external circumstances. We met here my old friend P. M——, who retains all his original good-natured simplicity of character ; and, what did not injure him with my fellow-traveller or myself, a cordial veneration for you. We have also met, and taken to, your gallant relation, Colonel T—— : a fine, manly, natural character ; a most favorable specimen of the able, enterprising soldier, who has cultivated, both by reading, and by observation, strong natural talents ; mingled largely with mankind, in the most diversified walks of life ; and contracted no blemish from the intermixture. When introduced to me by M——, as your intimate friend, he took to me at once, as he did also to C. F. We brought him last Sunday to the Cathedral of Gloucester ; he breakfasting, dining, and tea-drinking, at our small cottage house. The day was, I believe, mutually agreeable ; since, we have not seen so much of him, his acquaintance being numerous, and his engagements many ; ours, precisely the reverse.

A few days ago, I had a letter from our good friend H. B——, in which he makes the kindest inquiries about you. This letter was written a full month ago ; and had travelled to Limerick, Dublin, &c. &c. intermediately. It conveyed the unpleasing tidings, that he had been, and still was seriously ill, though then somewhat convalescent. He had been struck with a coup de soleil, at the opening, on an intensely hot day, of Wellington Bridge. Poor fellow, I trust he is now quite re-established ; at the same time, I do not like such repeated attacks. The model of you, which I carried over, I intend giving to H. B. ; depending on a supply for myself, to be furnished by Mr. Morrison on my return. There is scarcely any one on this earth, who would more deeply prize the likeness, for the sake of the original, than H. B. At the same time, such are the chances and changes of this mortal life, that I can only give the model with a clause of resumption ; Mr. Morrison might die, or lose the use of his hands, in which case, without such a clause, I might lose that which I value as I will not say. I hope Mr. M. has not furnished you with the model of my physiognomy : by a few more touches, it can be probably made, what it is not yet, a good likeness. H. B. inclosed me a note from the President of Magdalen College, to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, requesting them to transmit a copy of his third vol. to me, ‘ the author of a highly

meriting volume of sermons, published by them.' The note was dated in Feb. 1816: and, I presume, by some negligence of my publishers, remained so long unforwarded. This attention of Dr. R. is surely pleasant: in so wording an open note to my publishers, he expresses an open, unqualified, and almost public approbation of my volume.

It is my purpose to proceed, from hence, to Bath and Bristol: probably to catch a glimpse of Hannah More, and more than a glimpse of the S——s: thence, to see Captain V. at B.; visiting Oxford, Windsor, &c.; thence to London; afterwards home. This migrating variety, I believe, will be more serviceable than medicine or water. I have just had a most kind letter from the Archbishop, setting me at ease as to my parish, and recommending most earnestly such changes of scene, as may most amuse my mind.

With every word you say about Bible Societies, I most entirely coincide: indeed, I have again and again spoken, if not written, the substance of it: the difference is, I did not say it so well. Pray give my most cordial and affectionate regards to our friends at B. C. F. tells me to remember him most kindly to you: so did Col. T——.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

J. J.

—oo—

LETTER CLXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Henbury, Bristol, Sept. 22. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE first sedentary morning which I have had at my command, I may say, for weeks, I devote to you; would it could be in the way of vivâ-voce conference! But what I can enjoy, I will enjoy; The more cheerfully, because I persuade myself, that, however indisposed to write letters, you will not be sorry to receive one, from your absent friend and pupil. The date of this, is a sufficient indication, that I am happily settled, in the best quarters: this is the twelfth day, since our sojournment commenced with this worthy family; of whom, I must say, that, individually and collectively, they have done every thing that kindness could prompt, and very extended powers of pleasing could execute, to promote our comfort and enjoyment. It is my sober judgment, that intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the two couple with whom we now are, father and mother, son and daughter, are in

that state which your heart could wish. There is not among us a discordant note ; and, under Providence, thanks to Cheltenham, to constant exercise, and to a temporary vacation from all thoughtfulness and care, my mind seems in a better tone, than for years past it has been, for the calm and cheering enjoyment of the society, in which I am so happily placed. The other morning, Mr. S. told — that he could not form on this earth a picture of superior pleasure, to what would arise from our present party, if only, it had the trifling addition of a certain individual, not far from Dawson Street or B—. It is literally true, that the good people here thirst after your society ; and Mr. S— assures us, that, in England, you would find many, who, in past days, were rather jealous of you, and of your ways of thinking, now cordially disposed to listen and improve : one good consequence this, of the strange excesses, but too painfully prevalent, in the religious world : H. B., too, tells me, that Mr. Pearson is delighted with a letter of yours, respecting the subject of justification, which he (H. B.) lent to him (Mr. P.) : he does not, indeed, coincide with every shade of sentiment and expression ; but he hesitates not to say, that he never before met any thing on the subject, so much to his mind ; and that he is astonished at meeting so close a resemblance, to what he had been working out for himself. Of these things, and of much more, which I hope orally to tell you, I trust you will be disposed to think ; and thinking, to recollect, that you are not to confine yourself to Ireland, but to scatter, in the prepared soil of this country, some good seed, which, hereafter, if it please God, may produce a harvest of good fruits.

It is time to say, that, on Tuesday last, we (including this family) went over to breakfast at Barley Wood. The S— party proceeded, after breakfast, on a further excursion, which occupied the remainder of Tuesday and Wednesday ; a portion of time that C. F. and I passed most agreeably, with Hannah More and her sister. Feeling, as they do very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive, to this appointment of Providence ; and neither their talents, nor vivacity, are in the least subdued. I am disposed to believe that they will be blessed to the last, with the retention of those faculties, which they have employed so well. With Patty, I had a long and interesting conversation, of the most strictly confidential nature, on the subject of which you are aware, and on which, also, I am hereafter to confer with you. This interesting woman is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain ; not a murmur escapes, though, at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted ; and, the moment after the paroxysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and

animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation. Hannah is still herself: she took C. F. and me, a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope: poor I, was, of course, put in requisition, and strove to acquit myself, not indeed as I wished, but as I could. It remains for me to say, that you hold a high place in the affection of both sisters; and that they desired to be remembered to you, with all possible kindness and cordiality. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable, I might, indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion, there do, it cannot be denied, exist; but they are differences, on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish, before the earliest beams of eternity: I parted with them, as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold; and while I felt some pangs, which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort, that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable, perhaps, from the intercourse of mortals.

I had forgotten to say, that Hannah More showed the S—— and me with triumph, our joint offering of Nicole, and begged I would tell you that I had seen it. It may be joined as something cognate, that the appearance of the model of your countenance, produced vivid emotion in this house; two copies were instantaneously bespoke, through me; I deposited that which I brought over, with Mr. S., to his great delight; and I trust that no untoward circumstance, affecting the life or health of our ingenious artist, may oblige me to reclaim it. A stipulation for the power of doing which, I could not, in justice, omit to make.

* * * * *

These invaluable friends, whose house, and whose hearts, are alike hospitably open; whose unaffected piety is congenial to my best feelings, I would deliberately choose as companions *utriusque mundi*; not the frivolous and half-hearted associates of this life's fleeting hour, but spirits, with whom, I humbly trust, may be enjoyed an everlasting intercommunity. This day se'nnight (Monday 29.), we set out for Captain V——'s at B——. From London we hope to visit Lord and Lady B—— at T——, who have sent us a most friendly invitation. The I——s hope I will make their house at B—— R—— my hotel; and with them I anticipate some comfortable intercourse. Thus, thanks to Him, who careth for us, and raiseth up friends when we most need them, I am, in the pleasantest way, recruiting both health and spirits. There is something refreshing in

this country ; and its hospitality is of the most sterling, unadulterated, unoppressive character.

Pray, pray write me a few lines, addressed to me at Captain V——'s. I am shut up alone, and therefore cannot offer those affectionate remembrances from your friends, which, otherwise, I should doubtless be largely commissioned to do.

Ever most unalterably yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 144.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Sept. 24. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD before this have thanked you for your gratifying letter, had not the weakness of my eye impeded me. * *

Your letter was truly pleasant, except what concerned H. B ; but your note has comforted me respecting him. I need not say that I am most cordially interested about him. If I were not, I should be blind to merit, and insensible to most particular kindness, which I trust I know how to value.

I began this letter some days ago, but a fit of illness stopped me. Where you may be when this reaches Bristol, I do not know ; but it will find its way to you, through the kind care of him, whose name I shall add to yours. I shall be much gratified, by hearing of the friends with whom you have been. Could I transport myself to them by a wish, they should often see me. I am not conscious of a tendency to forget kindness ; but my failure of feeling, as well as memory, would be extreme, could I ever cease to remember, with cordial gratitude, the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. S., and Mrs. H. B.

Dr. E. Percival has told me, that he thinks he met you, going to Barley Wood. If so, I should be particularly desirous to hear from you respecting Mrs. H. M. I have had a good account of her health from Dr. P. (whom by the way Mrs. H. M. and his own relations, have persuaded to go off, forthwith, to settle at Bath.) He also told me, that she wished to have an opportunity of scolding me, for having prejudiced so many against the Bible Society, such as the Archbishop of Cashel, Mr. H——, and Sir T—— A——. If you have been with her, you have of course exhausted a portion of her resentment. The remainder, I am little likely to call into exercise ; at all events, it is a subject on which I have no wish to talk with Mrs.

H. M. I am sure I could not ever make myself intelligible to her. We both value and wish for the same religious affections, the same, I mean, in substance ; but we have quite different ideas of the best method of exciting them. And not only our views, but our habits of mind, put (at least circumstantial) agreement, wholly out of the question.

The longer I live and reflect, the more I am convinced, that christianity must be impressively exhibited,* as well as clearly notified, in order to either deep, or general effect. Had notification been deemed sufficient, had it been regarded as the main point, the two tables, written by the Divine hand, would have been set up on high, in some conspicuous place, where the legible traces of the Almighty, might have been read of all men. But, instead of being exposed, they were shut up in unapproachable secrecy. Their contents were made known, by the appointed agents, to all ; but the sacred pledge itself, was within the ark of the testimony ; that, within the holy of holies ; that, within a veil, which the high priest, alone, was permitted to enter. These appointments, no doubt, were typical of better things ; but they were, also, accommodations to human nature ; to that animality, which is still the same ; and which now, as really as then, must be consulted, in order to the engagement of the whole man. The mysterious sanctity of the temple effected that, which no simple notification could have effected. Miracles were forgotten, by the adults who witnessed them. The temple, and its significant services, laid hold of the young mind, and produced the glowing sentiment, 'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go up unto the house of the Lord.' What this habit, occasionally, implied, even in the most degenerate times, we see in the devotedness of Anna, and in the sweet song of Simeon. How few, in the modern religious world, appear to approach these Jewish saints, in spirituality of heart and life.

The truth is, human nature, in each individual, has received a world of impressions, before it becomes susceptible of verbal notification. God has so ordered it ; and this state of man must remain, until we be as the angels of God in heaven. If provision, therefore, be not made, for introducing religion with the first impressions ; and if, on the contrary, reliance be placed on notification solely ; individuals may no doubt be drawn to religion, sometimes scantily, sometimes numerously, but still it will not be by mere notification, but also by a sympathetic energy, an influence of confraternity, without which, mere notification has ever proved fruitless. This fact was exemplified,

* See Butler's Charge.

in puritanism, pietism, and methodism. And now, in proportion as the social feeling is becoming less intense, the effect on individual character, also, becomes more and more equivocal. Yet what now takes place, is but the repetition of that collapse, which has always followed such excitements.

In the mean time, what are the professing friends of religion doing? Regardless of experience, ancient and modern, stated and occasional, as well as of all the laws of human nature, they, in a degree which transcends all precedent, trust to notification, in the simplest and most abstract form. They expect, that the unsustained, unenforced knowledge of the mere text of Scripture, will accomplish on human nature, what establishments and sects have failed in.

Is it possible to behold these movements, and not to adopt St. Paul's words, 'I bear them witness, that they have a zeal, but not according to knowledge?' Let them show, if they can, that they have either experience, or reason, with them. But I deeply fear the reaction of this unexampled impulse; I fear an epidemic contempt of the sacred volume, thus (I cannot but suspect) rashly vulgarized, which a century may not be sufficient to work off.

The L——'s are all well. You cannot say too much for me, to my valuable friends at Henbury; nor to Mrs. H. M., notwithstanding her resentment. Adieu. Tell me about yourself. Believe me this is a subject, on which I am susceptible of pain and pleasure, not to be expressed in common language.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. My cordial love to C. F.

—oo—

LETTER CLXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oct. 28. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY circumstances, which need not now detain me from the purpose of writing, if possible, to the purpose, prevented me from executing my frequent wish of replying to your last letter. Of our movements, since leaving the excellent S——s, you have probably heard somewhat through Lady B——. Just now, I have completed within a day of a fortnight in this house, since leaving Tunbridge. The whole of that time has been a period of indisposition: every day but about two, I have been

confined, chiefly to my bed, entirely to my room; and though now, I trust, beginning to be convalescent, I am still very weak, and cannot look for a rapid recovery of sufficient strength, and stamina, for a homeward journey: this, I shall be obliged by your mentioning to the good Archbishop; as, especially after the *carte blanche* which he so kindly gave me, I should be pained to appear a voluntary prolonger of my absence from the post of duty. I know he will both permit and advise Mr. M——, how to procure the necessary aid, from a stated assistant, during the remainder of my needful stay. These things I should mention directly to his Grace, but I feel myself deeply in arrear to you, and my strength is unequal, just now, to more than one letter.

You are not to feel discouraged, by this partial return of the complaint which occasioned my migration. Mr. Pearson, and the family apothecary of this house, a man of particular experience in this very complaint, both like my general organic state, and agree, that, though occasional returns of the malady may be expected, they will be weaker and weaker; and that by due care, regimen, and exercise, I may reckon upon a thorough restoration to health. Nor have I the least doubt, especially when I regard the mitigated form of my present attack, that this English expedition has been greatly serviceable to me. Had it not been undertaken, I can hardly guess in what state, I might now be lying at Abington; or whether, indeed, I should be in the land of the living at all. The kindness and tenderness of this admirable family cannot be excelled: at my own house, at the Archbishop's, at my brother's, at B——, I could not be more at home: they feel delight in anticipating every want and wish; and how cheering it is, on a sick bed, to see at one's pillow, the excellent of the earth! such men as Wilberforce and ——! The former you know too well, that I should speak of him; the latter is as purely amiable a being, as I ever saw: goodness is his element; his great object is, to pursue, more and more intensely, every thing spiritual and practical; and in him, and in this house, the taste for the dogmatic and controversial seems to have no place: we do not, indeed, affect to disguise, that there are points, both of opinion, and of external pursuits, on which we decidedly differ; but, on neither side, is there any tendency or disposition to urge those points; and there happily is so much more, concerning which we cordially agree, that our tacit compact to be uncontroversial, implies not a whit of reserve, sterility, or dryness. Mrs. —— you never saw, but she is just such a person as you would delight in: quiet, cheerful, always happy, devoted seemingly, first, to the keeping of her own heart, and then to the maternal office which she has under-

taken, towards the young people of this house. Are they all out of the room, said Mr. Wilberforce, the other day, to C. F. ? is no one here ? When he had satisfied himself that they were alone, he broke out : ' God is in this house ! I cannot but trace the divine hand, in the guardianship of this family. It is, I think, happier for them, than even if their own admirable parents had been spared. For the care of such people as Mr. and Mrs. —, added to the recollection how solemnly they were placed under that care, by a dying parent, and with what injunctions to regard their wishes as so many laws, will do more for them, than the actual superintendence of parents could have done.'

As to the present movements and posture of the English religious world, my state of health, and confinement, have disabled me from learning much ; as my weakness of head, body, and hand, would prevent me, did I know ever so much, from being able to communicate it. This, only, I can say, that, as individuals, C. F. and myself have met nothing like coldness, among the good people with whom we are : great regret, indeed, is felt, at the pretermission of their favorite objects, Bible Societies, &c. in our Irish school : they lament over it as more fatal, than all the opposition of the high church party ; and they are quite at a loss to account for it. I will not say that there has not been some jealousy of you, as the grand promovent : but, assuredly, that jealousy is as nothing, compared to the respect, and love, and veneration in which you are held. Hannah More loves you ; so does Wilberforce : the greatest jealousy felt by the latter is this, that, two years since, he heard of your having a commenced letter to him of 80 pages ; and that the said letter has neither been finished, nor sent him. He prizes what you write, more than, perhaps, you imagine ; and his disappointment is proportional. He charged me with his warmest regards : but not satisfied with this, he added what you have seen on the frank.

Mr. Pearson himself told me, that he read, with great delight, some of your letters, communicated to him by H. Butterworth ; and, also, that he showed them to Miss V—— (sister to ——) who was also greatly interested and pleased. Not agreeing in every point, he says he has nowhere met so much to accord with his own views. He told me some sensible observations of Lord W——, made to him on certain cant phrases in Buchanan's Memoirs, such as ' keeping always close to the cross' &c. : now, said he, had Mr. Knox's letters fallen into his hands, no such objections could be made ; yet every thing substantially and vitally important, is said in them. He, too, is full of regret, that you have not been able to follow up your promise

of writing to him, on the subject of justification. He told me a curious little fact: his son, one morning, had been reading my sermon on 'Be not conformed', &c. In the evening, he went to the chapel of ease of St. James's parish, and heard the same sermon delivered from the pulpit. A lady, too, of Henbury, heard one of my sermons, exceedingly well delivered, in one of the principal churches of Bristol.

I enclose you some minutes, which I hastily took, yesterday evening, from a communication of Lord C——'s to Mr. Wilberforce: keep them: they contain matter for us both, wonderfully corroborative of the appendix. A work will be made about this apostasy, in the English prints, *Chris. Obs.*, &c. &c. but, alas, *Leviathan* is not so tamed. The evil in the Genevan church, was aboriginal: and I fear, continental protestantism can never become orthodox, till it have been first given to feel, the mischiefs, and horrors of infidelity.

I have just seen a MS. translation of an ordinance of the King of Prussia, recommending to the adoption of all his subjects, an union of the reformed and lutheran churches in his dominions, which is to be sanctioned by his own example; communicating, on the approaching secular festival of the Reformation, with both united bodies, at Potsdam. He does not enjoin, he only recommends; but most earnestly, and with every hope, and apparent prospect of success. This document bears date Sept. 28. 1817. It is accompanied by another, from some constituted authority, dated October 8., stating the junction to have commenced at Berlin, and hoping it will extend through the Prussian dominions, &c. The King leaves the regulations of forms, articles, &c. &c. to the synods, consistories, &c.: first, there is to be an external union: but how an internal union is to be produced, we may be left to conjecture: and the tone of modern German divinity considered, we can little doubt, it will be an union cemented by indifferentism, at the best; and having illimitable scepticism, for its no very distant consequence.

You know H. B. and his wife are now permanently resident on Clapham road: they and family quite well: he dined here one day; and, though I could not dine in the room, I was that day able to meet them in the drawing-room. This is Tuesday: since Thursday last I have kept my bed: but to-day I am about to emerge, and sit in the drawing-room, on the sofa. Mr. — has been running in and out of my room, with the agility of a monkey, and with the sweetness of an angel. Tell my dear friend Mrs. M—— that no one feels more interested in her happiness than I do; and that nothing but my illness should have prevented my telling her so myself. Poor Miss Fergusson! but why should I say poor? She has that to rest upon, which,

whosoever hath, is rich indeed : give her my best love : the same also to our excellent friends at B——.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 145.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 25. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE receiving your acceptable letter of the 8th, I have not, till now, had it in my power to sit down quietly for the purpose of telling you, that your letting me hear from you, was an actual relief. I wished to have said, at least thus much, immediately, but an uncommon pressure of occupancy made it not possible.

I have, to the best of my power, considered your doubt of my being sufficiently distinct. What opinion you would form, on an attentive reading of my paper, I cannot pronounce. But as your objection is now made, I hope it does not lie. You will observe I do not compare their entire system, with my entire system, either as to cause or effect. But I object to certain parts in their system, as unduly and unfoundedly relied upon for themselves, or required from others. I do not deny, I in part admit, that their notions, on certain points, have a matter-of-fact foundation in the Divine economy. I do not, therefore, in every instance, dispute the importance of those matters, as facts. I only resist the necessity of them, as notions. The points in question relate, to what was in the councils of Heaven, and the incarnate Word, during his humiliation for man's redemption. I maintain, and show by Holy Scripture, that these preparatory movements of infinite mercy, were general blessings, accomplished for all. Whatever, therefore, was thus done, was done perfectly, and at once. It was consequently, in itself, as complete as it was necessary. But still, it was only general, and therefore conditional. And the condition evinced, by the declared object, to be, not thinking with theoretical distinctness, but practically employing the providing aids and means, so as to fulfil the purpose, and thus infinitely benefit ourselves.

The spiritual blessings, therefore, which votaries of forensic theology attain, I attribute, not to their system, as distinct from that for which I plead ; but to the truths which they hold, in common with sounder theologians. I attribute the lowness of their attainments, to their system. The truths which they admit, are, in my mind, counteracted, by the doctrinal notions

with which they are blended. I must not honor those notions, by ascribing to them, taken separately, any moral effect, however limited. Their maintainers suppose them to produce such effects, only as exciting gratitude. And, with great consistency, to make this efficacy feasible, the blessing supposed to be conferred, to which those notions relate, is regarded, not as general and conditional, but as distinctive and infallible. Redemption is resolved into an arbitrary electing decree, which supersedes conditions, and supposes the event inevitable.

This is the only rationale of the system of doctrinal faith. In all, therefore, who do not hold irreversible decrees (such as Mr. G., and your friend Mr. B.), it involves absurdity; for, absolute election apart, doctrinal faith can contemplate only that salvability (in itself, and its supposed grounds) which is common to all men; the equal privilege, of the penitent, and the profligate; and which, therefore, can no more, of itself, or on its own account, inspire effective gratitude, than parallel solar rays could produce ignition. And, even where doctrinal faith, in its consistent form (made consistent, I mean, by the persuasion of personal election) becomes a source of gratitude, it is more than questionable, how far such gratitude can be itself esteemed a moral virtue; much less can it be justly deemed the parent of all others. 'When once', says Edwards, 'they are firm in this apprehension, it is easy to own God and Christ to be lovely and glorious, and to admire and extol them. It is easy for them to own Christ to be a lovely person, and the best in the world, . . . when they are fixed firm in it, that He, though Lord of the universe, is captivated with love to them, and has his heart swallowed up in them, and prizes them far beyond most of their neighbors, and loved them from eternity, and died for them, and will make them reign in eternal glory with him in heaven. When this is the case with carnal men, their very lusts will make him seem lovely: pride, itself, will prejudice them in favor of that, which they call Christ. A selfish, proud man, naturally calls that lovely, that greatly contributes to his interest, and gratifies his ambition.'

When a prophet of their own has thus stated the case where, exclusively, on principles of common sense, doctrinal faith can be the parent of feeling, am I not warranted in concluding, that *δικαιοσύνη*, in its sound scriptural sense, is not attributable to their system? I fully allow that they may derive this heavenly blessing, notwithstanding these errors, from its only true source, through the right disposition of their minds. Misled as they may be in their speculations, they may be upright in their affections; and however dark in their understandings, they may have the substance of divine love in their hearts.

I have done what I could to trace the meaning of the word *δικαιοσύνη*, through the various passages where it is used ; and I reat confident, that, in every instance, it expresses the inward principle, and vital habit of moral rectitude, in its trinal aspect, to God, our neighbors, and ourselves. In its implantation and essence, it is *δικαιοσύνη* : in its maturity and perfection, it is *ἀγιασμός*. I do not, therefore, recognize, two causes, and two effects. What was done, in the first instance, *for* man, could, in the nature of things, operate only preparatively, to what was afterwards to be done *in* him. By this internal process, alone, could a morally diseased intelligence be made whole. Here therefore, alone, do I see, what can properly be called cause ; inasmuch as here, alone, do I discover, what can be truly termed effect. The cause is, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ ; the effect is inward and spiritual renovation, initial, and complete : justification, which implies a vital insertion of the root of righteousness ; and sanctification, which implies an actual production of the fruit of the Spirit, in all its blessed variety.

If I am asked, do I understand justification, exclusively, in the sense of making morally, or spiritually righteous ? I answer, no. I wish to understand this term, exactly as St. Paul uses it ; and he certainly applies it to the reckoning which God makes of us, as well as to the work which he effects in us. 'I know nothing by myself', he says, 'yet am I not hereby justified, for he that judgeth me is the Lord' ? But I am deeply confident, that the word is never used in the reputative meaning of it, as recognizing, by divine approbation, that which has been produced by divine power. How connected these two acts of the Supreme Being are, may be seen in those words of the 1st ch. of Genesis . . 'And God said, Let there be light, . . and there was light ; and God saw that it was good.'

Understanding the subject in this view, I confess to you I am unconscious of indistinctness of conception, however I may have failed in clearness of language. You say, that I seem to you often to oppose the forensic system, not to the antagonist system, but to the beautifying effects of this latter system. I am not sure that I catch your idea, or perhaps I have already explained this seeming confusion. In the objective part of the forensic system (strictly considered) I see no tangible effect provided, except, as I said, on the supposition of predeterminate election. In the system which I contend for, (and which, however incongruously, the doctrinal men mingle with theirs,) I am limited to observation of effects, by the impenetrable obscurity of the cause. 'The wind bloweth', &c. The means provided in the gospel, for the Holy Spirit's application to the mind and

heart, may, I think, be understood; and the more they are penetrated, will be found the more admirable. I mean, especially, the display of the incarnate Word, in all the relations in which he appears throughout the New Testament, and by the instrumentality of which we obtain that knowledge of him, in which standeth our eternal life. Here, in my mind, consists the machinery of the gospel. This is its philosophy, which I think we are invited to examine; and if we study in the school of experience, the result, if I do not mistake, will be alike satisfactory and delightful. With this apparatus of vital christianity, I do not know any thing in the forensic system, that I could put antithetically. I acknowledge with pleasure, that the honest votaries of that system, may participate in the benefits of the higher system, from the moral instinct of a really renewed heart, without understanding the means from which they draw advantage. Still, however, clearer light, by which they would intelligently be led to gold, silver, and costly stones, and saved from losing time and labor, on wood, hay, and stubble, would, I conceive, be an invaluable advantage.

Whether I have made my sentiments more intelligible, you will judge; and perhaps will tell me, when perfectly convenient to you to do so. Adieu.

Believe me ever faithfully yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I ought, perhaps, to mention, that I admit doctrinal faith, as insisted on by modern theologians, to be in one other instance, besides that stated within, the legitimate parent of feeling. I mean, where, through error or ignorance, there is a despair of the Divine mercy. For this malady, the truths included in the forensic system, are perhaps the specific.

—oo—

LETTER CLXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, April 10. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SOME trains of thought, called out, and brought into play, by an unexpected requisition, (about which I hope, ere long, to converse fully with you, and to show you the result, such as it is,) prevented me from replying to your last letter: an answer, for reasons well known to you, is now out of my power; and, indeed, it is by no means needful; for all may be said in these

words; that, on the subject of that letter, I am cordially and completely agreed with you.

My present work goes on; from some unforeseen interruptions, however, and from the depressing influence of returned wet weather, less rapidly than I had hoped: still, I am making a little way; and, on reaching town, which I reckon upon doing (if it please God) on Tuesday the 21st, I have some prospect of being able to place my discourse in your hands; which, putting all personal considerations aside, will, from the subject and the occasion, as connected with two establishments that you love, our church, and the orphan house, have no small claim on whatever thought you can spare, to point out defects, and to suggest improvements. It cannot, as I told Mrs. L. T., contain a large portion of personal address: but I never yet more deeply wished to leave a practical impression; and however, in that or in any other respect, I may fail, from want of power, I may safely say, that, in that particular at least, there is no lack of inclination. Will you have the goodness to tell Mrs. L. T., with my love, that I am now right glad of the postponement.

I have a particular reason for wishing, that you should procure, read, and mark with care, the last Bampton Lectures, by Mr. M. Intrinsically, they are worth being studied; but I have another object in calling your attention to them, of which when we meet. I must have done.

Ever most affectionately yours,
J. J.



LETTER CLXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, October 24. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My long silence has proceeded from uncomfortable health: I am, however, beginning to look up; and hope and trust to resume, ere long, my studies, and my pen. The volume of sermons, I am informed, has been three months out of print, in Dublin, and London. Should a new edition be demanded, I think but of small alteration. And I am disposed to think you will agree with me, that the appendix had better remain as it is. What is there put forward, is important truth, and must tell, sooner or later: meantime, I do not think any solid argument has been brought against any part of it; and silence as to attacks, would to me appear the most dignified part. On this,

however, I would gladly have your opinion. In publishing another volume of sermons, I would not be hasty: for, in a publication of that nature, I should be sorry to fall short of what may have already been done; and I am persuaded, that there would be a woful failure, both in comprehensiveness of matter and impressiveness of manner, if I were to put forward any thing, which had not long rolled in my mind. The application of Lowth's system in the New Testament, is what I am more desirous of pursuing, at present. And it now strikes me, that I should not confine myself to the mere technicalities of hebraic distribution, of parallelisms, &c. &c., but enter on an explanation of the style of the New Testament more at large, as a matter of taste. This, I conceive, might be most readily done, in the form of Lectures. Some heads of which, I will throw down as they occur, in a very brief, and very rude way.

I. Short sketch of the controversy, which began in the sixteenth century, about the classical purity of Greek Test.; and of that which succeeded, respecting the hellenistic dialect: conclusions in which the learned world now acquiesces on those points: a priori reasons, why the New Testament should, in manner, resemble the Old.

II. Announcement of design of these lectures: to establish that the same features which characterize the poetry of the Old Testament, largely appear in the New Testament. A view of Bishop Lowth's technical system of Hebrew parallelism.

III. Bishop Lowth's technical system admits both of corrections and additions: an attempt to offer certain corrections and additions accordingly.

IV. Application of the principles, contained in the two former Lectures, to the N. T. Proof from examples, that parallelisms of every class exist in N. T.

V. Figurative Language of N. T., especially as compared with figurative language of O. T.: difference between the figurative language of one and other: causes of that difference.

VI. Parables of N. T. compared with those of Old.

VII. Didactic style of N. T. compared with that of Old: use of the parallelism in it.

VIII. Sublime of the N. T., especially in the prophetic parts: 24 Matt. &c. Apocalypse: comparison with prophetic poetry of O. T.

IX. Lyric poetry of the N. T. The hymns in St. Luke.

To these subjects, more, doubtless, might be added; perhaps some might be retrenched: but before I could proceed with my

present materials, I would read, with great care, Lowth's *Prælections* three or four times over.

From the Lectures themselves, I would keep away all thorny intricacies, which might alarm people ; and any nicer critical discussions, I would reserve for notes, to be annexed to each Lecture.

I should be much obliged for your thoughts on this rough and hasty sketch, so far as I have been able to make it intelligible. You have probably heard, that my brother is to be the new judge. I am sure you will be glad of this.

My head grows somewhat confused, as I am still weak, from confinement and starvation : Therefore I must conclude ; not, however, till I have requested you will give my most affectionate regards to Mrs. L——, and that you will say every thing kind and grateful for me to her, and our other excellent friends at B——.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. Have you had the Mr. G——s at B—— ? How have your communications been proceeding with our English friends ? What news of our friends near home ? Any tidings of J. D., or his plans ? I do not throw out these queries, expecting answers to all of them. But in this retirement, I have been so cut off from the living world, that I could gladly know whatever you may be able, without inconvenience, to communicate.

—oo—

LETTER 146.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, January 5. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL an inclination to say something to you, if it were only to express the good wishes usually exchanged at this season ; and I believe I may say with safety, that no one had ever a better title to do so, on ground of sincerity and cordiality, than I have, with respect to you. I am sure there is need of a great deal being yet done in me, to fit my immortal spirit for a better world. Yet I really hope my mind has already attained the habit of feeling toward my friends, almost as if I were out of the body : I mean, with a pure solicitude for their happiness, here and hereafter ; and for their reaching every point marked

out for them in the councils of heaven, without any tendency to put an unkind or rigid construction on the little things

‘Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut parum cavit hominum natura.’

I think you give me credit for this ; and I am sure you are disposed to exercise a similarly kind indulgence toward me. In some way or other, I am satisfied I shall always need it ; therefore in some little measure, *damus petimusque vicissim*, must occasionally recur, in our, and indeed, I presume, in every human friendship.

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* * * * * *

It just occurs to me to direct your attention, if it has not already struck you, to a passage in Doddridge's essay on inspiration, in his *Expositor* ; where he liberally allows the probability of the great heathen luminaries being divinely inspired ; and also considers it most likely, that inspiration, in some degree, may have existed, in every age of the christian church. This just opinion, (as I entirely conceive it to be) at once admits the solid value of pagan philosophy, and strengthens the subordinate authority, which we, and those who have thought with us, ascribe to catholic tradition.

I do not know whether I have ever called your attention, to the twofold evidence afforded by St. Paul's expressions, respecting the Eucharist, . . . that the consecrated symbols are not merely (as Dr. Waterland maintains) the signs or pledges of a concomitant blessing, but (as the old church taught, and as Dr. Butt urges against Waterland) the actual vehicles, through which that blessing is conveyed. I conceive this latter idea is expressly recognized, by the cup which is blessed, being distinctly represented, as the communion of Christ's blood, and the bread which is broken, as the communion of Christ's body. This deliberate, and, as it were, studied designation, of each consecrated element by itself, has an import, which no mind, I conceive, at once intelligent and unprejudiced, can resist. But it seems as if St. Paul meant to fit his discourse, for dispelling the false conceptions of distant times ; and therefore, when he gives warning of the malediction, which awaited the profaners of this holy ordinance, he makes the symbols the vehicles of the curse, as expressively as before of the blessing ; in order, as it were, that in the mouth of two witnesses, the truth intended to be taught, should unanswerably be established. ‘He,’ says he, ‘who eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh *ἑαυτῷ* to himself.’ He does not merely incur judgment, but he eats and drinks it. The sacred things which he desecrates, are,

mysteriously, their own avengers. The divine virtue combined, by omnipotence, with the blessed and broken elements, for the purpose of transfusing life and health to the soul of the qualified receiver, in the case of profane reception, still no less manifests itself to be divine, but in a contrary way, *secundum modum recipientis*.

In the light of this twofold instrumentality, marked, we might almost say, with premeditated accuracy of expression, can we question the analogical equivalence, of the christian Eucharist, to the Israelitish ark? The instances in which this latter pledge, and medium of benediction, became the occasion of Divine infliction, come at once before our mind, in reading St. Paul's denouncement against unworthy communicants. It is remarkable only, that, in the latter case, the maledictory influence is more immediately connected with the thing profaned, than in the case of the ark. Doubtless, in both, we are to recognize the same agency. Yet in the statements respecting the ark, we perceive *that* agency more simply noted. The Lord smote the 'Men of Ashdod.' 'The Lord smote the men of Bethshemesh, the Lord smote Uzzah.' Whereas, in the Eucharist, the offender eats and drinks his own malediction. I make this remark, however, only to illustrate more strongly, the equal, and similar sanctity of the christian Eucharist; because obvious propriety required a difference of expression. The ark could not, even by a figure of speech, be made the inflicter of punishment; but nothing was more natural than to make alimments, which had received a divine property through the supernatural blessing of heaven, to become of themselves, as it were, the vehicle of curse to him, who so ate or drank, as to blend sanctity with pollution.

I have just room for a remark, which rises out of this subject. You know that, in a work preceding that to which I have just referred, where some of the same expressions occur, our translators have thought proper to translate the disjunctive particle, as if it were a copulative. You know better than I, whether this apparent liberty can be justified grammatically. But I suppose the translators were anxious to give no countenance to communion in one kind, which the possibility of a distinct desecration of the bread, or of the cup, might, perhaps they thought, be construed to imply. But they appear, in their antipapal zeal, to have overlooked the exactness of reference intended by St. Paul. In the former chapter, he had said, 'Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord, and the table of devils; ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils.' He had therefore in his mind, the actual idea of distinct profanation; because it was possible, that a person might be

guilty of either profanation, without being guilty of both. But obviously, in such a case, as the polluting act had happened to be, the profane communicant ate or drank unworthily. Adieu. With every cordial wish of Christmas and the new year,

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 12. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kindest letter, with its best of all wishes, was a cordial to me ; and, had my power kept pace with my inclination, the good wishes formed and felt on my part, should, ere this, have been with you. For a few days, however, I have been so ailing, as to make letter-writing difficult ; and indeed, since my return home, I have been at no time well, and for several days positively the reverse. Well or ill, it is a blessing to be so in your thoughts and heart ; and whatever points may be 'marked out for me in the counsels of Heaven', it is my prayer, that no wilfulness of mine may be permitted to frustrate such designs, so far as they can be deemed contingent. Hitherto, through the whole of my course, I can trace distinctly, and I trust not ungratefully, the Divine hand ; in nothing more than in my connection with you ; and were the latter to be interrupted, by any thing short of removal to a better world, it would seem to me, that I had lost a principal pledge and security, for the continued favorable guidance and protection of the former. Something, I am ready to admit, there must be of the '*damus petimusque vicissim*' : but I well know on which side the balance is ; and I can have no reasonable hope, that that balance will be diminished : but it is much to know that I have, and to feel assured that I shall continue to have, a merciful creditor.

I have been brought into a sort of difficulty, from which I had almost ventured to promise myself future exemption. I stand engaged to preach a charity sermon in St. George's church, for the Whitworth Fever Hospital. The fact happened thus : my brother was solicited, in a note from his friend Mr. V—— ; this note he inclosed to me, and seconded it by so strong a wish of his own upon the subject, that I did not feel myself at liberty to decline. It was the first request of this nature, made by my brother : and made on grounds that had unquestionable weight. My compliance, however, in this in-

stance, cannot be drawn into precedent against me: it is impossible that my brother can, a second time, make a first request of the same nature. You are aware of my disrelish for the trade of charity sermon preaching. It is a sickly and a common-place business: nor do I well know how to set about it, in the present case. There are, you know, three manners of charity sermons. 1. The general subject of charity, with a reference, somewhat in detail, to the special charity, for which one pleads. 2. A cognate subject, so managed as to take in some range, and naturally to lead up to, and terminate in the special charity. 3. A subject of a general nature, quite unconnected with the charity; and at the close, an appeal in favor of the charity, equally unconnected with all that went before. Of these three modes, the first is so exhausted, that whoever adopts it, can scarce escape the dullest common-place: the third is, in my judgment, a very clumsy, and scarcely fair expedient, to escape the above difficulty: and the second is the plan, of which I am inclined entirely to approve; but then, it is difficult of execution; and the grand difficulty with me, to start a proper subject. Could you supply me, simply, with a text, that I could manage in this way, it would be a very substantial service. A thought has this morning suggested itself to me. The sermon is to be preached on the third Sunday in February: that is, Quinquagesima Sunday, the Sunday next before Lent. Now, might not the subject of almsgiving, be, on that day, blended with the subject of the season? Taking a text somewhere from Isaiah lviii., especially when we consider, that, by the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of that day, our church decidedly recognizes active charity, to be the fit preparation for, and concomitant of, religious humiliation? I should be very much obliged for your thoughts on this matter: would the plan that has occurred to me, be feasible? Or if ineligible, would you have the kindness to suggest to me a text, with the smallest possible hint, how you judge it ought to be managed? The sooner you could favor me with your opinion, the more I should feel obliged; as I am solicitous to have my subject fixed in my mind for some time, before I sit down to write: it is my way, to premeditate my whole plan, and turn the subject in various directions, before I put pen to paper; and the whole time for premeditation, and writing, and travelling, is not long.

The charity sermon, I am desirous to regard as a trifle *εἰς παρρησίαν*: my mind having lately been occupied with Hebrew poetry. New matter has presented itself: my field seems much enlarged; and the way of moving through it, seems to grow more and more open and unentangled. I am not, therefore, without hopes, if it please God, of completing a work on the subject in

the course of this year, embracing much original, and, as I trust, some important criticism. That nothing has been lost by delay, I am fully satisfied: but, after twelve years' deliberation, I own myself not sorry to feel a stimulus toward renewed exertion; and I shall be thankful if it be brought, by this time twelvemonth, to any favorable issue. The Liturgy could, I think, be taken up with more effect, after my mind shall have been delivered of the conceptions, with which it is now rather laboring, respecting various particulars in the style of both Testaments.

Your argument from the two-fold efficacy of the eucharistic elements, as implying, on the one hand, 'a taste of life,' (if one may transfer St. Paul's metaphor from one of the senses to another) and, on the other hand, 'a taste of death', to me is quite new, and very convincing; nor do I think it should by any means be omitted, in any treatise, you may prepare on the subject. I am ignorant of any principle, which could justify our translators in reading the particle η , as though it were the particle $\kappa\alpha\iota$; but, on looking into Griesbach, on 1 Cor. xi. 27. you will observe, that some MSS. read $\kappa\alpha\iota$ instead of η : and, I presume from the very theological bias which you conjecture, K. James's translators may have been induced to catch at this various reading, and translate accordingly.*

I must now go and take my ride. C. F. desires me to give you his best love. I beg my kindest remembrances to the whole circle of B.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, May 8. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is more than time that I should write a few lines to you, especially as I wish to entitle myself to ever so few in return: the truth is, that not having left you in possession of confirmed health, I have been anxious to hear about you; and the shortest bulletin, if decently favorable, would be a great comfort to me.

Since my return home, the weather has not been such as, in

* I have since satisfied myself, by referring to Hoogeveen, the most elaborate and exact writer on the Greek particles, that η cannot with propriety be translated as if it were a copulative.

itself, could bring round a nervous invalid ; while its harshness, and lately its wetness, have prevented my taking proper exercise. Still, with all these drawbacks, I am clearly gaining ground ; and as my body gets on, I trust the power will also come, of employing my mind. In this last respect, indeed, I have been greatly at a stand ; not, however, without occasional hopeful gleams of anticipation.

Your MSS. have hitherto been my almost exclusive study ; other things I have looked into, but three of your letters to Mr. Butterworth I have been reading with attention. They are, in my judgment, very important ; and by no means less interesting, than important. Some things, as I went along, struck me as affording room for one or two slight remarks ; but I do not at present feel equal to determine, whether the impression on my mind was just. In some time, however, it is possible that I may trouble you with whatever observations may present themselves. I still feel very desirous to prepare about half a dozen sermons. Is there any general line of subject, which you would recommend ? I do not mean a subject to be pursued *seriatim*, but any class of topics, which you would think it desirable for me to handle, and which there might be reasonable hope of my treating with some practical advantage. Your judgment as to a class of topics, might set me at work : do not, however, tax yourself to say a syllable on the subject, if it be attended with the slightest inconvenience or discomfort.

C. F. is still delicate, and has lately caught cold ; he is, however, decidedly on the mending hand. I beg my best regards to Miss Fergusson, and to the circle at B——. Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 147.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, May 12. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you cordially for your kind and most acceptable letter ; and earnestly hope that you will be able to give a still better account of yourself, and that your every expectation may be realized.

I am sorry to tell you that I cannot yet pronounce myself better. I grow better for a day, but I relapse ; and this day, for

instance, after some pleasanter feelings yesterday, I am very uncomfortable. How I am to be, I know not. My paroxysms of illness have become irregular, and less definite, and my recoveries proportionally less complete ; so that, at this time, I seem to be in a bad medium, between the one and the other ; so ill, as to be joyless (as to the animal economy) and good for nothing ; and yet not ill enough, to hope for any speedy amendment. I need your prayers to God Almighty for me, that I may be supported, and that, 'as my day is, so my strength may be.' I hope I am anxious only, that the influences of divine grace may increase with my exigencies ; and then, I trust I would say, let the outer man perish, provided the 'inward man' be 'renewed day by day.'

I dare say you will find many things to remark upon in my manuscript. My mind has moved onward, and has seen things, as I have proceeded, in something of a different light. Perhaps, therefore, what you would demur to, I, too, might now except against. If it please God that I amend, I shall be most happy to have your observations ; and to do every thing for you within my power, in the other matter which you mention.

I had a short time since a most excellent letter, from our friend Mr. I——, in which he speaks of you, as affording them all delight by your visit to them.

The Archbishop is here, and is more than usually well. Remember me affectionately and gratefully to C. F. All the people here would desire remembrance to you, if they knew I was writing.

Adieu. Ever yours, my dear Friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 148.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, July 4. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind note, received yesterday, ought not to remain one day unacknowledged, when a post-office is at hand, and when I can, I hope, venture to give you a somewhat more comfortable account of myself, than that which has reached you, and which occasioned your kind endeavor to cheer me. The fact is, that my general health is not worse, but I trust a good deal better. I certainly feel it so for the present, and am still dubious, only because disagreeable symptoms have not wholly gone off. At

all events, the will of Providence must be right ; therefore, whether I continue an invalid, as I have been now for a length of time, more or less, or have a more comfortable afternoon (rather evening) of life, than I have been looking forward to, I hope God will bless the one state, or enable me to make some good use of the other. I should be unreasonable and ungrateful in the extreme, if I were inclined to distrust that Providence, which has so mercifully guarded, guided, and sustained me, through the part of life already passed ; I am anxious only that my all wise and all gracious Benefactor may keep me pliant as wax to his moulding ; and enable me to retain every impression, which he is pleased to give me. Then, all will be well, let the course be that of continued restraint, or of increased liberty and corporal comfort. I know, from experience, that it is easier to bear the one, than to improve the other ; but the strength which was made perfect in St. Paul's weakness, continually taught him to be full, as well as to be hungry, . . . to abound, as effectually, as to suffer need.

I certainly have had trying moments, during the last three months ; not really from my actual state, but from my false reckoning of the symptoms which occurred. I have thought my uneasiness implied a fatal organic derangement. I have feared that what I felt in my head, would destroy my power of thinking. This was all pure misconception ; but, for the time, it required inward support ; and of this, I thank God, I never remained wholly in want. I know little, except in a very few now remote instances, . . . I might say, nothing at all, of illapsive communication ; and I hope I am not in error, when I say, that I have no desire for this. I prize incomparably more, an intelligible power (such, however, as Divine animation and attraction could alone give) of fixing the mind and heart upon Him, who is, at once, the parent of spirits, and the fountain of comfort. To be able, not only to aim at this, but so to do it, as to find rest and satisfaction in doing it, and to feel all the faculties of the soul rectified and tranquillized, by this central action of the inner man, this vital union of the human spirit with its God and Father, as, on the most rational principles, it is, at happier moments of the kind to which I refer, consciously felt to be, . . . this, I confess, is the species of consolation, in bodily distress, which I should be most anxious to obtain ; and a dawning I trust of which, was my only relief, when I thought I had nothing else to fly to.

What, however, I am presuming not to desire for myself, I am far from regarding as spurious, in the case of minds, cast in a different mould. I believe God is infinitely condescending, and therefore minutely discriminating. His ways, I conceive to be as various, as the subjects on which he acts. I consequently

can read the substance of what I find, in the accounts of puritans, methodists, roman catholic spiritualists, without ceasing to think that there is a 'more excellent way'; a way differing from what those various classes experienced, in some measure as the spiritual intercourse with our Lord, through the Comforter, differed from the sensible intercourse during his abode on earth.

The adverting to God's discriminating conduct, leads me to mention, what probably you have already considered, the beautiful illustration, in Isaiah xxviii. 23. &c., of the minute attention to time and circumstance, observed by divine Providence in its corrective dispensations. The argument evidently is, has God *so* instructed the husbandman, and will he himself be less exquisite, in his own special operations? The full close in the 29th verse, brings us to this delightful conclusion. I need not point out to you, the consummate fitness of the twofold expression, 'wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.' I dare say you have observed the resemblance, to the former part of this passage, in the beginning of Aratus's poem, 'Ὁ δ' ἡπιος ἀνθρώποισι δέξια σημαίνει, &c.

The expression 'wonderful in counsel,' leads me to observe, that I was not aware, till very lately, of there having been another seemingly providential movement, analogous to, and concomitant with that of jansenism, in the gallican church, in as close connection with the popish part of the inner system, as jansenism was with the catholic part. Have you ever read the Life of St. Vincent de Paul, by Collet? This has been my entertainment of late; and I think I here find a secondary system, corresponding to jansenism, in some measure as one of the two methodisms, corresponded to the other. It would, perhaps, have been singular, if the usual duality had not existed here also.

Vincent was unquestionably a most pious man; but his piety was so mixed with popery, as to be at times offensive, and almost disgusting. Yet what he did, it would seem, could not have been done, had not God assisted him. Accordingly, Dr. Francke celebrates him, in his preface to *Pietas Hallensis*, as the Romish counterpart to himself. It is remarkable that, as an abortive effort at union was made between Messrs. Wesley and Whitfield, so a like abortive effort at union was made, between Vincent, and the famous Abbé de St. Cyran. It seems that, while catholic theology was to be revived, even superstitious devotion was still to be kept in exercise; vulgar piety might not have existed without the one, while the advancing interests of truth were to be served by the other.

Remember me most kindly to C. F., and to Mrs. F., if still with you. I speak for all in this house as if they commissioned me. They all love you.

Believe me ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 149.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganay, Aug. 4. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEED not tell you how grieved I am, at the account you give me of Mrs. M'Cormick, in the letter I received yesterday morning. It is indeed one of those cases, in which consolation can be found only in the persuasion, that whatever God does, is infinitely right; that he will support in the trial, and compensate in eternity. It is an inexpressibly comfortable fact, established by infinite evidence, that the religious mind is borne through those apparently overwhelming conjunctions, with a patient, and often cheerful self-possession, which, before-hand, could not be thought within the nature of things; . . . and it would seem that, by a law of the great moral system, a power of drawing down this mysterious anodyne were lodged (as it were) in the prayer of the heart; in addition to those still diviner and more direct consolations, which we are authorized to expect, from the actual influences of the Holy Spirit; and also, no doubt, in various instances, from the ministry of angels. The kindness of your brother must be as great a comfort to the poor lady, as any thing earthly can afford; and I dare say it makes him feel additional thankfulness to divine Providence, for being placed in a situation, which will fit him for being a more efficient friend to the orphans, than he could have been in an humbler sphere.

I agree with you, that all you can do is, to hand ——'s letter to the Archbishop.

* * * * *

I do not know whether you remember, what first disposed the Archbishop to think kindly of Mr. S. I mention it, because I think it is not unworthy of recollection. Soon after Mrs. B——'s death, when the sense of his loss was lively in the Archbishop's mind, he was passing through S——; and resting there on the Sunday, he went to St. C——'s church, where the little monument of the first Mrs. S—— naturally arrested his attention. On examining it, he observed a feature, which at once so bespoke tender esteem, and delicate modesty, that he could not but be struck with it. It was, that, after stating simply who the deceased was, and when she died, there was just added underneath, 'Proverbs xxxi. 30.'

I have lately been reading an interesting R. C. book, the Life of St. Vincent de Paul. You have a short account of him in But-

ler ; but this which I have been reading, is a duodecimo volume of 472 pages, closely printed. He was, beyond a doubt, profoundly pious, and almost, if not altogether, miraculously beneficent. The number and magnitude of his good deeds were so wonderful, that professor Francke, in the preface to his *Pietas Hallensis*, thought it due to christian liberality, to acknowledge Vincent's indefatigable, and extraordinarily successful efforts, as an evidence, that neither active piety, nor God's co-operative blessing, was to be confined, to a single portion of the mystical kingdom ; but that, on the contrary, a Vincent might be, in unreformed christianity, what Francke himself was, in reformed christianity ; and that a like blessing from heaven might accompany the endeavors, of the protestant, and the Roman catholic.

But what particularly struck me was, that in Vincent I saw, what before I had not suspected, a second agency, simultaneous with jansenism ; tending to give tone, in a pious way, to the papal character of the R. C. church, as much as jansenism tended to give tone to its catholic character. A two-fold agency had so often been conspicuous, as to make it natural to look for it in any analogous case. It did not strike me, however, till I read the life of St. Francis, that the apparent rule held good, in the movement to which Jansenius was instrumental, as really as in any former, or subsequent instance.

In short, I conceive that, *mutatis mutandis*, the Abbé de St. Cyran and Vincent were, in the church of Rome, what Geo. Whitfield and John Wesley were, at a later period, and for somewhat different purposes, in the Church of England. I compare merely the different two-fold agencies, without pretending to mark a distinct correspondence between the agents ; . . the exigencies in the two cases were of a different nature, and the points allotted to the individuals differed accordingly. There is therefore, I conceive, no room for exact comparison ; but in the cases of Vincent and the Jansenists, it is certain, that the former labored to uphold the papal despotism, as much as the jansenists labored to shake it ; and I should think, that a slight attention to subsequent events may serve to convince us, that the grosser properties of the entire concrete needed to be retained, as well as its better properties to be re-invigorated.

My dear friend, I am ready to reproach myself, for thus obtruding common talk upon you, at a time, when your mind and heart are occupied, by such a near and painful concern. But I know you do not willingly suffer yourself to be overwhelmed. You still, as you can, exercise your thoughts, on what is in itself important, even when you have most to depress you. Adieu.

Ever cordially yours,

A. K.

LETTER CLXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 18. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I REJOICE to find by a letter from C. F., that he saw you last Monday, 'in excellent health and spirits : ' the same letter brought a good account of my brother ; and these two pieces of happy intelligence, have contributed not a little to cheer me ; what better now, indeed, could I have, respecting any thing, or person on this earth ? Though for the last two days I have felt but middlingly, you will be glad to know, that, for ten days preceding, in mind and body, I felt myself more comfortable, than I had done for many weeks, or perhaps months before ; at such a time, I cannot help viewing this, I hope with thankfulness, as a providential blessing. The late event in our family, indeed, has been softened to us as much as possible ; and I feel a deep conviction, that it is all well.

I have resumed my work on the style of the N. T. : it seems to open on me, in something of a more full and finished shape than heretofore ; and I am thankful that I was not permitted sooner to take it up : of the importance of the subject, I am more entirely satisfied than ever ; and under this impression, I am well pleased, that it was not hastily, nor indeliberately put forward. It is now approaching to twelve years, since we first talked of a few passages at Cashel, and since I ventured to extend the system to the Sermon on the Mount ; and I would hope that, in that time, enough has been thought, and committed to paper by me on the subject, to secure, that, however imperfect my attempt may be, it will not be disgracefully slight or superficial. If health be vouchsafed me, I look forward to publication in spring. You would much oblige me by suggesting any New Testament parallelism, which you would have me analyze : I should also be thankful for your mentioning the passages from the O. T., which you think illustrative of the Song of Simeon : several of these I am sure I reconnect, but some I may have forgotten.

* * * * *

Since C. F.'s departure (a fortnight and three days) I have been quite alone : but I thank God, my spirits have not flagged. On Monday I expect the N——s for two days : Henry Woodward for three or four ; and little Phelan, for at least a fortnight. I hope this dissipation, will not materially retard my

work. My affectionate regards to the excellent friends with whom you are. Farewell, my dear friend.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—00—

LETTER 150.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Sept. 23. 1619.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT express the pleasure which I had, in reading your letter yesterday morning. Your cheering account of yourself, and cordial expressions towards me, were as gratifying to me as you wished them to be. Believe me, I value your affection as one of my greatest earthly treasures, and as much more than an earthly treasure; . . for I am sure I cannot, and I believe neither can you, look back on the entire retrospect of our connection, without feeling, that Divine providence, and not ourselves, brought us, and kept us together.

I thank God I am much better than I was some months ago; but C. F.'s account was too brilliant, though fully warranted by appearances. I have in fact amended so much, that I show no sign of indisposition to those around me; nor are my spirits at all depressed though my nerves still annoy me; and perhaps the more, at this precise time, because a month and some days have passed, without a fit of illness. On the whole, however, I am pretty nearly as well as I have been, at any time these two years; and I have infinitely less cause for complaint, than for thankfulness. * * * *

What you say of your design and prospect as to next spring, rejoices me. I dare say you have rich store of matter, and may throw your thoughts into a deeply interesting, and instructive form. It is not, therefore, to repress your purpose in any respect, that I express doubt, whether there are not still other, not different, but additional aspects of the subject. Indeed I rather speak at random, for I cannot know all you have been doing, and do not remember even all you have communicated. One particular which strongly impresses me, is, that the adoption of that style of composition by the Old Testament writers seems unconsciously to have led them into an admirable scheme of moral philosophy. The antithetic and climactic distinctions required by their poetry, induced a development of moral oppositions and gradations, which are not more beautiful, than they

are just and useful. The Hebrew sages, consequently, anticipated much of St. Augustin's dialectic sagacity, and of the schoolmen's analytic acuteness; without the severity of the one, or the show of the other. In the path thus prepared, our Lord himself was pleased to proceed; and hence, profoundness and simplicity meet, with unexampled union, in all his divine discourses. From this very cause, as I conceive, never was so much said, in so few words; and never so much beauty came, as if without being called for. Whatever instances may happen to strike me, which I think you have not already, I hope to have pleasure in communicating. They abound in our Lord; and they occur as much in St. Paul as could have been expected, after so much Greek reading. The applying the principles of hebraic composition, therefore, to obscure passages in St. Paul, you need not be told, may often afford elucidation.

With one instance of this kind, which may have escaped you, I will fill what remains of my paper; though perhaps I have already pointed it out to you. If so, you will forgive a bad memory. The passage to which I refer is, Col. ii. 10, &c. Observe, in the first place, the Epanodos in the 18th verse, *ἀ μὴ ἐώρακεν ἐμβατεῶν*, obviously corresponding to *θρησκεία τῶν ἀγγέλων*, and *εἰκη φυσιοῦμενος ὑπο τοῦ νοοῦ τῆς σαρκὸς αὐτοῦ*, as clearly agreeing with *ταπεινοφροσύνη*. Now look onward to the 23d verse; and, with some diversity of phrase, you will find the same ideas;—*ἐθελοθρησκεία* is another word for *θρησκεία τῶν ἀγγέλων*, and marks so charitable a distinction, between this practice and idolatry, as to have been worth noticing in the debate on Lord Grey's motion against the test oaths; while *ταπεινοφροσύνη καὶ ἀφειδίᾳ σώματος* speaks for itself. Is not then the clause which follows, at least with probability to be considered, as written in the same style with the second clause of the 18th verse? . . . that is, as giving a twofold elucidation of a twofold subject (only I should think not in the shape of an Epanodos); I would not therefore, with our translators, unite the two expressions; but, following the guidance afforded by the 18th verse, I would divide them into two abrupt, but significant assertions, *οὐκ ἐν τιμῇ τινὶ πρὸς πλησμονὴν σαρκὸς*. You see there is a similar abruptness (itself a most usual hebraic feature) in the latter clause of the 18th verse, though there, more words were requisite; and this corresponding clause of the 23d verse, similarly understood, gives, I conceive, a fair and apposite sense: stating the worship of angels to have nothing valuable in it; and the voluntary humility and abnegation, to be, in reality, the opposite to what it seems, not a correction, but a gratification of the flesh.

* * * * *

If Mr. Woodward or Mr. Phelan be with you when this letter arrives, remember me to them. Mr. N. I know will be gone. Pray have you seen Hawkins's Dissertation on tradition? It is a good tract. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me your most attached and ever affec.

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Sept. 27. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * *

MANY thanks for your hints about hebrew poetry. I am, and have long been, pretty well aware, of the importance which attaches to the hebrew poetry, in many, perhaps all its varieties, as bearing on moral philosophy and theology; respecting the latter branch, you have given me a good, and, in my judgment, a very satisfactory specimen, from Colossians. But I imagine that, on full reflection, you will not disapprove of my confining myself strictly to the department of exhibiting phenomena with clearness, and leaving it to others to apply the facts thus exhibited, to the purposes of scripture interpretation, and the evolvment of profounder depths, in the philosophy of revealed religion. The truth is, in my apprehension, the two departments should, at first, be kept distinct: justice must, in the first instance, be done to the phenomena themselves; a sufficient number of clear, indisputable, and interesting exemplifications of all sorts of parallelism, must be produced from both Testaments, to excite attention to the subject, and if possible gain acceptance to the system: that once effected, after-workmen, better skilled than I am, may, and I trust will be raised, to apply the doctrines, which I am not without hopes of being able to establish. In order to do this without embarrassment, I must confine myself to points of taste and criticism; and make this a work purely literary: not that I shall refuse discussion, when it may be needful for me to controvert any comments, which would go either to destroy, or to obscure the parallelism; nor, a fortiori, will I omit giving such specimens, as may lay a sure foundation for them, who may, hereafter, travel into the theological department. This distinctness of aim, was the very soul of Lord Bacon's philosophy; his great object was, to put forth what he calls *experimenta lucifera*, as contradistinguished from *experimenta fructifera*; the

former being indispensable prerequisites to the latter : inasmuch that, even the mingling of the latter with the former, to any extent, would hazard the success of the plan altogether. I know not whether I make myself clear : I wish to be *luciferous*, by exhibiting all the forms of parallelism in the New Testament : I leave it to others (perhaps hereafter even to myself) to be *fructiferous*, by reducing to these forms, difficult passages ; and by that means, possibly, putting readers in possession, of what they never dreamt was in the Scripture : hastening on to this latter department, till the experiments in the former shall be received and approved, might, I fear, mar the matter altogether. In my own department, I have matter in abundance : not that I should not feel happy to compress, or to reject, some of my proposed specimens, in order to make room for better ;² which, I dare say, you can furnish : I mean clear, unembarrassed, self-evident specimens of hebrew parallelism, in the New Testament.

That 'bringing together' and 'keeping together', which you refer to as providential, and which, especially so viewed, constitutes a chief happiness of my life, seems, in many particulars, to be remarkably ordered : perhaps, the very subject we are upon, may be a specimen. You first put Lowth into my hands, about the year 1806. About 1806-7 you pointed out to me three or four passages in the New Testament, to which you gave a less obvious, but assuredly their true meaning, by reducing them within the laws of the hebrew parallelism : to which laws, you added that important one of climax. Without you, I never might have read Lowth : without you, I never should have dreamt of seeking for parallelisms in the New Testament. But here, perhaps, my aid, such as it is, might be useful : I have a turn for arrangement, and some, also, for the investigation of phænomena : I followed up your hints ; was enabled to discover, and critically to examine, a great variety of specimens ; and these I seem, just now, prepared to exhibit, with tolerable clearness and precision : if this can be done satisfactorily, your theological, philosophical, and interpretative application, of the principles thus experimentally established, may be conducted with greater probability of acceptance ; and thus, in the end, the pair of us may be enabled to do, what neither of us, separately, could have effected. Is this all a dream ? Even though it be, let me have it out ; the results of it I hope to put on paper ; and, if your soberer judgment then disenchant me, I can keep my fooleries to myself, while, at the worst, the mental exercise, or mental somnambulism, if it is to be so termed, will have been rather healthful, than the reverse.

Mr. Phelan is here : much improved in health ; very grateful for your kind remembrance of him ; and desirous that I

should, in my best manner, express that gratitude for him, together with his kindest respects. The 'best manner' is, to repeat, as nearly as I can, his own words, which I know *not* to be words of course, but of feeling.

With sincerest regards to all at B——, I am,

My dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Sept. 30. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT better discharge the melancholy office assigned me, than by inclosing Mr. Ogilvie's* letter: pray reinclose it to me: I continue, thank God, tolerably well: this news† has affected me much, but it is the good pleasure of God.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 151.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Oct. 6. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEAR I have not been expeditious enough, in returning the inclosed distressing, yet interesting letter. I wished to have written to you a little at large, otherwise you should have had it by return of post. I find, however, I cannot do as I wish, and therefore, lest I should put you to inconvenience, by your not having Mr. Ogilvie's letter at hand, I determine to send it to you without further delay. Poor Mrs. H. More! it is impossible to think of her without heartfelt pain. To Martha, it was deliverance; but the most regretful thought is, that Martha's removal looks like a providential intimation, that Hannah is soon to follow. Human beings, however, often find themselves very short-sighted, in such prognostications.

* The Rev. Charles Atmore Ogilvie, M. A. domestic Chaplain to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury: for many years, among the most attached and most valued of Bishop Jebb's friends. . . ED.

† The death of Mrs. Martha More. . . ED.

This change of weather is making my head uneasy. I hope it will afford you, on the contrary, fresh proof, that your health is improving. I mean to go to Dublin on Monday next.

Ever yours,
ALEXANDER KNOX.



LETTER CLXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 10. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE felt apprehensive that, in my last letter but one, written hastily on the spur of occasion, and of which, as so written, I have but an imperfect recollection, there may have been a very faint and inadequate expression of the value which I attached, and do attach, to your last weighty and important observations on Hebrew poetry. All that you say respecting the moral philosophy, of necessity, enclosed in that style of composition, appears to me no less just, than it is striking; and, on turning to my papers, I am glad to find, that, by anticipation, I had in a good measure coincided with you: I will transcribe the two concluding paragraphs, of what I mean to be a correction of Bishop Lowth, respecting what he calls the 'synonymous parallelism.'

'On the whole, therefore, it will appear, that Bishop Lowth's definition of this species of parallelism, ought to be corrected; and that the name, also, should, at least, not be at variance with the thing. The term, progressive parallelism, would apply, in all cases where there is a climax in the sense; but it may be preferable to use a term that will include other varieties: the anti-climax occasionally occurs, and with powerful effect; sometimes there is an ascent from species to genus, for the purpose of generalization; sometimes a descent from genus to species, for the purpose of particularization: with these, and other varieties in view, if I might suggest a name, it should be, the cognate parallelism; in all such cases, there is close relationship, though by no means absolute identity.

'This is no mere disquisition about words: if things were not intimately concerned, it should assuredly be spared. But it is no trifling object, to rescue the language of Scripture, from the imputation of gross tautology; an imputation which could not be repelled, if the sacred volume were admitted to abound in consecutive pairs of lines, altogether synonymous. And

ther, and not less important consideration, however, yet remains. It is my firm persuasion, that one great object of this prevalent duality of members, accompanied by a distinction, and commonly either a progress or antithesis, in the sense of terms, clauses, and periods, is to make inexhaustible provision for marking, with the nicest philosophical precision, the moral differences and relations of things. The antithetic parallelism, seems to mark the broad, and palpable distinctions, between truth and falsehood, between good and evil: the cognate parallelism, discharges the more difficult, and more critical function, of discriminating between different degrees and shades, of truth and good, on the one hand, of falsehood and of evil, on the other. And it is probable, that full justice will not be done to the language, either of the Old Testament, or of the New, till interpreters qualified in all respects, and gifted, alike, with sagaciousness, and sobriety of mind, shall accurately investigate these nice distinctions.'

These passages, strengthened and elucidated by a few suitable examples, may, I trust, in some degree, serve to prepare the way for important practical results; the examples however, though moral in their bearings, must be, in the first instance, neither theological, nor controversial: the principle once developed and approved, its more polemical application will afterwards follow as a matter of course: and I conceive it is the part of wisdom, at the onset, not to embarrass oneself with a double task; but especially not to give an alarm to adversaries, which might retard indefinitely the acceptance of the system. It is on this ground, above all others, that I wish to be luciferous, before I attempt being fructiferous. In matters purely critical, however, and particularly in such matters as appear of consequence towards the proper development of the hebraic parallelism, I do not shun the occasional sprinkling of a little controversy: a specimen or two, I wish to submit for your castigation. For example, it comes in my way to establish, if I can, the strong probability, to say the least, that the Hebrew poets never used metre. This I think of doing in a note; the earlier part of which exhibits, and briefly animadvertes upon the timidity, the hesitancy, and perhaps even the self-contradiction, of Bishop Lowth, on this branch of his subject, in his 3d, 18th, and 19th prælections. The note then proceeds as follows:

'So far the hesitancy of Bishop Lowth seems to be abundantly made out: it remains to examine his only argument for the existence, in hebrew poetry, of metre, properly so called. After describing the alphabetical poems, his Lordship thus proceeds: 'In the first place, we may safely conclude, that the poems perfectly alphabetical consist of verses, properly so called; of

verses regulated by some observation of cadence or measure, numbers or rhythm. For it is not at all probable, in the nature of the thing, or from examples of the like kind, in other languages, that a portion of mere prose, in which numbers and harmony are totally disregarded, should be laid out according to a scale of division, which carries with it such evident marks of study and labor, of art in the contrivance, and exactness in the execution.' Prelim. Diss. to Isaiah, p. vii. The Bishop's argument is then analogically extended, to the poems imperfectly alphabetical; and further, in like manner, to those compositions, which, though not alphabetical, have, in all other respects, the same characteristic features, with those that are alphabetical. The fairness of the analogical reasoning, employed in this case, cannot properly be questioned; that is, if the argument be cogent, respecting the alphabetical poems, we must needs admit its cogency respecting the non-alphabetical: but what I mainly doubt is, its validity in the first instance: and if it fail there, it must fail altogether. Let us then consider whether there be not in the terms employed, a kind of Ignoratio Elenchi. The Bishop says, 'it is not at all probable, that a portion of mere prose, in which numbers and harmony are totally disregarded, should be laid out according to a scale of division, which carries with it such evident marks of study and labor, of art in the contrivance, and exactness in the execution.' Now is this quite fair? And do the opposers of a strictly metrical system, assert that the psalms, for example, are mere prose? And while they reject poetical numbers, do they also maintain, that harmony is totally disregarded? If they do not thus assert, and thus maintain, his Lordship's argument must fall to the ground; and that they do not so assert, and so maintain, is probable on a two-fold account: first, because that very scale of division, and that studious, elaborate, artificial contrivance and execution, to which his Lordship refers, and which on all hands are admitted, are, in themselves, sufficient to take the composition out of the sphere of prose, and place it in the sphere of poetry; and secondly, because the rejection of poetical numbers, properly so called, by no means implies the assertion, that 'harmony is totally disregarded.' But I am willing to meet the Bishop's argument on broader ground: I am ready to enquire whether the phenomena do not only authorize, but naturally suggest, a course of reasoning, diametrically the reverse of that employed by his Lordship; whether a highly artificial, and in all books except the Scripture, unparalleled species of regular, pointed, sententious, and elaborate construction, does not furnish a strong argument, against the probable co-existence of metre? It is certain, that, throughout the works and word of God, we do not commonly observe a

redundancy of means : and we are assured that the peculiar and unquestionable artifices, of what is called Hebrew poetry, abundantly distinguish it from mere prose ; while we may learn, both from our own feelings, and from the testimony of all competent judges, that these artifices, in combination with the excellence of the subject-matter, have the effect of giving to the composition, all that commanding and delightful interest, which attaches to poetry of the noblest kind. This is all undeniable fact : why, then, have recourse to the hypothesis (for it can be no more ; proof is out of possibility) of an additional artifice ? This would seem in contradiction to all known analogy ; a gratuitous waste of means ; and till some unequivocal, and as matters stand at present, inconceivable necessity be produced for its adoption, the inference must lie, decidedly against it. But I will go further : such additional artifice not only seems to have been needless ; it may be reasonably argued, that it would have been positively injurious ; that its tendency must have been to counteract the peculiar and distinguishing excellence of Hebrew poetry ; namely, its transfusibility, by mere literal translation, into all languages ; an excellence, not only unattained in classical poetry, but prevented by classical metre. Classical poetry, is the poetry of one language, and of one people ; the words are, I will not say chosen (though this be sometimes the case) but arranged, with a view, not primarily to the sense, but to the sound ; in literal translation therefore, especially, if the order of the words be preserved, not only the melody is lost, but the sense is irreparably injured. Hebrew poetry, on the contrary, is universal poetry ; the poetry of all languages and of all peoples ; the collocation of the words (whatever may have been the sound, for of that we are quite ignorant) is, primarily directed, to secure the best possible announcement and discrimination of the sense ; let, therefore, a translation, only be literal, and so far as the genius of his language will admit, let him preserve the original order of the words, and he will infallibly put the reader of his version, in possession of all, or nearly all, that the Hebrew text can give, to the best Hebrew scholar of the present day. Now had there been originally metre in this poetry, the case, it is presumed, could hardly have been such ; somewhat must have been sacrificed to the importunities of metrical necessity ; the sense could not have invariably predominated over the sound ; and the poetry could not have been, as it unquestionably and emphatically is, a poetry, not of words or of sounds, but of things. Let not this last assertion, however, be misinterpreted : I would be understood merely to assert, that sounds, and words, in subordination to sound, do not, in Hebrew, as in classical poetry, enter into the essence of the thing ; but it is happily undeniable, that the

words of Scripture are exquisitely fitted to convey the sense ; and it is highly probable that, in the life-time of the language, the sounds were sufficiently harmonious ; when I say sufficiently harmonious, I mean, so harmonious, as to render the poetry grateful to the ear in recitation, and suitable to musical accompaniment ; for which purposes, the cadence of well modulated prose, would fully answer : a fact which will not be controverted by any person, with a moderately good ear, that has ever heard a chapter of Isaiah skilfully read from our authorized translation ; that has ever listened to one of Kent's anthems well performed, or to a song from the Messiah of Handel.'

As another slight controversial specimen, I will copy what I think of saying, in reply to a very learned, but very tasteless critic ; and in defence of the climax in the first verse of the first Psalm :

'The learned Gataker (Adv. Misc. ap. oper. Crit. Tom. II. p. 170, 171.) vehemently denies the existence of this triple climax ; and would work up this beautiful series of well-discriminated moral pictures, into one colorless and undistinguishable mass. His argument is, that if there be a climax in the scale of wickedness, there must of necessity be an anti-climax, in the scale of goodness ; it certainly implying much less virtue, to be exempt from the highest, than from the lowest degree of vice. 'If,' says he, 'we understand the Psalmist to say, *Beatus is est, qui nec cum improbe affectis consilium inierit, nec prave viventium artibus malis se immiscuerit, nec cum obfirmatis in maleficio obstinate perstiterit*, the sense will not rise, but sink ; the first exemption, being greater than the second ; and the second, in like manner, greater than the third : an absurdity, with which it would be monstrous to charge the Psalmist.' Now, admitting for a moment this reasoning to be dialectically and forensically just, it might perhaps be sufficient to reply, that the first Psalm is neither a logical disputation, nor a judicial pleading, but an affecting poem ; and, after citing an observation of Professor Michaelis, that *aliter poetas vates tractabit, aliter merus grammaticus*, to add from Bishop Lowth, himself not less a reasoner than a poet, that, in *dialectica flagitium, in poetica interdum est virtus ; quia nimirum illic ratio hic affectus dominatur* : that in poetry, the object is not so much ratiocinative conviction, as a powerful impression on the moral man, through the medium of the imagination and the affections ; and that in a poem, that order is the most judicious, which reserves for the last, the strongest and most impressive matter ; in the present instance, for example, the picture of obstinate pertinacity in evil. But it would seem that the learned author of the *Adversaria*, may be resisted on other, and on stronger ground. It

may, as I conceive, be justly argued, that he did not accurately conceive the meaning of those, who find a climax in this disputed verse ; and indeed that he did not sufficiently keep in view the Psalmist's own avowed object : the alleged climax, is an ascending series, not in the scale of moral goodness, but in the scale of conscious happiness, flowing out of an exemption from certain stages of moral evil ; and the consciousness of happiness in each of the ascending terms, must be measured by the magnitude of the evil, from which the good man is exempted : a mode of understanding the passage, in strict accordance with the main object of the Psalmist, who exclaims, O the happiness ! not O the goodness of the man ! &c. Now conscious and reflective happiness must, as we have said, be measured by the magnitude of the evil avoided or escaped : the man who has been saved from shipwreck, will feel more happy in the sense of his deliverance, than the man who has escaped a shower of rain ; though, at the same time, the latter has received less positive injury, and retains more positive comforts than the former : and transferring this mode of reasoning to the case of a single individual, he who, at one period of his life, has been delivered from a greater, and, at another period of his life, from a less evil, whether of mind, body, or estate, will enjoy the most reflective happiness, when his thoughts revert to the more considerable evil. On the supposition, then, of a climax in the contested verse, the Psalmist surely did well in reserving for the last, not an exemption from the lowest stage of moral evil, but an exemption from that awful, and perhaps irreversible state, where wickedness becomes the settled habit of the soul : this last exemption, may indeed be justly accounted a low stage of moral deliverance : but what good man will not, at the very mention of it, be powerfully affected (as we read of the great Boerhaave) by the thought, that such, but for the Providence and grace of God, might have been his own state ? The sense of present happiness, is thus unspeakably heightened by the force of contrast : nor is this the whole : a salutary dread is thus infused, of the first and fatal step, which might ultimately issue in such hopeless consequences : while, where the climax is thus alarming, the mind is admirably prepared by the painful ascent, to repose in the delightful and refreshing imagery of the next verses :

' But his delight', &c. &c.

If you have not Gataker, and should wish to see more of his argument, you will find it abridged and adopted, in Poole's Synopsis in locum. Shall I run the risk of exhausting your patience, by an extract of another kind, partly text, and partly note ? Pass it by, or let it keep cold, if indisposed to read it :

'Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness;
 Ye that seek Jehovah;
 Hearken unto me, my people;
 And my nation give ear unto me:
 Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness;
 The people in whose heart is my law.'—*Isa.* li. 1. 4. 7.

* The ascent in this three-fold classification, is very manifest: the faithful Jews are addressed, first, as in pursuit of righteousness, as seeking Jehovah (a clause, it may be observed, harmonizing with *St. Matt.* vi. 33.); secondly, as in consequence of that pursuit, accepted and acknowledged as God's people and nation; and thirdly, as knowing *that* righteousness, which before they had only pursued, and as having so found Jehovah, that his law is written in their heart. Each distich has an ascent within itself, the second line rising above the first; each distich, also, is the commencement of an appropriate address; 1. to aspirants after religion; 2. to persons admitted within its sphere; and 3. to those who have made good proficiency, in the ways of holiness and virtue. A further nicety is observable: to the first class, the invitation is simply, 'Hearken unto me': it is not again repeated; probably because such repetition was needless; this people are described as seeking Jehovah; and when Jehovah himself was pleased to invite them to hear, their earnest expectation would, at the very first call, abundantly secure, on their part, a promptness of attention: to the third class, in like manner, but one invitation is given; for God's law is in their heart; and the religious affection of this class, would ensure attention yet more infallibly, than the religious excitement of the former: but to the middle class, the invitation is earnestly repeated; Hearken unto me; give ear unto me: for their very advance in religion, might render them comparatively inattentive: they had proceeded so far, as to lose the perturbed anxiety of the first class; they had not proceeded far enough, to attain the matured affection of the last; and precisely in such a state, it would be most necessary to stimulate attention, and keep it alert by a reiterated call, accompanied with a two-fold memento of their relation to Him who called them: Hearken unto me; give ear unto me: my people; my nation!

[Note.] Bishop Lowth reads the 4th verse otherwise; following the Bodley MS. and a few others of inferior value; his translation is:

'Attend unto me, O ye peoples;
 And give ear unto me, O ye nations.'

'The difference', his Lordship observes, 'is very considerable; for in this case, the address is made, not to the Jews, but

to the Gentiles ; as in all reason it ought to be ; for this and the two following verses express the call of the Gentiles, the islands, or the distant lands on the coasts of the Mediterranean and other seas.' The change, however, seems to be, at once needless and injurious : injurious, because it would make an ungraceful and violent transition, destructive of the unity of the passage ; and needless, because in several other instances, the calling of the Gentiles is announced to the Jews, as a future blessing, in which they themselves are deeply interested : how deeply, we learn from St. Paul ; Rom. xi. 24—26. As the received text stands, there appears a beautiful gradation : 1. Incipients in religion, are encouraged by the comforts of the Gospel : 2. to the more advanced in religion, and consequently better able to look beyond their own individual well-being, the calling of the Gentiles is foretold : 3. to those who are rooted and grounded in love, the final conflict and victory of the Messiah, with the consequent happiness and glory of his universal church, are described in the most glowing terms.

It is to be noted, that neither Dathe, nor Rosenmüller, has adopted Bishop Lowth's alteration of the text.

Since transcribing the above passages, I have, after the interval of some years, turned to the 29th chapter of the Hints for a Princess, and feel much gratified by some coincidences : indeed, that chapter pleases me now, even more than it did with all the freshness of a first perusal : *decies repetitum potius placebit*. I must quote one passage of yourself, to yourself, in order to match it, from a modern Dutch writer, who probably cannot have fallen into your hands. You say, 'were the researches of Sir Wm. Jones, and those who have followed him in the same track, valuable on no other account, they would be inestimable in this respect ; that, through what they have discovered and translated, we are enabled to compare other eastern composition, with the sacred books of the Hebrews ; the result of which comparison, supposing only taste and judgment to decide, must ever be, this ; that, in many instances, nothing can recede further from the simplicity of truth and nature, than the one, nor more constantly exhibit both, than the other. This attention may be applied with peculiar justness, to the poetical parts of the Old Testament. The character of the eastern poetry in general, would seem to be that of floridness and exuberance, with little of the true sublime, and a constant endeavor to outdo, rather than to imitate nature. The Jewish poetry seems to have been cast in the most perfect mould. The expressions are strictly subordinate to the sense ; and while nothing is more energetic, nothing is more simple and natural. If the language be strong, it is the strength of sentiment, allied

with the strength of genius, which alone produces it." Hints, vol. ii. p. 214. Now for my co-incidental transcript. Arabica poësis instar est fœminæ fūco illitæ et monilibus onustæ, in cujus cultu plurima quidem splendent adeo ut formæ naturali noceant; sed non omnia æque sunt pretiosa, imo, ubi diligentius exploraveris, pleraque vel adulterina, vel ab aliis mutuuntur, quod in ipsa luxuria paupertatem quandam signat. Hebræa vero, tanquam cœlestis quædam musa in veste gemmis stellata incedit. Hinc explicandum est, quod non dubito quia omnes observaveritis, quotquot unquam poëma aliquod Arabicum latine redditum legistis, quodque Hebræorum vatum præstantium demonstrat, videlicet, Arabum Carmina in alium sermonem conversa nunquam posse placere, nisi forte versio sit metrica, vel talis, in quâ, quidquid in ipso carmine obscuri vel inepti insit, prætereatur aut emendetur. Hebræorum vero poësis ita pulcra est, ut ne in languidissimis quidem versionibus omnis ejus majestas et venustas evanescat, et tamen optimæ versiones, etiam metricæ ad germanam ejus pulcritudinem non nisi ex intervallo accedant.' Ravius: Orat. de poëseos Hebraicæ præ Arabum præstantia. Lug. Bat. 1800.

I said wrong, when I talked of matching this with the passage from the Hints: for the Dutchman is far inferior; still, however, the coincidence is not displeasing. What is not always the case, Ravius would have been more correct, had he been more antithetical: he might have said, that translated Arabic poetry, never pleases, unless disguised by omissions, additions, and a metrical garb: while translated Hebrew poetry, pleases most, when exhibited in her native simplicity, undisguised by a single omission or addition; and, above all, unfettered by the chains of metre: he seems to have imagined, that metre might increase the beauty of translations from the Hebrew bards; so thought Buchanan, Johnston, Duport, Dr. Watts, and even Bishop Lowth: but they were all mistaken.

I am sorry to find that the change of weather has affected you: at the same time, what affects all of a certain temperament, is no ground of individual uneasiness; it is thus that I have been consoling myself, about myself, for I too have been a sufferer, and my work has been, of necessity, suspended for the last fortnight; now, thank God, I am getting up again, and am hopeful that this letter, the first fruits of my partial recovery, may place me back in working order. Hitherto, I have been engaged with preliminary matter, respecting the nature of Hebrew poetry, as exhibited in the Old Testament; I have given an abridged view of Bishop Lowth's scheme; offered some corrections of it; and proposed some additions to it. The Epanodos, with the rationale

of it, I have tried to explain and exemplify. I divide the book into moderately sized sections; after each section, adding illustrative notes, in which I am now and then able to produce curious, and I hope not altogether uninteresting similarities of manner, from classical authors. Just now, I am on the notes to the fifth section, which is the turning point with me, between the parallelism of the O. T., and that of the N. T. My last performed task has been, two notes; one giving examples of parallelism from the apocryphal, the other from the rabbinical writers: the next note or two will contain extracts from Michaelis, and some writers both of earlier and later date than him, as to the Hebraic style and structure of the N. T., together with notices of the detection of parallelism in the N. T. by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield; and by Mr. Farrer, in his Bampton Lectures. These notes once written, I shall be fairly embarked in my main subject. The 6th section will be upon quotations in the N. T. from poetical parts of the O. T.; and I shall contrive to bring forward examples, in which the parallelism is better preserved, by the New Testament writers, than it has been by the Alexandrine translators.

If you have observed any striking examples of parallelism, I shall be very much obliged by your just mentioning the book, chapter, and verse: I should also consider any references to similar passages of the Old Testament, that may elucidate parallelisms of the New, as particularly valuable; the bare reference will be sufficient: in like manner, a passage from the epistles, may sometimes illustrate the structure, no less than the meaning, of a passage in the gospels: for any such, if they occur, I shall be thankful; no matter how briefly given. One of my works, last winter, was to note all the examples of parallelism I could find in the whole N. T., beginning regularly with St. Matthew, and proceeding to the end of Revelation: from these I propose selecting such, as may best answer the purpose of exhibition, and as may afford room for useful or interesting remark. But valuable passages may very probably have struck your more experienced eye, that have escaped mine. The hymns of St. Luke, I reserve for a very advanced section; any remarks therefore, with which you could indulge me upon any of them, especially that of Simeon, would be in time a month or two hence.

Since commencing this letter, I have learned the death of our poor friend Dr. Percival! To him it was a happy release, and I am sure he was fit to die: but his poor wife and family! Deus vero providebit: I have a special faith in the protection afforded to the children of good men. It is a source of melancholy gratification to me, that I secured from Morrison, one of his models of our poor friend: You must have seen them: the likeness is excellent.

Farewell, my dear Friend : let me soon hear from you, if it be conveniently practicable.

Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 152.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Oct. 10. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I QUITE agree with you that your philological investigations are not to be embarrassed with theological ideas. If therefore you find the latter mingled, in any instance, with my suggestions, you will be aware that they are by no means intended for your adoption, but solely for your fuller view of what strikes me on the subject. I think, however, that without intimating any specific learning on theology, it will be expedient to state, either in the introduction, or conclusion, the theological, moral, and evidential purposes, to which the system, which you develope, may be usefully applied. Quære, is *evidential* a legitimate word? you will catch the sense in which I use it; but it is not in Johnson.

I dare say you have observed the beautiful Epanodos in our Lord's admonition, 'Behold I send you forth, &c.' 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents, because ye are among wolves', but still, 'harmless as doves, because ye yourselves are as sheep.'

Did I ever direct your attention to a structure, somewhat of this nature, in Rom. viii. 6. 17? Or may be you have observed it yourself. 'To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life', says St. Paul: just so much, then, is strictly equiponderant; but he adds, 'and peace.' This, however, by itself would destroy the poise, and of course injure, both the philological and philosophical symmetry of the sentence. But mark how he restores both the poise and symmetry forthwith, by immediately adding an antipode to 'peace', of exactly the same nature with that which already made the contrast to 'life', namely, 'Because the carnal mind is enmity against God': the direct opposite to that 'grace of God, which passes all understanding.'

This again leads me to observe, though it is not quite to your purpose, that we have here, with perfect exactness, the distinction of the schoolmen, expressed by the term, subjective and objective, in both instances of misery and happiness; the subjective misery and happiness, being, death and life, the objective happiness and misery, being peace and enmity to God; which passage,

by the way, I cannot help considering as the most strictly elementary position, comprehending both the evil and the good, in the New Testament. On the side of good, that beatitude of our Redeemer, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God', is still more profound and consummate.

The distinction of misery, in this passage of St. Paul, has also, its most awful counterpart, I conceive, in that thrice pronounced saying, 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' Their worm, and the fire, seem to be significantly marked; the first, as respecting appropriate to the individuals; the second, as common to all. It is their worm, because the subjective misery of each, depending on his own capacities and habitudes, must be infinitely varied. It is the fire, because the objective misery of all, will be one and the same, namely *εχθρα εις Θεον*: which disposition in man, without supposing any punitive act on the part of God, will render God, to the unhappy victims, *πυρ καταναλυσον*. In the like manner, may we not venture to say, as the same material sun, without the slightest alteration of the beams; but merely, *juxta modum recipientis*, exhilarates the living animal, and putrefies the dead.

Adieu, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX. R

—oo—

LETTER 153.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 21. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I did not happen to mention why I was going to Dublin, you may well think it strange, that I should so long possess, without acknowledgment, your last two letters. The truth is, that I have been immersed in orphan-house business; which at this moment I turn from, merely to account for my silence. Mr. Grant has required a detailed account of every thing in the orphan-house history, as he has also done from every other charitable institution, receiving parliamentary aid. I came to town to prepare the explanatory part of the return. I am now transcribing it: I hope to have it done before the end of the week (for I am helplessly interrupted by visitants), and I mean to avail myself of a paragraph in your postscript as my conclusion. I mean, that which begins 'That the beneficial results, &c.' I am not, at this moment, sure, but I shall introduce the entire remainder.

And now as to your letters, the long one I read with delight. You make out your own positions, you confute Gataker, you correct Lowth, in my judgment, in a masterly way. I am ready to persuade myself, that, when you complete your own ideas, you will produce one of the most interesting pieces of Biblical philology, which has yet appeared in the modern world.

I could say much to you, if there were time; but I must merely say, that the penmanship of your long letter, excited the admiration of those who cast their eye on it, as much as its contents called forth my concurrence and satisfaction.

Adieu. Most truly ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 154.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Jan. 3. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LET me say little or much, I cannot longer delay inquiring about you; nor can I suffer a new year to commence, without renewing the expression of those feelings towards you, which are part of the very deepest habits of my mind and heart.

I have not written to you, simply because I have been a little busy, and because I have hoped that you too, were usefully and comfortably occupied. To know that I reckoned rightly, will give me cordial gratification; and I tell you, that if there be any portion of what you are, I trust, engaged in, which you would like to show me if I were beside you, any such thing might come to me, and return to you, most safely, through Mr. Mangin of the castle; who has requested me to use him in any intercourse between us, where his aid could be a convenience. For single letters, I think it needless to trouble him: but I tell you his proposal, hoping myself to reap some pleasurable results.

I have talked about being busy. The truth is, after all, I do very little; and I fear what I have done, would hardly bear a very impartial scrutiny. The subject costs me a good deal of thought; but the quantity of writing is small. I attempt briefly to prove the doctrine of baptismal regeneration (in the case of infants,) to be that of the Church of England. I show from our formularies, what this doctrine implies; and I then point out practical consequences, which flow necessarily, or at least, naturally, from the established premises. In point of

composition, it will be but middling ; in point of conclusiveness, I trust it will be unanswerable, on any fair principle. I state unpalatable truths, which both sides will, on different grounds, equally disrelish ; but I speak as a member of the Church of England : they may attack her ; but I fight behind a better shield than that of Ajax. I mean to enrich my little tract, should I be able to complete it, with such notes as will evince, that they who are with me, are greater than they who are against me.

I have been able to think scarcely of a single passage in the N. T., which I was not morally certain you had anticipated. One has arrested my thoughts, in consequence of being preached upon, one Sunday, by Mr. C——, St. Matt. xi. 28. &c. I cannot say his observations aided me much, though all he said from the mere teaching of his own heart, was so excellent, and had in it so much simple originality of pulpit exposition, that it made me deeply sorry for a too obvious misdirection in doctrine. But to the text. I need not bid you remark, that the expression of 'labor and are heavy laden,' in the first verse, answer exactly to 'yoke,' and 'burthen,' in the last verse ; and that the two ideas, comprehend all the modes, in which working animals can be employed. They either draw or carry ; in the former case, they wear a yoke, in the latter, they bear a burthen. There is, then, a beautiful contrast, between the ideas in the first verse, and those in the last : the bondage of the world and the flesh, are lamented over in the one ; the happy enfranchisement, implied in the service of Christ, is luminously and almost gaily opposed in the other. But I conceive, to discover the entire strength and justness of the passage, the intermediate verse must be particularly considered. I think it should be divided thus : 'Take my yoke upon you : and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart !' for, with this pointing, not only the sense becomes strictly consistent, but an explanatory train of thought is awakened, which places the whole in a much brighter light. 'Take my yoke upon thee,' is *prima facie* intelligible ; but why, in this obviously measured and equiponderated speech, does he add an apparently incongruous clause, 'learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart ?' I think, because, in fact, it is not incongruous, but the fittest which could be employed ; and throws light upon the whole. 'To labor, in the first verse, is to pursue the work of sin and the world ; it comprehends all the activities of evil ; to be heavy laden, is to endure all the chagrins, and heart-goings, and lacerations, which sin and the world impose upon their votaries ; to bear, in short, the endless varieties of passive evil. Now the yoke of Christ, is not more clearly the blessed opposite to the former source of moral misery, than the imbibing of Christ's meek and low-

ly spirit, is the specific for the latter. He had before said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'; and he here completes that divine philosophy, by showing the well of life, from whence the sovereign sweetener of life is to be derived. Thus, then, 'labor', and 'yoke', correspond to all the movements of the concupiscible passions, and 'heavy laden', and 'burthen', are alike related to the irascible passions; and accordingly, 'they that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with its *παθηματα* and its *ἐπιθυμια*', for thus it is that he gives them rest; and thus, too, they are fitted to feel Christ's yoke to be easy, and his burden to be light; to find his service, even in its exactest requisitions, to be perfect freedom, and sufferings, really endured for his sake, to be what St. Chrysostom has said, 'A Christian has his sorrows; but his sorrows are better than joys.' How truly happy shall I be to hear from you! and how delighted to receive a good account of you, and to know that your work is in progress. By the by, I could not help giving you all my thoughts on that passage, though I am aware, even if you approve of them, and the same thoughts have not occurred to yourself, how small a part will suit your purpose. You will be glad to know that my health, for two months past, has been better than for two, or perhaps three years.

Adieu, my dear Friend, and believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I beg my kindest and most cordial remembrances to —, in whom I take an interest, which, if you could measure it, would satisfy even your demands in his behalf.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 9. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kindest letter reached me but last night; and, determined to lose no time in hastening to reply, I am at my desk this morning by candlelight. Your letter is more than comfortable; it delights me: what more, indeed, could I wish to learn of you, than that you are consciously in a better state of health than for the last three years; that your mind is pleasantly, and I need not say usefully employed; and that you think and feel towards me, with your accustomed depth and fulness of mind and heart? These are blessings, for which I pray to be sufficiently thankful.

I have often been a self-accuser for not writing to you ; the simple fact is, I have been more uninterruptedly busy for the last two months, than during any former period of my life : your last letter but one, could not have arrived more seasonably, or more beneficially, than it did : I had been flagging, from a return of indisposition. Your approbation of my labors, so cheered, revived, and stimulated me, that I was enabled to resume my work with vigor ; and ever since, with the exception of two or three days (not unserviceable) of relapse and intermission, I have been in full tide of employment. Matter has grown upon me ; and I have already filled more than sixty pages of my smallest, closest writing ; very considerably, perhaps in a three-fold proportion smaller and closer than this, the sheets being of a quarto size. It has been my effort to condense to the utmost ; yet what is already written, will fill a moderate octavo volume ; and I have matter enough to fill another. That it will attain any thing that can be called popularity, I do not expect ; but I am hopeful that it will approve itself to some ; and foremost in the number, that it will not be unsatisfactory to you. The interest seems to increase as I proceed ; and I rather think that I proceed in a way, at least equal in execution, as well as weight of matter, to any thing in the specimens which afforded you some gratification.

I should rejoice, were it in my power to avail myself of Mr. Mangin's proposal : and I need not say how gratified I feel, at your wish to see a little of my progress ; but I will tell you precisely how I am circumstanced : I am pledged to appear with my work (*Deo volente*) in April, at Messrs. Cadell and Davies's counter ; they have liberally freed me from all risk, and promised to make all necessary previous arrangements with a very intelligent printer, that the work may be brought out with the greatest accuracy, and in the best manner. To keep my engagement, as far as in me lies, I feel to be my bounden duty : and in order to keep it, I am working, I may say, day and night. I rise before six o'clock : before seven am at my desk : a brisk walk or ride, either precedes or follows breakfast ; and, except at meals, and for two or three hours in the evening, my brain, my eyes, and hands, are incessantly employed. At this rate I must proceed, health and strength permitting, for three months to come ; and so situated, I cannot find any time for transcription. Some of my completed fasciculi might be sent ; but as there is but one copy of them, I could not justifiably run the risk of any transmission by post, however safe the channel. Besides, I have frequent occasion to recur to my back papers ; and to be for any time, without any one of them, might materially impede my progress : to transcribe the whole for the press, before I begin

to print, is more than I can promise myself; but if, before going to England, I can complete the transcription of any reasonable part, I will most gladly send you the present copy; and shall be gratified, if its perusal can afford you pleasure; and obliged, if you will supply me with any cautionary hint: C. F. did not fail to convey your gentle remonstrance, as to gentle treatment of Bishop Lowth; it shall be strictly and cheerfully complied with: such a man cannot be used, especially by one who treads so largely in his steps, with too much respect and tenderness. The more fully, indeed, I am acquainted with his work, the more clearly I discern its general thinness: were it not for the uncommon graces and beauties of his latinity, much of his matter would be discovered to be meagre in the extreme. With such a system to work upon (however he might have failed, as he has failed, in its complete development) I am absolutely astonished, at the small additional light that he has directly shed, upon the orderly connection, and even the grammatical meaning of sacred Scripture. Still, he has been a great providential instrument: the indirect and consequential results of his labors, will be continually increasing; and, all things considered, I have no doubt it was better that he should have given rather a thin book, with exquisite and fascinating finish, than a fuller treatise, in a coarser way: the talents for large invention, and nice finish, rarely meet in one person: and the subject considered, it was indispensable, that the poetry of the Hebrews should, at the outset, be so placed before readers, as to attract, to engage, and to enkindle the imagination. All this, Bishop Lowth has done: and a more dogged, and more investigating workman, would probably have failed to do it.

The passage S. Matt. xi. 28. &c. is one of my specimens: and from your comment I shall be enabled to enrich my own; which, in my final copy, I will re-write for that purpose. Your distinction between the *κοπιῶντες* and *πεφορτισμένοι*, the activities and passivities of evil, is, I think, most just, and most beautiful: it had not occurred to me; and in adopting it, I shall do myself credit, but what is better, I shall do service to my work, and to my readers: my distribution may, perhaps, slightly differ from yours: I have considered it much, and think it is the true one. You will judge for yourself:

δευτε προς με παντες οι κοπιωντες και πεφορτισμενοι,
καγω αναπαυσω υμας.

αγαπη τον ζυγον μου εφ' υμας,

και μαθετε απ' εμου,

οτι πραος ειμι, και ταπεινος τη καρδια.

και εδρησετε αναπαυσιν ταις ψυχαις υμων.

ὁ γὰρ ζυγὸς μου χρηστικός, καὶ τὸ φορτίον μου ελαφρόν
ἐστί.

I am very glad you are treating of baptismal regeneration. It is a subject, on which both parties are, with few exceptions, lamentably in the dark ; and to place on its proper ground the true doctrine of our church respecting it, will be to perform an essential service. As to composition, it is a thing of very minor moment, in such a case ; and I dare say, others will not be so fastidious on that score, as you yourself may feel disposed to be. C. F. has been reading closely several of S. Augustin's Anti-Pelagian tracts ; and intends to-day extracting some passages for you, which bear strongly on your subject : he thinks it likely they cannot be new to you ; but transmits them as a token of his regard, and of his interest in your present pursuit.

As to my health, I am thankful to say it is better than I' recollect it to have been, at any period during the last fifteen years.

I must now have done : and with every good wish for you, and the friends with whom you are, I am ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 30. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

My work is drawing towards its conclusion : in ten days, I hope to begin my final transcript. I am just now engaged in writing on the three hymns, or songs in St. Luke i. and ii. If you could conveniently let me have a bare reference, to the texts which you have noted as bearing on the Song of Simeon, I should be much obliged. Any further hints, I need not say, would be most acceptable ; but, at all events, the texts I wish for, as of great consequence. I myself have marked some : but I wish to have the best, both in the Old and New Testament, which relate to the light of the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel.

I write to Dublin, thinking you have now probably come into winter quarters.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 155.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 1. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have but a few minutes at my disposal, I cannot defer a post to say something on the subject of your letter.

Your bulletin of health delights me, and I congratulate you on seeing the boundary of your labor. As speedily as possible, perhaps by to-morrow's post, I will write again, respecting the texts alluded to in the *Nunc dimittis*; I will only add now, that I have considered attentively your distribution, and I am disposed to prefer it to my own, for a reason which may also influence you, though you have not mentioned it; namely, that contrarily to my first apprehension, *πραος* and *ταπεινος*, instead of being joint ground for our learning of him, have each, respectively, reference to *ζυγος*; and the *μαθete απ' εμου*, as much as these, respectively refer to *κοπιωντες* and *πεφορτισμενοι*: as if he had said, put yourselves under me as a master, and engage in my service, for I am *πραος*, and follow my example as to all you have to endure, for I am *ταπεινος*.

Adieu. Colonel Thornton, who breakfasted with me this morning, desires his kind remembrances to you, and let my friend C. F. know that he spoke with interest of him also.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 156.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street.

Begun Feb. 3., ended Feb. 4. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE passage to which I conceive Simeon chiefly refers, is the commencement of the 60th chapter of Isaiah. The first two words, 'Arise, shine', seem respectively to refer to the light and glory; q. d. arise, for thy light is come, . . . shine, for the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. As to the second verse, you will yourself consult the Hebrew, and see whether 'the people' can be specially referred to the Jews (the people *κατ' εξοχην*); if so, it would make a fine sense: but Lowth's ren-

dering 'the nations', and that of the LXX. *ἐν ἑσθρη*, precludes, I fear, any such interpretation. I therefore lay chief stress on the third verse: 'And the Gentiles shall come to thy light; and kings to the brightness of thy rising': as I think it is evident, that 'brightness of thy rising', is an elegant periphrasis for the word 'glory.'

Of the allusion in the Song of Simeon, to the first part of the third verse, there can be no question; a light to lighten the Gentiles, . . and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, . . contain the same idea. It cannot, therefore, be disputed, that Simeon's words refer ultimately to the event, which Isaiah contemplated; inasmuch as Christ would then be eminently the light of the Gentiles when the Gentiles should come to the light reflected by the church.

But how does 'the glory of thy people Israel,' correspond to the latter words? In a way, which perhaps may be too circuitous for your special purpose, but which I confess I think satisfactory. The coming of the Gentiles, is evidently a popular movement; and to be looked for, therefore, from such motives and influences, as, according to the law of human nature, are found to work upon the multitude. Doubtless the impression will be more sound and deep, than any ever made before; but still it will be of the kind, which is incident to human nature in its simpler, and less refined state. But the coming of kings, is a higher effect, because these are the least impressible portions of society: these, therefore, will not be drawn, until the apparatus be complete; and, consequently, its effectiveness on these, evinces its perfection.

Now St. Paul clearly ascribes the consummation of the scheme, to the fulness of the Jews (Rom. xi. 12. and 15.); and reason teaches us, that, when such an event is intended, the divine process will not attain its maturity, until that intention be accomplished. The retention of the Jews in their separate state, is a wonderful prognostic, of what is ultimately designed; and we can easily suppose, that when, after a remarkable improvement and increase of gentile christianity, the great body of the Jews shall be signally and collectively incorporated, such a light will be thrown upon prophecy, and such a substantiation of its truth will be apparent to every eye, as, if one might dare to say it, completely to turn the laugh against the scoffers, who, in all ages, had been asking, 'Where is the promise of his coming?'

Comparing, then, the assertion of Simeon, with this passage of Isaiah, we see, that, in both, there is the idea of a reflected light, and a reflected glory: the first image taken probably from the common effect of the dawn; the second, from that of the

actual rising of the sun. Isaiah's words seem to justify this distinction, Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The light may be thought to correspond to our Savior's prayer, 'that they all may be one'; . . . the glory, to his farther petition, 'that they may be perfected in one'; and what supports this is, that our Savior actually combines the idea of glory, with this latter blessing. Of these profound expressions in our Savior's prayer, I mean of their marked distinctiveness, what better elucidation can we find, than the two *πληρωματα*, spoken of by St. Paul in Rom. xi. ? But if this correspondence be founded, we have the complete amount of Simeon's light and glory; our Redeemer becoming the one, in the *πληρωμα των εθνων*, and the other, in the *πληρωμα των Ιουδαιων*.

How far you can extract, from these remarks, any thing suitable to your special purpose, you will best know. I could not explain myself at less expense of words; yet I have felt, at every step, that I was not suggesting what you could use, but merely assisting you to turn the subject in your thoughts.

There are many other cognate dualities, which, in a consideration of this matter for its own sake, would be worthy of deepest attention. For instance, the two-fold unity of the 4th of Ephesians, *της πιστεως*, and *της επιγνωσεως*, so remarkably corresponding to our Redeemer's two objects, 'that the world may believe', and 'that the world may know.' But, in truth, dualities, in Holy Scripture, are endless; and a mysterious relationship appears to link them all together; nor must we leave out the Hebraic couplet (especially the climactic couplet) itself, which seems to have been cast in the same mystical mould, in order to subserve the same mystical purpose.

Adieu, my dear Friend,

and believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 6. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a couple of lines, to thank you for your last two most acceptable letters; and, at the same time, to report progress. I am now in the very last stage of my first copy; expecting to finish it to-day: three or four days ago I finished, what I could

then say about the 'Nunc dimittis.' Your hints supply valuable matter of thought for my final draft : meantime, I will say a few words, about what has been already done. I could not hope to make my plan of Simeon's Song properly intelligible, without transcribing all that I have written, not only upon it, but upon the Hymns of the Virgin and Zacharias : for I have treated, and I trust not fancifully, the whole three, as a connected series. But I may mention, that I have considered Isaiah lx. 1. 3. as both communicating light to, and receiving light from, the 'Nunc dimittis,' and the subsequent address of Simeon, to the Virgin and Joseph.

I differ in a small degree from you, in distributing the first couplet of Isaiah :

Arise ; be thou enlightened ; for thy light is come,
And the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee :

this I take to be an Epanodos : Arise : for the glory is risen : be enlightened, for thy light is come ! What relates to the Jews, being put first and last. Arise from thy fallen prostrate condition : how applicable to Judea, captive and dispersed ! The next couplet, I think, relates to Gentiles and Jews, but not as you would have it made out :

For behold, darkness shall cover the land (of Judea often so called)
And a thick vapor the nations.

Other passages of Isaiah help to illustrate : viz. xlii. 6. ; xlv. 13. ; xlix. 6. 9.

To me it is astonishing, that Simeon should have been enabled to condense, so vast a range of prophecy, into so few words.

Time permits me not to dwell on this subject.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 23. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
ACCORDING to promise, I send you the first draft of the first fasciculi of my book. Those I have now transcribed ; and, in

the transcript, have made several improvements, by addition; omission, and alteration: these variations I have not had time to mark; and indeed I have been unwilling to blot the first copy, as it is not now my own: I gave it to Mrs. J. F.; who fairly earned it, by her intelligent application to the study of Hebrew poetry: she furnished me with some fine specimens of epanodos, of her own discovery; and also with two or three capital observations of a critical kind. The papers therefore, she has, as I said, fairly made her own. You will, I know, preserve them for her with care. Any objections with which you may favor me, I will maturely consider: you are, however, to take with you, that what you now see is but the first draft.

C. F. came home with a heavy cold, which he has not yet shaken off. He sends you his best love, and bids me say he has not forgotten your commissions.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 157.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Feb. 28. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR most acceptable packet found me, on Saturday, in my bed. I had real pleasure yesterday, in going through the first, and part of the second fasciculus. Your research is great, your positions are well made out, your arrangement is simple and clear, and the animadversions which you feel necessary, are made respectfully, and temperately. It will be a valuable work; and even those who will not have tact enough to appreciate its importance, will, notwithstanding, be obliged to give great credit to its industry, its ingenuity, and its learning. I tell you simply, in as few words as I can (for I am straightened in time) the *prima facie* impression, which your work has made upon me; I will take special care of your manuscript, and am very much pleased to hear, that Mrs. J. F. has so fairly entitled herself to its possession.

I dare say your remarks on Isaiah lx. 1. &c. are well founded. But do you know that you have written, not 'land', but 'earth', in your copy; I dare say you have corrected this oversight in your transcript. I wish you to examine 1 Tim. iii. 15., and judge whether St. Paul intended any thing of an epanodos.

I am not sure what cognation there may be between *εκκληδία* and *δτυλος*, though it strikes me that some such thing might be made out; but I almost think, *οικος* and *ιδραιωμα* have reference to each other. — and I, were, this day, talking over this very passage; and considering whether the anticatholic reading which makes *στυλος* and *ιδραιωμα* predicates, not of the *οικος Θεου*, but of *το της ευσεβειας μυστηριον*, was tenable, and he quite agreed with me that it was not; but we, at first, did not see, why it should be only *οικος Θεου*, and *εκκλησια Θεου ζωντος*. I suggested, that the idea given by *οικος*, implied stability, therefore there was no need of any additional intimation; but *εκκλησια* might, and naturally would, be transient, if it did not deserve continuity, from some power beyond its own; therefore *Θεου ζωντος* 'because the Lord liveth,' is that which perpetuates the church.

I could say much on the strange times! But I have it in my power to catch the post, only by bribing the Post-office.

Ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 11. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HOWEVER strange it may seem, I seize the first hour, in which I could comfortably reply to your kind letter of the 28th February. A spring fit of illness, very mitigated indeed in its form, but still disabling me from work, held for between a fortnight and three weeks: the rest of my time has been almost unintermittingly devoted to the transcript of my sections, which I have now completed; and feel most thankful for the health and strength, granted me during the last seven months: in which time, I have twice written, what will probably fill from 600 to 700 printed octavo pages. My health is better than when I began my labors: the only drawback is, that I feel melancholy at having parted with a subject, which, for the last twelve years, has been, from time to time, whenever I could apply to any thing, my favorite mental companion. Some successor will, I suppose, be found: but whether of such agreeable qualities, I much doubt.

Your opinion of what you had read is a great encouragement. I humbly trust the remainder will not altogether displease or disappoint you; in the second draft, I have thrown in frequently,

brief, but not unimportant improvements. Isaiah lx. 1. &c. I discarded from among my specimens, under the early head of climax, that it might be employed with freshness, in the illustration of Simeon's Song. In the first copy, writing, not 'land,' but 'earth,' was not oversight, but want of knowledge: it was not till I came to Simeon's Song, that the thought occurred to me.

I have considered, as well as I could, 1 Tim. iii. 15., but I am unable to discover an epanodos: were I to resolve it into any thing of the Hebrew poetical manner, I should think alternation more probable, *στιλος* referring to *οικος*, and *εδραιωμα* to *επκλησια*: but I feel unable to speak with any approach to certainty.

Mrs. Jebb and my niece have been here, during the entire of my brother's circuit; of him we have had occasional glimpses, between towns; and expect him here from Cork, after the conclusion of his labors.

Within these two or three days, I took the liberty of showing Mrs. J. some of your invaluable MSS. I never saw her take to any thing with more interest; and perhaps few have taken to them with more intelligence: she was studying them intently yesterday; and her remark to me was, 'Mr. Knox must be a happy man.'

Unless I hear to the contrary before I leave this, I will not take the three vols. to town, as C. F. wishes to study them.

I propose leaving this, on this day se'nnight; and hope to sail the Monday following.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 158.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

April 15. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your acceptable letter yesterday morning; but had it not in my power to acknowledge it sooner than to-day. I am truly glad that you have brought your work to a conclusion. I can very well understand the drawback on this pleasure, which you mention, having myself felt something of the same kind, in a more limited way, again and again. But I think I have always found it, not only a transient, but a groundless uneasiness: because, always something shortly presented itself, which was suf-

ficient to interest the mind, and of course dispel the sensation of comparative vacuity.

I am glad you have so little to state in the way of malady. I am but just emerging from an attack of influenza. I took a short walk this day, for the first time since Thursday fortnight. That day I injured myself through exposure to cold, from curiosity to see Col. Talbot's triumphant chairing. If I live to see another election, I hope I shall be more wise.

I am prepared by my own anticipations, for all you tell me of —. Ever since I read his anti-union pamphlet, I set him down as a superior man. But it was not as a pleading barrister, that his highest qualifications were likely to show themselves. There was a modesty, and a delicacy about his mind, which required a somewhat sheltered situation, in order to the unrestrained exercise of his powers. The competition and conflict of the profession, on its lower level, afforded nothing of this kind: but the almost magic fence, which the judicial character throws around itself (except when it wantonly forfeits its advantage), exactly furnishes that unagitated, and unassailable sphere, in which modesty is transformed into dignity, and true delicacy is not liable to annoyance. I think, in short, that — is uncommonly fitted to do justice to such a situation.

I am very sincerely gratified, by Mrs. Jebb's being pleased with my papers. I was thinking of asking for them. But as C. F. wishes to study them, when he is not to have *you*, I cannot think of depriving him of any little consolation, which they may yield him in his solitude.

I must not add another word, but that I shall be happy to see you, though *en passant*, and that I am ever,

Inexpressibly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Holyhead, Tuesday evening, April 26. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I PROMISED to write you a few lines, as soon as I should have any thing to tell, which you could like to know: and I honestly feel, that, in order to keep my promise, I must write from hence; for I know you will be glad to hear of my safe and pleasant progress, so far on my way. Nothing can be more agreeable, in the way of passage across the Channel, than the

passage in the steam-packet: wind and tide against us, we made this in eight hours: not the least boisterousness of motion; less, indeed, than in a canal boat: at about a third of the way across, we passed the Government packet, which sailed from Howth yesterday evening, and probably she will not arrive here, before a late hour to-morrow.

I proceed leisurely by a coach, to-morrow, at 9 o'clock. I shall now probably not write to you, till I have reached Oxford, or perhaps London.

Ever, my dear Friend,
most unalterably and affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oxford, May 2. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

So far, I may thankfully say, I am enabled to report very comfortable progress. Through Wales, and to this place, my journey has been as favorable, as fine weather, good roads, and companions much above par in the coaches, could make it. To Llangollen, where I paused for the first night, I was accompanied by two gentlemanlike, and well conditioned Hibernico-Oxonians. One a gentleman commoner of Exeter College; the other a commoner of Christ Church: also a greater personage, the high sheriff of the county of —, who had in his custody a magnificently emblazoned, but middlingly composed address to his majesty, which he submitted to my criticism. He did not seem quite without hopes of being created a baronet, on the occasion of his presentation before royalty, of himself, and his address. But the expectations of his servant were much higher. During one stage, I went on the outside of the coach to see the prospect; and sat beside the aforesaid servant, who opened a conversation with characteristic simplicity: 'Sir,' said he, 'my master is high sheriff of the county of —, and is carrying our address to the king: it is a great thing for him; don't you think, sir, he will be made a lord?'

At Oswestry I stopped for the greater part of a day; and had my two little nephews, — and —, to dine with me; a happy groupe of school-boys. At Worcester I passed a quiet and pleasant day with my cousins the Miss J——s, two well educated, and well informed young women. This place I

reached late on Saturday night ; and have been ever since partaking the hospitality of Mr. Ogilvie, and the master of Baliol. From the highest to the lowest, that college is in delight at the success of W. B., who, last week, passed a most credible examination : they have no doubt of his being in the first class of honors ; and say, that, as yet, he has been the best answerer among the candidates. ‘ But what is better,’ said Dr. Jenkyns, the master of Baliol, ‘ his conduct while amongst us, has been most exemplary and irreproachable ; I could not wish any one act of his, that has come within my knowledge, to be different from what it has been ; and we have always found him a most valuable assistant, in giving the best direction to the minds and habits, of other young men in the college.’ How gratifying this, to all that love our unequalled Archbishop ! I wish, when you write, you would communicate those particulars. W. B. went to London, the morning before my arrival ; but there I hope to find him. — is junior tutor, and catechist of the college. And, on Sunday evening, I heard him deliver a catechetical lecture in the chapel : of this lecture, I this morning have had the perusal, and it is a very good one, both in matter and manner ; the style of thought and composition being far more matured than I could have expected ; and not a sentiment, from beginning to end, of which you would be likely to disapprove. His attention to his college duties is most unremitting ; in the mornings, I do not see him at all. His respect, regard, and I might say veneration for you, are unabated ; and he charged me to give you his most cordial remembrances.

Mr. M—— has published a little volume, which I send : bating some crude expressions, I like it much, and shall be glad if you like it also.

Thursday I leave this : and on Saturday I am to be with the I——s’ and T——s. In a letter just received, Mr. I. says, ‘ By arriving on Saturday, you will meet many of your old friends ; Sir T. A——, the G——s, Mr. M——, and Mr. D——, and one whom you will be glad to know, if you do not already know him, S——.’ You see, therefore, I am to enter at once ‘ in medias res.’ Is not Providence very good to me ?

I shall long to hear from you : a letter will not fail to find me, directed either to Mr. Butterworth’s, or to Mr. I’s.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JERR.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Battersea Rise, May 29. 1920.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SIR T. A—— said to me, ‘You must enclose this card to Mr. Knox, and I will give you a frank:’ the card speaks for itself: in the present day, people have a strange propensity to mingle the grotesque, with all their efforts to do good: one desirable effect, however, has been produced by this floating chapel; in our great naval ports, the sailors were left without any religious observances on Sunday; and the Admiralty have determined to set apart certain ships not in commission, to be converted into church-of-England chapels, for the weekly performance of divine service.

I have already seen many of your friends: beside the people of this house, Lady B——; the Butterworths; Mr. and Mrs. S.; the two Mr. G——s; Z. M——; Sir T. A——; and Mr. S——; it is needless to say that all inquired after you, with most cordial interest; and this morning Mr. S—— and Mr. I——, finding that I was about to write to you, requested that I would find a corner to offer you their best remembrances; the former is full of gratitude, for your kindness to him while in Ireland.

My expectations were much more than answered in S——: he is, in countenance and appearance, most strikingly the poet; and in conversation, the man of almost universal information; of strong mind; and on most subjects, of sound and thoughtful judgment: some say that his face resembles that of a hare; others that of an eagle; both are in a certain degree right, but the eagle vastly predominates; he has both the beak and the eye. When I was introduced to him, he met me, not only courteously, but kindly; ‘Is this the Mr. Jebb, from whom I had the pleasure of receiving two letters?’ He then shook hands with me, and we were speedily acquainted, and at home in familiar conversation. I mentioned the difference between the first, and succeeding editions, of Whitehead’s *Life of Wesley*; of this he had not been aware, and he expressed himself as glad of the information. When he has finished some literary plans, now in progress, he intends writing a history of the monastic orders, for which he has collected ample materials: I should much like to see such a work from his hands: ‘Popery,’ said he, ‘is the greatest work of human ability, and human wickedness.’

I believe he would not be unwilling to admit into the partnership, a more than human agency; and you and I would not, in that case, materially dissent from him. As we walked together to church, on Sunday, he invited me to visit him at K——; and if I can possibly find time, I will contrive to go so far north, that I may enjoy his society for a day or two.

About the state of affairs in England, opinions are divided: a few, perhaps, under-rate the danger; but more, I am willing to hope, over-rate it. Mr. S—— says, that nine tenths of a revolution has already been effected in the public mind; and Sir T. A——, and two or three more, who got into a groupe on Saturday evening, are full of the most gloomy, and, I would almost say, desponding anticipations or prognostics.

Yesterday we had at dinner the American ambassador, Mr. R——. The company was so large, and I was at such a distance, that I did not hear him speak; but his countenance is most intelligent, and full of benevolence; his appearance and manner, those of a finished gentleman; and he is, altogether, the finest specimen that I have seen of our Transatlantic brethren.

Mr. D—— wanted me to preach for him last Sunday: this I declined; and am right well pleased that I did so, for I heard from him a most excellent sermon, on 'The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' In the afternoon, he lectured on Romans vii., and strongly explained it in the anti-calvinistic way.

You will be sorry to hear, that there have been very bad accounts of poor Hannah More: little hope had been entertained of her recovery: but a letter of this day week from Miss R—— was quite cheering; she has been coming round, and her physicians entertain good hopes of her.

On coming to town, I found that one of my booksellers, Mr. Davies, was lying unburied, in their house in the Strand. He was carried off by an apoplexy; of which fate he had had repeated premonitions. I hope the intermediate time was made a right use of. This death a little postpones my business; but I hope, by the beginning of next week, to get fairly to press. For the purpose of being always at hand to correct the sheets, and indeed, that I may be independent, I intend moving into a lodging next Monday: and till I have a fixed address, I should be glad if you write (as I hope and intreat you may) that you would direct to me at Mr. Butterworth's, Fleet Street.

Pray have you seen Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem'? It makes a great noise: several think it the first poetical production of the day: Sir Walter Scott wants words to express his admiration. Crabbe is unbounded in his applause. I have read the poem,

and think it a very fine one : but I must also think these praises excessive. Have you your paper ready for the Christian Observer? If you have, and would let it pass through my hands, after gratifying myself by its perusal, I should carefully transmit it to the publisher. Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most entirely yours,

J. JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 159.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 9. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST write, were it but a line, to thank you for two communications from Holyhead and Oxford. But alas, my eye has been hurt by an imprudent use of it ; and I am, as I was for so long a time before, incapable of using it. You see yourself how badly I am performing, but I wish to account to you for my failure in correspondence. It will be delightful to me to hear from you, but you must give me credit for my gratitude.

Your account of Mr. O. is gratifying to me, and I am obliged to him for remembering me.

As you say, if your prospect was realized, you certainly went at once in medias res. I shall be curious to know how — comes into that society, and what you thought of him.

The life of J. W. is a valuable record of many things, which must otherwise have passed away. But he is not happy in his remarks, on the emotions of early methodism ; and I think he has brought them needlessly, and somewhat disgustingly forward. Why need he have copied what John Wesley has told, about Mr. Beveridge, at Everton? I think Mr. S.'s not believing the existence of the devil, is greatly against him. J. W. was in one extreme about the devil ; Mr. S. is in another. J. W.'s extreme was the less antichristian. The devil is so prominent a personage in the Bible, that to take him out, is to derange the tableau of revelation ; it is to take the shade out of the picture, by way of improving it.

I thank you for M——'s little book. But, though I respect the design, I doubt the success.

But I must stop.

Ever most truly yours,

A. K.

P. S. Remember me cordially to my friends.

M—— does not begin by explaining the inward kingdom of God. He calls it religion; love of God and man; but this does not convey a clear idea; it fixes no radical principles. Nothing will answer, until the experimentality of methodism, is extracted from the animality of methodism, and addressed as strongly to sound feeling, as the methodists have addressed it to the passions. There is a charm in experimental analysis, which nothing can supply; and which, by being wisely and cordially done, may be made alike interesting, to the philosopher, and the rustic. I have written this page better, by being less anxious; but I must be abstemious.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXXIV.

To A. Knor, Esq.

28 Norfolk St., Strand, June 19. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been a sad defaulter; and your kindness is in part the cause of it. You sent me a pamphlet on the Bible Society, and asked my opinion of it. I was unwilling to write, till I could give that opinion; and circumstances beyond my control, have as yet prevented me from getting half through the book. So far as I have gone, there is much talent; considerable thought; and no small originality of mind. For so young a person, it is a remarkable performance. But it has the faults of a youthful writer: there is a want of guardedness throughout; and in some of the positions (as broadly laid down), matter amounting to what I would call dangerous: I hope the writer will give himself to something better than controversy: who may he be?

I was very sorry to find the complaint in your eyes returning; and, though delighted to hear from you, I felt compunction while reading your letter, as being the involuntary cause or occasion, of your doing what might be imprudent. I hope you have since been husbanding your eye-sight; and that all uneasiness has, ere this, subsided.

The main business which brought, and which keeps me here, is proceeding as I could wish: they send me a sheet per day; and this morning I corrected the 368th page. The whole work will probably occupy 480 pages; the character being somewhat smaller, and the lines a little longer, than in my volume of Sermons. How far it may approve itself, I feel doubtful; but as

the sheets pass before me in review, I can at least acquit myself of want of industry and research: one of my chief apprehensions, indeed, is, that the complexion of the work may be too learned for the public taste. Yet I trust it is not pedantic. The danger would seem to be, that, by the dry scholar, it may be thought too airy; while, to general readers, the appearance of so much Greek in the pages, may be forbidding. If, however, it shall be thought, even by a few, to throw any valuable light on Scripture, my object will be gained. As to reputation, I do not affect, what I do not feel, indifference: but it has been my earnest, and I humbly trust, not unsuccessful effort, to shut out all anxiety on that point. I hope my publisher may not suffer: he takes the entire risk; and prints 1000 copies.

The Archbishop most kindly, and of his own mere motion, sent me letters to the Bishops of L—— and D——. I was graciously, and even cordially received; a pre-engagement to Lord C—— prevented me from dining with the Bishop of L——. At Winchester, I passed a day very agreeably with the Bishop of H——; and I have had one or two conversations with the Bishop of L——. To all these prelates, I may, without forwardness, present my book; and their countenance, if afforded to it, may be serviceable. With Mr. N—— I passed a day; and there met the editor of the *British Critic*, and some other high-churchmen. Their minds are too controversially bent on one class of subjects: but some of them are amiable and estimable men. Mr. N——, I particularly like. He is a very munificent dispenser of a large private fortune; and has a disposition full of friendliness.

You will not of course suspect me of relinquishing my old friends; but circumstances have thrown me at a greater distance, than I believe we could mutually wish. The serious illness of Sir H. Inglis; the illness and death of old Mrs. Butterworth; and the removal of the B——s to Ivor, have led to many a solitary day and evening, which I might otherwise have passed in cheering society; and some returns of indisposition, have, in those solitary days and nights, rather acted upon my spirits in a depressing way. You can well imagine, that solitude in London, is worse than solitude at Abington. If I recollect right, one of the few good things in Lord Byron, is, the felicitous expression of a sentiment not unlike this. But, though occasionally low, I thank goodness, I am not morbidly so. I feel reason to be thankful, for the many, and great blessings vouchsafed me: and I am thankful.

It is inconvenient to me, just now, that I have lost, by M——s' bank, 200*l.*; the more so, as all payments from my parishioners must, for a time, be suspended.

I know not exactly what my movements may be : it is, however, most probable, that, *deficiente crumena*, I must hurry back, whenever I have got my work through the press. Is it not remarkable, that, in 1815, I was suddenly cut short in my visit, and obliged to relinquish some most agreeable engagements, immediately after bringing out my sermons? These little checks, I take as kindly intended, to keep us watchful and sober. The Stocks, Hannah More, my Derbyshire relations, the V——s, S——, &c. must, I suspect, be all unvisited ; and I must return to Abington. Be it so. If needful, I hope to do this cheerfully ; with gratitude for having been enabled to bring out my work. Even this, indeed, it were presumptuous to reckon upon. The publication may be posthumous : but four-fifths of it have passed under my own eye : and any friend, who can read Greek, can pass the remainder through the press.

Farewell, my dear friend. May you be long spared, long useful, and for ever happy !

Yours most unalterably,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 160.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 25. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS cordially rejoiced to receive your letter ; but really what you say in it has made me anxious, lest the state of your health should be more uncomfortable, than you have expressly acknowledged. I do not wonder that both body and mind should be affected, by the combination of depressing occurrences, which has happened, just now, to befall you. But I trust you will be speedily consoled and compensated, by some of those cheering circumstances, which are ever within the call of Providence ; and which so often come to disabuse the mind of its gloomy forebodings. I shall earnestly be expecting another letter from you, in which I shall hope to hear, that you have friends near you, and that you are able to enjoy them.

In the mean time, I am particularly concerned about your pecuniary disappointments. I am well aware, that you will not be suffered to feel any present inconvenience. But if, out of my penury, I could aid you a little, towards the accomplishment of some part, at least, of what you purposed, it would give me inexpressible pleasure. The little matter, therefore, which I in-

close, may at least enable you to go to Bristol ; as it would be mortifying to me, as well as to yourself, that you should not see Mrs. More and the Stocks. I send it to you, I do assure you, without the shadow of inconvenience, and you are literally to take your own time in returning it ; as, when you do, it will go to some purpose, in which neither my necessities, nor conveniences, will have any concern. Shall I say ‘forgive me, for taking this liberty with you’? No, I will not say so ; for you will believe that my heart is in it, and you will receive it accordingly.

My eye advances but very slowly. I did not injure it by writing before, and I am still less injuring it now ; but if I be able to read in a month from this, I shall be contented and thankful. It was, I conceive, the consequence of a strain, got by tracing our journey from Shrewsbury to Oxford*, on a minute map by candlelight.

Your friends here would say every thing, if I were to leave it in their power ; but I can speak for them, and am ever yours,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

28 Norfolk St., Strand, June 30. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kindest note, received this morning, has been a cordial to me. ‘Your heart’ indeed ‘was in it’, as I know it is in every thing that relates to my comfort. And I most unreservedly avail myself of your prompt kindness. As you judged, I was in no danger of feeling present inconvenience ; for, though I cannot, in the present state of the south, look for immediate remittances from that quarter, my brother gave me an order on his London banker, for whatever money I might want, and assured me his doing so implied no inconvenience. At the same time, your kindly considerate enclosure, is a real convenience and advantage, as it frees me from any necessity, of pressing, for the time, more than I could wish, on a quarter, upon which many claims are made, and most liberally answered : especially as my brother has taken up the bad bill of the M——s for 200*l*. But the pecuniary convenience, though, as I have shown you, very decided, is as nothing, compared to matters that come infinitely home.

* In 1809. . . Ed.

What you have done, is cordial testimony, and token of affection; and, as such, I rejoice in it. No such testimony, indeed, was wanting, as matter of evidence: but you have been just wishing me to be 'speedily consoled and compensated, by some of those cheering circumstances, which are ever within the call of Providence; and which so often come to disabuse the mind of its gloomy forebodings.' And surely such a letter as yours, is precisely, and in the highest sense, 'one of those circumstances.' I am cheered, then, and I look cheerfully forward to seeing our joint friends near Bristol: about which part of my plans, at least, I have no remaining scruple. And now, my dear friend, I am afraid my last letter pained you: it was written under the pressure of more illness, than I had been aware of at the time. It had long been hanging over me; and I had been for too great an interval, without one of those decided attacks, which always contribute to lighten me. Such an attack, however, came, and I may say, is gone. For the first time since yesterday week, I this day went out; and took a little walk, in the Temple Gardens, with Henry Butterworth. I had been five whole days in bed, and suffered much from the intense heat: but now, I thank God, I feel much better than before my attack: I had daily visits, during this little confinement, from H. Butterworth; frequent ones from C. B., and kind inquiries from the I——s' and Lord C.; both of whom have been most kind and hospitable: you see, therefore, I have not been without friends to cheer me. To-morrow I meditate a little airing: I intend taking a carriage, and paying a visit at F—— to the Bishop of L——; and thence going round to Clapham, to see the I——s' and T——s, on my way to J. H. Butterworth's, where I shall dine and sleep. The next morning (Sunday) I shall go to breakfast with Mr. N——, at H——; being engaged to preach in his church, and pass the day at his house. These little engagements will I think do me good.

I like Mr. N——. He appears a most friendly and good-natured man. His notions, in high churchmanship, are, perhaps, rather too rigid: but I think him a simple-hearted, right-forward man; without any bye end to serve; and without any other intention, than that of supporting, with all his power, that which he thinks the cause of true religion. His private fortune is considerable; his church preferment next to nothing; and he is princely in his contributions for good and useful purposes. As a specimen of the way in which he does things, I will just mention, that finding an able and industrious young clergyman in want of a library, he purchased for him a complete one, comprising the most expensive and valuable works in theology: the complete apparatus, in short, of a learned divine.

I am sorry to hear that your eye advances only slowly : but any advance is good ; and on recovery, I pray you will be cautious at candlelight. I was greatly gratified, on putting aside the envelope, to find your note written so very much better, than the two preceding ones : this gave me immediate ocular demonstration of your amendment.

I quite agree with you about Milman : and indeed, the very people, who were so lavish in their praises, are, I fancy, now subsiding into a sufficiently quiet approbation. Jerusalem was the talk of a few days ; and I suspect *there* will be an end of it. I am absolutely more taken with some of the images, fresh from nature, of the poor peasant Clare. C. F. and I were much interested, by the account of him in the Eclectic Review of April ; and had determined to patronize the poor fellow, so far as the purchase of two copies and our mention, could go. But he has now been taken up by the Quarterly Review ; and his literary name is established. A third edition is come out. I am told he has wise, as well as kind friends, and is himself a well-ballasted man ; so that we may trust he will be freed from poverty, and even placed in independence, without sustaining moral loss.

The times we live in are most strange. Very much, indeed, seems to converge towards revolution. This wretched Queen may do more mischief than her head is worth. But all will doubtless be shaped, for eventual good : may we be made, both strong and wise, to bear the burthen ; and to steer our way through the darkness, which seems gathering around us !

But I pass to another topic, nearer home : this day I corrected the proof of my last Index : I have one of texts, and one of names. Therefore, in a few days, I hope to be out : before publication, I will dispatch you a copy through the Castle. I shall be soon read on the banks of the Ganges : for Mr. N—— will forthwith send out a copy to the Bishop of Calcutta. The Bishop of Bristol is dead. This makes vacant the mastership of Trinity, the first thing at Cambridge. Mr. B—— is just come in, and the postman's bell calls me to conclude.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Battersea Rise, July 10. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST week I sent you, in so great a hurry that I was unable to add an accompanying line, the sheets of my book. I hope they have safely reached you : and I shall be very desirous to have your account of the general impression, which the book makes on you : respecting its success, I own myself to have many doubts.

Friday I dined with the Bishop of L——, at F——, and presented a copy to his Lordship : he instantly and rapidly turned over a few leaves, and said, ‘So far as I can judge, this work seems to contain much original matter.’ I write ‘against time,’ before breakfast, at Mr. Inglis’s, in momentary expectation of a summons to prayers. Immediately after breakfast, I go back to town ; and thence am to excuse ten miles, on the Dover road, to pass the day at the house of a friend. Kindly hospitalities are pouring in upon me, so that I shall be sent away with the most agreeable impressions. On or about Tuesday the 18th, I propose getting under way for Bath or Bristol ; and your best way of surely finding me out, will be to direct your letter to me, at Mr. Butterworth’s, or rather, perhaps, under cover to J. Butterworth, Esq., M. P.

All your friends in this house, and indeed elsewhere, including Lord C——, the G——s, B——s, &c., are frequent and earnest in their inquiries after you.

I must now close, to join the party below.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JERR.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Henbury, Bristol, July 27. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind letter of the 20th, as you conjectured would be the case, found me here : I arrived yesterday, and it is needless to

say, was received in the kindest and most cordial manner possible.

The friends in this house, you know by experience, are full of heart: and that heart never flows more freely, than towards you; they were rejoiced at your way of remembering them; and have charged me to say every thing that can be said, on their behalf, in return. No earthly thing, unconnected with the life and happiness of their nearest friends, I am well persuaded, could give them such deep pleasure, as seeing you under their roof: and in constructing this beautiful house, regard was had to you, in the plan of the best bed-chamber; which was intended for your use, and laid out with a view to your comfort.

We have been very uneasy about —. This day week he saw me into the Bath coach, at about eight o'clock: but the next day, he was seized with severe illness, similar to one with which he was attacked some years ago.

The account of yesterday, though better than that of the preceding days, was not altogether satisfactory; but the account of this day was very cheering; and we have every hope that he is, by this time, quite restored.

The letters of Mrs. — on this occasion, show an admirable temper, most acute feeling, . . kept right by uncommon strength of mind, and a deep sense of religion. She is indeed, an excellent, and most superior young woman; and I trust they will long be spared to each other: your estimate of them is not at all too high: they are worthy of your 'special love.' Did you know that H. B. got Singleton to make a copy of *you*, from Sir Tho. Acland's picture? though not a very good painting, it is a strong likeness: better than that at B——, I think. I must now run down to tea, and shall resume before bed-time.

Had I possessed the advantage of your criticisms, before publication, my book, on the supposition of its publication, would doubtless have been, both negatively, and positively, better; more free from errors, and more full of matter worth attention: but my conviction is, that had my papers been submitted to such an ordeal, I should, to the end of the chapter, have shrunk from bringing them before the public. Now I am in for it: and all objections, whether of friends or foes, I mean to treasure up for consideration, in case a second edition should be called for. Meantime, I can say with perfect truth, that, when your eye-sight and leisure will admit of it, there is no person whose animadversions I shall more highly prize than yours: the morality and the philosophy of your criticism, give it a value far above the most successful exercise of mere verbal acuteness, and what is called scholarship. I thank you much for your observations on *αποκαλυψις*, and *ὁ βλεπων*

γυναικα. On the former point I cannot quite agree with you : *αποκαλυψις* literally means, a removal of a veil or covering : if, therefore, there be solution of metaphor, the original, and not the translation, is chargeable with it. But I do not see that there is any solution of metaphor : darkness may be considered a veil ; and light, on its appearance, may be said to remove that veil. As to *ὁ βλέπων γυναικα*, I was merely following some of the best commentators and critics, who convinced me, that the sense of the passage demanded the rendering in question. I have not here my books to refer to : but I shall consider your objection, hereafter, with all possible attention ; in order, if a second edition be called for, to correct my error, if (as may be probable enough) I have fallen into error.

I have it in my power to communicate the judgment of one able and accomplished scholar on my book, the Bishop of L——. I put the volume into his Lordship's hands on a Friday, when I dined with him at F——. On Monday I had from him a pretty long letter, from which I must extract a few sentences :—

'Dear Sir,—I employed some leisure hours on Saturday and Sunday in reading your book ; and should be ungrateful if I withheld my thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me. Your observations throw much light on the parallelisms of the Old Testament, and develope a principle of great importance, and of extensive application to the criticism and interpretation of the New. Your arrangement of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the sublime passages in the Revelations, is undoubtedly of great use to a person acquainted with your previous remarks. I am, indeed, of opinion, that you have opened a field, which will afford ample returns to the labors of future commentators : and I trust you will not yourself stop here.'

The Bishop afterwards criticises, in the way of objection, two or three passages, with much acuteness and classical taste, in the best and kindest spirit ; and, in such a manner as to show, that he had read the entire book with close attention. For his objections I am much obliged ; and if, in some points, I still differ from him, in others, I am convinced he is right. He thus most handsomely concludes :—'You will excuse I am certain the liberty I have taken, in these hasty remarks ; with which I should not have troubled you, had I been less struck with the merit of your book.'

From the first extract, you see the Bishop thinks I have established my principle of applying the doctrine of parallelism to the New Testament. Should others agree with his Lordship, we may hope for beneficial results, in a more extended application of this doctrine.

The Archbishop of Cashel, kindly desirous of making both

me and my book known in this country, sent me letters of introduction to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Vansittart, along with which, when I waited on them, I was to present copies of my volume. The letters, however, (of which I had no manner of expectation) found me, not in London, but in this house. I dispatched them this morning, by post, to Mr. I——, requesting him to send them as directed, accompanied by my book, and a short note from me to each of these personages, simply mentioning the fact, that the letters did not reach me till after I had finally left town. I chose Mr. I—— as the channel, because he well knows the modes of approach to official men; and because I could rely on his properly inscribing the respective copies.

Miss B—— brought me one evening, to Lady Isabella King's institution at Bailbrook. It is interesting, and I am told flourishing: the inmates seem comfortable, cheerful, and thoroughly united. Lady Isabella is quite an enthusiast in the plan; and conducts herself most amiably and winningly among the other ladies. On the whole, the evening was more agreeable than I had expected.

And now, my dear friend, farewell! It is past 12 p. m., and I had scarce four hours last night in bed. My kindest remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. L——, and to K——, with sincere wishes for her complete recovery.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S.—I hope to see poor Hannah More next week. For a little time, a letter will find me either here (direct T. Stock's, Esq., Henbury, Bristol), or else will be forwarded hence, to whatever place I may be at. I enclose a specimen of the wicked publications now afloat. Again adieu!

—oo—

LETTER 161.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St. After 12 Wednesday night. Nov. 29. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your most acceptable letter, on Tuesday, at B——, from whence, on that day, I came to town. I have since been unwell or occupied; so that this is the first moment of my being able, with comfort, to tell you, how truly I am gratified by

all that you communicate, except what you say of your own state of health.

I feel all you say, of the mind being at a loss for settled employment. I have experienced it so painfully, at different times, that I often reflect with pleasure, on the fulness of matter which lies before me ; though I may possibly, while I live, not turn the tenth part of it into use. I, for instance, go on so very slowly, in my remarks on the epistle to the Romans, that whether I shall ever produce any thing valuable, appears to me matter of great doubt. In obedience to one of your suggestions, I have gone back to the first three verses ; and have, at this moment, more than two sheets and an half, of the kind which I am now writing on, wholly filled with what I take to be, the unforced, natural expansion of those few words. I have wished, many times, that I could have your opinion, on what I was ascribing to St. Paul. But, some way or other, you shall see them, if I live, ere it be long ; for your judgment of what I have done, in this first instance, would go far, in settling my calculations respecting the whole.

With respect to yourself, it strikes me, that your first work now, is, to do every thing possible toward a complete second edition. I think you may add materially to what you have already given ; and by doing so, you will teach the application of your principles to interpretative purposes, in a way which will most effectually assist the candid, and silence the captious. I conceive you may still draw more light from the Old Testament, for the elucidation of the New ; particularly by fixing the meaning of certain words, of such frequent occurrence, and obviously momentous significancy, as to entitle them to the rank of technical terms in the divine philosophy. Of this sort are, righteousness, judgment, wisdom, understanding ; &c. &c. You have, in fact, done so much in this way, as to excite a desire that you should go yet more deeply into an inquiry, every step of which is interesting, and the full result of which may prove invaluable.

It struck me a few days ago, that a passage of Scripture, which perhaps has never yet been sufficiently weighed, might be much elucidated, by applying the principles of Hebraic poetry. You have given it entire, as an instance of a paragraph formed of connected stanzas ; but you have accompanied it with only one remark, on *αιωνιοι σκηνηαι*. I think it deserves more extended consideration. For instance, how simply great is the idea expressed by *εν ελαχιστω*, teaching, at once, that the thing on which human beings doat, (*quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames!*) is the lowest and least of God's entrusted talents, the smallest of the *δοσεις αγαθαι*, which come from above. Nay, there seems to be something of an epanorthosis,

in the reintroduction of the *αδίκον μαμμωνα* : as if there might be a danger in allowing, that it was even *ελαχιστον*, if the admission were not accompanied with an adequate guard, a repeated memento of the evil, with which it was so intimately, and generally connected. This second mention of the *μαμμωνα*, gives also occasion for an instructive contrast, *το αληθινον*, as opposed, and certainly with great fitness, to *αδίκον* : for earthly treasure is unjust in a still deeper sense, than as it provokes to injustice, or as the love of it is the root of all evil : it is unjust to him, who sets his heart on it ; for, instead of repaying him for his labor, it pierces him through with many sorrows. Besides all this, as we learn from the next couplet, it is *το αλλοτριον* : whatever the fool thinks, it is any thing but *το ιδιον*.

‘Twas mine, ’tis his, and may be slave to thousands.’

How impressively, then, is that good, which transcends definition, described, on the other hand, as, *το πολλον, το αληθινον*, and *το δμετερον*. These epithets are, in themselves, infinitely just and instructive ; but the continued contrast is remarkably fine, and the climax is noble.

There is a tendency, in powerful and comprehensive minds, to express the highest moral entities, by a mere statement of qualities. Thus, how continually do *το καλον, το πρεπον, το αγαθον* occur. Thus also, in Horace : ‘*Id quod æque pauperibus prodest,*’ &c., and ‘*Curvo dignoscere rectum, atque inter sylvas academi quærere verum.*’ The reason, no doubt, was, that human language did not afford other means, of doing competent justice to moral notions, when feelingly conceived. Although, therefore, our Lord’s mode of expression, in the above passage, needs no other authority but his own to support it, still it is gratifying to observe the resemblance, between his choice of terms, and that of the most illustrious pagan moralists. This fact concurs with many another, to strengthen the persuasion, that their dawn, dim as it was, proceeded from the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

But, in all the stanzas, one and the same doctrine is taught ; and *that*, a doctrine as opposite as the poles, to the present fashionable theology ; namely, that the eternal destiny of individuals may turn, on their use, or abuse, of the lowest and commonest powers. It cannot be questioned, that, according to the rule of parallelism, the *ελαχιστον*, in the tenth verse, corresponds to, and therefore, considering the special structure, is to be explained by, the *μαμμωνα της αδικιας*, in the 9th. But if so, our Lord’s assertion, in the 10th verse, positively implies, that the ‘honest and good heart’, which, when it receives the word of God, brings

forth fruit with patience, manifests, at least (often, previously,) an embryo rectitude, in its employment of inferior talents, particularly money, and thereby comes within the promise, . . . to him that hath, shall be given.

If, however, this 18th verse stood alone, it might perhaps be said, that, both positions being in the present tense, it afforded rather a proof for the test of christian rectitude, than an intimation how it might be attained; and the import of the preceding context, which is clearly applicable to the actual disciples, would perhaps be appealed to. But this notion is refuted, by the sequel of the passage. For, in the 11th verse, with a strict continuance of the same theme, as if to instruct more clearly, and impress more strongly, a negative mode is adopted; and, to preclude all misapprehension, what concerns the lower gift only, is spoken of in the present tense, while the higher gift is expressly represented, as subsequent to the lower, and consequent on its due improvement.

The change from the second (in the 9th verse) to the third person (in the 10th verse), and again to the second person (in the 11th and 12th verses), will, I think, be found worthy of attention.

The last words of the 8th verse imply, that, in the 9th, our Lord speaks especially to those, who were then his disciples; but in what follows, he extends the matter of his exhortation, into general instruction. To do so suitably, he first lays down the matter in a twofold form, positive and negative, with all the happy terseness of an alternate Hebraic stanza. Then, on applying this principle, he as fitly resumes the second person, and delivers a general admonition, as weighty, as awful, and yet as simply beautiful, as could have been uttered on such a subject. This choice of terms has been remarked upon; the awfulness is inexpressibly heightened by the negative form; and as to the exquisite advantage arising from the poetical structure, it would be fruitless to enlarge upon it, were it not at once observed and admired.

I cannot omit one beautiful feature more; namely, the return, in the crowning expression, *το ὑμετερον*, to the idea first presented, the *αιωνιαι σκηραι*. For even *το αληθινον*, inestimable as it is, becomes perfectly *το ὑμετερον*, only in another world. If one may dare to quote a heathen poet, while on such a subject, it must be said that,

Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.

I need not tell you, that this thought was in my mind, when I

said that the climax was noble. On the whole, then, according to my view, it is a transcendent piece of paramiac composition; which, though giving out invaluable instruction to the plainest reader, is felt to possess unthought of strength and beauty, when examined by that philological light, which your book has thrown upon the Christian volume.

I had no thought, when I took up the subject, of proceeding to such a length: but you will pardon what is excessive, and receive what deserves reception. Whatever I may feel from the Bishop of Raphoe's agreement with me, I am truly gratified in having convinced you. I may venture, at least, to say, that my feelings of friendship are much greater (to God's grace be all the praise!) than my feelings of vanity.

* * * * *

The Archbishop's note pleases me much. But S——'s letter excites peculiar interest. I wish he could be induced to go more deeply, into the elements of moral good and evil. Were his speculations once guided by the feelings of his heart, in such a way as not to lessen his judgment or good taste, I think he would 'body forth' great things. The article on new churches, in the last Quarterly Review, I am sure is his: and it teems with mighty embryos. The paragraph, from the 556th to the 557th page, is particularly interesting. The agreement with Bishop Butler is striking. S. certainly points out what society wants; he has some idea of the clock-work; but none of the weight which is to give it motion. After he had done his best, it would be but painted fire, until something was introduced, of which he seems to have no conception.

I am persuaded that just and adequate views of the sacraments, the church, and the Scriptures, must precede all subordinate auxiliaries. The latter must be regulated by the former. Labor, to make religion impressive, will be much worse than doing nothing, until it be clearly ascertained what religion is. I cordially agree with Mr. S——, that religious impressiveness is a grand desideratum; but there must be a definite something to be impressed; and that, for any thing Mr. S—— has said, remains to be discovered.

I must think a good deal, therefore, before I venture to offer any suggestion to Mr. S——, on his present subject; though I should be very glad to say any thing, which should appear worth his consideration. I have given my thoughts on his *Life of Wesley*, in a long letter to Mrs. Hannah More; but whether it found her in a state to read what it contained, I do not know.

* * * * *

I was much obliged to your friend, for leaving with me one of his philippics. . Altogether, it is a great curiosity ; and I must say, capital for the purpose. It strikes me as very like Massillon, in his impassioned effusions. The prudence, which keeps off all appearance of angry warmth, and the good taste, which says what none can mistake, without offensive particularizing, are much to be approved.

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Adieu, my dear friend ; write to me when you can, and believe me

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 162.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 10. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEE from the manner in which your work is taken up in the British Critic, that it is regarded by the reviewer as a subject of special importance. The prelude remarks are not ill, but they might be better : it struck me that they, once or twice, betrayed something like self-contradiction. But, as I only heard the thing read, I might have been mistaken. Certain it is, that he means to enter fully into the subject, and I am glad of it. All I now wish is, that S. himself would take it up in the Quarterly.

Now I speak of the Quarterly, how I am provoked, in reading the first article, at those tasteless allegations of ambition and vanity, on which the reviewer, leaving S. behind, rings the changes (nay, I might say, what ringers call a bob-major), on those supposed vices of my old friend's character. Why will they not see, that the virtues which they ascribe to him, are incompatible, with the vices which they seem to take a perverse pleasure in imputing ? ' No man can serve two masters.' To suppose, as they do suppose, that John Wesley acted, at one and the same time, in one and the same exertion, from love of God and man, and a love, which was just as opposite to these, as a love of money or of sensuality, is to imagine a monster, in the moral world, less credible than the centaur, in the natural. I wish I knew how best to stamp on this evidence of reason, my peculiar evidence of fact, before I follow my venerable old

friend into that country, where only, as yet, his worth and moment can be adequately appreciated.

I must tell you, that serious readers like, very much, the *practical* observations in your book. J. D—— La T—— (a sensible kind of person), was yesterday speaking of those parts of it, with high estimation.

I suppose you knew little of William Parnell. Had you known him, even so little as I did, you would have been awestruck by the almost sudden death of a man, so conspicuous in our island, so busy, so full of schemes, so active, so striking in person, and so apparently built for duration. I must end, or lose the post. Adieu! Believe me, as cordially and faithfully as I can be,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 163.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Jan. 25. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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WHAT a well-furnished semi-volume, the last number of the Quarterly Review is. The article on the Life of John Wesley, is abundantly able; but very unenlightened, and not a little unphilosophical. I could find in my heart to write some remarks on it, if I thought I could please myself, and that the C. O. would afford me a place. My whole soul rises against those vile allegations, of ambition, and vanity; above both of which, my precious old friend soared, as much as the eagle above the glow-worm. Great minds are not vain: and his was a great mind, if any mind can be made great, by disinterested benevolence, spotless purity, and simple devotedness to that one supreme Good, in whom, with the united *αισθησις* of the philosopher and the saint, he saw, and loved, and adored, all that was infinitely amiable, true, sublime, and beatific. How little do they know of the human mind, who could imagine such a spirit, liable to the petty gravitations of animal man.

But time flies: it is the post hour: and, if this goes to-night, it must go immediately. Adieu, therefore, and believe me,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX,

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 21. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will I know be glad to hear, however little at length and in detail, that this spot, among all the horrors and atrocities which surround us, is still tranquil; almost the single tranquil spot, in the county of Limerick. Under Providence, much is due to the people themselves, whom, after more than eleven years' residence among them, I can safely pronounce to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured, and affectionate people. Some black sheep there may be, and doubtless are; but the general mass may be deemed happily untainted. In the next place, and in a higher degree, we are indebted to our excellent parish priest, Mr. C.; who has been instant, in season, and out of season, in admonition, exhortation, and exertion of every kind, to keep his people right. Nor have his efforts failed. Much is due to the judgment, firmness, and conciliation of —, in all his intercourse with the people: he wrote to you, I believe, a history of his adventure with the young hero of the church-yard, Benjamin Kelly. For that Kelly, through Major W., he was the means of procuring, by Mr. G.'s powerful recommendation, an appointment in the county of Clare police. This kindness has won the heart of the father Kelly, and all his connections. They are a powerful and formidable clan, of great prowess, and great influence among the lower orders. That influence, I am persuaded, has, from a sense of gratitude, been most beneficially exerted. It was, in fact, from a proposition of old Kelly to me, 'that he, and a number of his friends, wished to engage themselves, not merely to keep the peace within, but to drive away intruders from without', that the meeting originated, of which you have herewith, a printed account. The Kellys and Hickeys, though never rebels, were among our most fighting factions; now, they are our best preservers of the peace; and this change is, under Providence, attributable, to the mingled firmness and humanity of —. In the preparatory movements to our meeting, at the meeting itself, and ever since, we have found in Mr. C. an invaluable coadjutor. He supplied the first two resolutions; acquiesced heartily in the remaining resolutions, drawn up by me; assured me, that he would be always happy to facilitate my communication with 'our' parishioners; and, at the meeting after mass, (we came from church, and found

the R. C. congregation in readiness,) introduced me to his flock, as 'the clergyman of the parish; who would address them from the altar.' A transaction, the like of which I suppose never occurred, since the Reformation. On the liberality, and honorable confidence evinced, in thus inviting a Church-of-England clergyman to preach to his popish flock, I need not enlarge: no one can appreciate it more fully than yourself. I addressed the people, I dare say, for a full half-hour; and so far as I myself, and others near me, could judge, was heard with breathless attention, and real sympathy. The people, when the resolutions were to be sanctioned by a show of hands, raised their hands to a man: and the little children, immediately in front of the altar, strained their little arms, that *their* hands, too, might be seen. Several persons, at the same instant, cried out 'La! the very children are lifting their hands!' It was truly an affecting sight. The farmers and peasantry then flocked within the rails of the altar, to subscribe their names; and I hardly ever witnessed a scene of such cordial unanimity. Chapel was the only place, at which we could reckon on a full, and effective meeting; and I am glad that the place was chapel, and the day, Sunday. By this arrangement, it was not a political, but a religious meeting; and the act was felt to be a solemn engagement, in the presence of God. We anticipate much good, not only here, but elsewhere, from these resolutions. Mr. C. says, that before, he was not apprehensive; but he now trusts that our security is riveted. It must be added, that, but for Mr. G., this could not have been. In consequence of my application, he promptly ordered troops, for the protection of this important pass, between the Limerick high grounds, and Tipperary mountains. The troops gave confidence to our farmers and peasantry; they rejoice to have such protection; and they hesitate not to say, that, but for this protection, they could not have attempted the office of keeping out evil emissaries. They now form a rallying point in the county; and there is room to hope the example may be followed.

We live here without arms, without barricadoes, without additional lock or bolt, and, I am grateful to add, without apprehension. In the neighboring parishes, I regret to say, it is not so. Mr. — has been twice visited, and seriously threatened, by Capt. Rock's party. Mr. Jellet, at Pallis, has had also an alarming notice: and it is needless to say, that Limerick, in general, is full of horrors. We have great reason to be thankful, for our present tranquillity; and still greater, to seek for strength to support us, against a possible change of circumstances. Meantime, we are looking to our regular pursuits. — is never idle. I myself am meditating, not an enlargement of 'Sacred Literature', but the preparation of another work, to be call-

ed 'Sacred Criticism.' In this, I mean, *οὐκ ὅσῳ*, more largely to apply the principles of parallelism, to the interpretation of the N. T. And I see before me ample materials. Pray remember me most affectionately to the B—— circle. Mr. —— sends you his best love ; and we both wish you every happiness, associated with the approaching blessed season.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

—oo—

LETTER 164.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Dec. 26. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT express the pleasure, which your letter gave to us all, this morning. Mr. D—— is here, and I put it into his hands to read it, without apprizing any of the listeners of what they were to hear ; and, in truth, they were surprised and delighted. Beyond the comfort it gives, that, in such circumstances, there should be an exempted spot ; and that that spot should be the residence of a loved and valued friend ; it is a fact pregnant with instruction : it shows what might be done, if there were heads and hearts to improve the capabilities, and manage the foibles, of our peculiarly ductile natives.

I rejoice in the testimony you have to give to Mr. C—— ; and I am well assured you ascribe nothing to ——, which is not eminently his due. His heroic interference, in that meditated affray in the church-yard, and the wise measure, subsequently, which you mention, have no doubt contributed, substantially, to the present state of things in the parish of Abington. The chapel scene, would be a subject for a painter. I cannot conceive, in the present state of the world, a more interesting transaction. Surely, you hardly ever before felt yourself, in such deeply gratifying circumstances.

I am the more delighted with your letter, because I have been solicitously thinking about you. I had thoughts of writing to you ; and some sort of queer consideration occurred to me, that, in the present untoward state of the country, a mail might be interrupted, a letter opened, and malignant thought thereby directed to a person, who, till then, had not excited ill-will. Possibly, if I had myself been in former health, I should not have suffered this visionary apprehension to withhold me. But I have

been more than usually indisposed; and my complaint has shown new symptoms, of which I had been least apprehensive. I have had a cough and uneasiness in my chest for three months; and though I do not grow worse, and am perfectly sure of their present nature, yet, what they may become, or how far they may bespeak a constitution beginning to break down, I cannot tell. It seems probable, that, by strict attention to diet and other things, I may emerge as the season advances; but it seems to me a more express admonition to prepare for 'the days of darkness', than I had ever yet received.

I have suffered, also, great anxiety about Miss Fergusson; who has had rather a tedious, and somewhat dangerous illness. I hope she is now recovering: but very slowly.

I read, with the highest satisfaction, what you say of an intended sequel to your late work. It is one of the noblest subjects in the world; and I assure you the announcement drew my heart to offer a sincere, however weak prayer, to God Almighty, that he would give your mind every fitness for the work, and every assistance, and blessing in its performance.

I must now stop, as I have two letters to write. I need not tell you how much all here are interested about you; and a line from you, or from C. F. (to whom my most cordial love), just to tell how you are going on, would be a gratification to every friend here, and inexpressibly so to him, who is, in his heart of hearts.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 165.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 9. 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAME to Dublin yesterday; and soon after, had the pleasure of seeing you reviewed in the *Christian Observer*, which had not reached me before. If I do not mistake, the reviewer lays stronger hold on your work, than either of the former. He does not say all I think he ought to have said; but what he does say, he says well; and he evidently is cordial toward, both your work, and yourself. Some of his remarks, I think, are important; and the more so, as they curiously look forward to the very kind of sequel, which you yourself propose. If you were not determined, 'συν ἑσφ', to proceed, I think this writer might fix your resolution. I most wonder, that your elucidations of

practical passages have not been expressly adverted to. But what he has said, greatly compensates for what he has omitted. It strikes me to be very encouraging, that such a work, should be so cheered, from such a quarter.

It is very improbable that I should suggest matter for your consideration, which has not already struck yourself. But, at all events, you will not be sorry to have your own thoughts reflected back upon you, by a mind employed in the same contemplation.

We have already compared notes, on the tendency of the Hebraic poetry, to make its votaries moral philosophers. Every species of couplet has its use in this respect; but the gradational seems to me to teem with the richest results; and, I dare say, you hold the same opinion.

Had not St. Paul been possessed of such a habit of thought, as led the author of the Book of Job to distinguish, between 'wisdom', and 'understanding' (the radical principle, and the advanced maturity), he might not have conceived the difference, between *δικαιοσύνη* and *ἀγίασμος*: nor could he have penned that beautiful passage, Phil. iv. 11, 12, 13., where with *δυστρεχέις*, he connects the word *εμαθόν*: but, by the mention of *περισσεύειν*, is led forthwith to the deeper term *μεμνημαι*, as if there were something more human in the former allotment, whereas the latter must be wholly divine; as if, too, the one power were intelligible, but the other depending on principles, to be understood by the initiated alone. But as the effects of this higher blessing, could not be shown by a single instance, or even by a number of detached instances, St. Paul so introduces the significant term, as to intimate its great comprehensiveness. *Εν παντί, και εν πανσι μεμνημαι*: that is, evidently, not only in every thing, but in all combinations and transitions of things, had he got the secret, *και χορταζεσθαι και πειναν, και περισσεύειν και δυστρεχισθαι*, to pass again and again, from the one condition to the other, with unimpaired equanimity. But such exalted confidence in himself needed to be so explained, as to accord with humility; and, in truth, to make it credible: the concluding words, therefore, (which resemble the frequent full close of the Hebraic stanza) illumine, without lessening the mystery: *παντα ισχυω, εν τη ενδυναμουντι με Χριστω*.

There is another passage, which I think receives, from the principle of parallelism, the happiest illustration.

*Μη ταυτους ενδικουντες αγαπητοι,
Αλλα δοτε τοπον τη οργη.
Γεγραπται γαρ, Εμοι ενδικησις,
Εγω ανταποδωσω λογις Κυριος.*

Εάν οὖν πείνα ὁ εχθρὸς σου, ψωμίῃς αὐτόν,
 Εάν δίψα, ποτίῃς αὐτόν.
 Τοῦτο γὰρ ποίων, ἀνθράκας πυρός, σωρευσεις ἐπὶ τὴν
 κεφαλὴν αὐτόν.
 Μὴ νικῶ ὅπο κακῶ,
 Ἀλλὰ νικᾷ ἐν τῷ ἀγαθῷ τὸ κακόν.

Here, I conceive, is a stanza, with a concluding couplet ; and the two members of this couplet, correspond to the two former portions of the stanza, . . ‘ Be not overcome of evil’, referring back to ‘dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves’ ; and ‘overcome evil with good’, to ‘if thy enemy hunger’, &c.

Of this double back reference, you need not be told of the beautiful instance, in the last couplet of the 50th Psalm.

‘He that offereth me thanks and praise, he honoreth me ; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God.’

I am sure you have observed, how obviously the whole former part of the divine expostulation is summed up, in the first of these members ; and the whole latter part, in the second.

It is true that St. Paul does not similarly comprise his whole first quatrain, in the first member of his concluding couplet ; there was a topic, which it was indispensable to introduce into the former, but which there was no occasion, and it should seem no room, for adverting to in the latter. As a motive for abstaining from self-vindication, nothing could have been more powerful : it could not have had place in a simple reiteration of the duty, though cast in a most beautiful form, and apparently intended to throw a bright light upon the whole.

Possibly it was because that peculiarly awful topic was introduced, that this concluding couplet was added. A thought might have occurred to readers, of referring *ανθρακας πυρος*, to *οργη* and *εκδικησις*, if the ‘*αλλα νικᾷ ἐν τῷ ἀγαθῷ τὸ κακόν*’ had been wanting : but these last words lead us to regard the ‘coals of fire upon the head’, as expressing, that kindnesses to our enemy, are that, to the feelings of his mind, which ingenious torture would be to the feelings of his body ; and that it is as much *morally* impossible to stand out against the former, as it would be *physically* impossible to stand out against the latter.

I shall be glad of a line or two from you ; I think of returning to B—— on Tuesday (15th). I suppose you know that M—— has lost his power of sending, or receiving packets. I only beg, that you may never, on that account, scruple to write me a double letter. I shall ever have gratification, in the increased demand on a letter from you. I began this letter on

Wednesday, and am now ending it on Saturday (12th). I must only add, that I am, as much as I can be,

Yours ever,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 166.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., March 19. 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS happy to hear from you this morning ; and shall be most desirous to receive from you a still more satisfactory account of your re-instatement in usual health.

Mrs. L. will write to you about the charity-sermon* ; and will explain her lamented inability to communicate satisfactorily with you on the time. You will believe, and I could witness, that, on her part, there has been no want of endeavor to ascertain it. It is owing to the absence of a Sir Colin Campbell. It is, in the meantime, a good omen of the L. L.'s disposition towards us, that, while estimates of other charities have been reduced at the Castle by hundreds, our estimate was curtailed only 6s. 8d.

As to your present thought of a text and subject, I cannot, at this moment, offer one counter-suggestion. Your designed manner of treating it, appears to me equally useful and convenient. Should any other thought shortly occur to me, I hope to mention it to you. But I do not think it likely. It was the text Bishop Butler chose, whose sermon I need not remind you to turn to.

Milliken lent me the volume of Horne, in which your work is epitomized ; my present power of reading not seeming to me to justify the purchase of the work. I suppose there has scarcely been any instance of such a testimony, so prompt and so practical, as that in Horne to your book. I assure you I saw it with the sincerest satisfaction ; the more so, as I am well aware, that time will not damp, but strengthen, this wonderfully early celebrity. There is a hand of Providence so visible in all this, that it seems to give a special character of awfulness, to this just and natural source of deep and rational gratification.

I am very glad, too, of that cordial notice in the Methodist Magazine. No community needs more to be kept on safe

* For the Female Orphan school... &c.

ground, for they have miserably bad anchorage. They seem to think none like themselves; whereas no well-meaning religionists can have a worse defined theological creed than themselves. Yet, on some accounts, they are an interesting, and not wholly unestimable body. I therefore observe with pleasure, their taking to that which may do them good; and if they become cordial to Sacred Literature, who knows how much they may be benefitted by Sacred Criticism? What a book this latter may be made!

I feel somewhat more for the methodists, since I read some matters, relative to their final secession from the church, in the life of a surgeon Hey, once a methodist (a great man in Leeds), written by our acquaintance Pearson. I then saw, in a light which never before struck me, that the real motive with John Wesley was, the dread of calvinistic infection, then beginning to grow ripe in churches. Before this consideration, with him, everything but moral evil fell flat; and I verily believe, he thought there was no other remedy, but that distinct worship, which, after all, he most reluctantly yielded to.

Adieu, my dear Friend, I congratulate you on your continued quiet. Believe me ever yours, in deepest cordiality,

A. K.

—oo—

LETTER CLXXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, July 22. 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I came to reside here in spring, much business, and subsequent indisposition, have made me a wretched correspondent. For the last four weeks, I have been chiefly confined to bed, from whence I now scrawl. But I am convalescent; and though the attack has been tedious, it has not been in the least degree dangerous; and the strength which I feel, after long starvation, proves, that whatever is amiss, my constitution is sound.

I have this day directed Milliken to send you and Mrs. L—— copies of my charge, which he published yesterday. I hope it is such as you will like, or, at least, not materially dislike. My earnest desire is, to promote, if I can, true serious clerical feeling in my diocese; and, what in these times is much wanting, 'conciliation without compromise.'

I should be very glad to receive a line from you, and to know particularly how you and my excellent friends at B—— are. Tell Mrs. L——, with my love, that I do not forget my debt to

her of a liturgical sermon, which she kindly lent me. It is in very safe keeping.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
Ever most truly and affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER 167.

To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, July 26. 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR charge reached me on Thursday, and I received your letter yesterday morning. I lament you have been so much an invalid, but I am consoled by the favorable account you are still able to give. I know, by thorough experience, how comfortable it is, under the pressure of present pain or sickness, to be still satisfied, that the constitution is radically sound. The distressing uneasiness which I suffered through the winter, abated in proportion as the spring advanced, and had the weather continued good, I might have had an intermission, instead of a remission (such a one however as I have great reason to be thankful for) of my symptoms; at all events, I believe, I must now expect, even in the course of nature, to be more and more weakened, by the recurrences of my constitutional indisposition; but if Providence be pleased to make the decline tolerable, and enables me to 'grow wiser and better as life wears away', I shall, on the whole of the account, be infinitely indebted to the Divine goodness.

I have read your charge with attention; and it certainly has afforded me very real and cordial pleasure. The topics are all highly important; and you treat them with forcible plainness, and an honesty of purpose, which cannot be misconstrued. I am not sure whether you could have taken any safer or more useful line, considering whom you had to address (so necessarily deficient in precognita) and how short a time you have been amongst them. As to the earlier topics, three things strike me, which perhaps might have been usefully adverted to; but even these, at least the first two, may possibly be put forward with more advantage hereafter; when, from personal conversations, a few, at least, may have become qualified to expound, and, it may be hoped, inclined to enforce, your official suggestions.

My first desideratum is, that, in the fifth page, you should have more explicitly represented the spirit of christianity itself, as the

primary element, out of which the spirit of the christian priesthood is to be sublimated. I conceive that a very brief preliminary observation to this purport, would have added strength, as well as clearness, to the just definition of the spirit of the christian priesthood, which you proceeded to give. But you will think of it.

My second desideratum is, that you had, about your seventh page, urged, expressly, the studying the original text of the New Testament. I am aware that you did this by implication, p. 16th. But it is so very important a matter, as to deserve both explanation and enforcement. I say explanation, for I suppose it is seldom adverted to, that no book in the world suffers so much in translation, as the New Testament. The terms being so often, in great measure, untranslatable, and those, the very terms of inspiration. But, as I said, I by no means lament that this point (in which I am confident of your agreeing with me) should remain in reserve.

My third desideratum, I mention more doubtingly, because the matter to which it refers, might, in the present state of the south, be rarely practicable. This is, that in psalmody, a few persons, who might be found capable and willing, should be taught to accompany, or perhaps rather supersede the clerk. Some clergymen could not do this, nor even perhaps procure means of having it done. But others could, or their ladies could. I confess myself no admirer of the whole congregation making an effort to sing, *indocti doctique*. But the drawing of a solitary clerk, is, if possible, a worse extreme. The medium of a few, taught in some measure to sing, and the rest listening, appears to me to be in the appropriate spirit of the church of England, as akin to choir-singing; while the congeniality of congregational singing, *rebus sic stantibus*, is at least disputable. But be this point ever so well worth attention, it may probably be better propounded in some other way, than in your first charge. *Festina lentè*, is a capital maxim.

I cannot, at this moment, recollect a single particular urged by you, which was not necessary. What you insist upon, respecting the decorum of public worship, I cordially agree with.

I cannot express the pleasure afforded me, by what you said p. 42. &c. The spirit which that part of the charge breathes, and the honest testimony which it so distinctly and manifestly bears to the R. C. clergy, is, I might almost say, delightful to me. The disposition manifested by so many, to allow them no credit for any thing, to charge them with invidiousness, and to represent them as secretly fomenting conspiracy in its bloodiest aspect, has been long, to me, a matter of deep regret, and not a little alarm. For I have thought, if these men are at

length made actually disloyal, by those harsh and implacable accusations of disloyalty, what will be the state of the country? For averting this calamity, I cannot conceive any thing more promising, than your coming forward, as you have done, to bear witness to their exertions; and to press the taking of them as allies, rather than the treating them as enemies. The line you draw, between conciliation, and compromise, was indispensable. But had I been beside you, when you were drawing up your charge, I should have suggested, in one part, a somewhat different wording; instead of saying, 'that faith, which we are persuaded is the faith of the true catholic and apostolic church,' I think I should have said, 'what we conscientiously regard, as the unadulterated faith and piety of the one catholic and apostolic church, in its best and purest times.' I mean, for the purpose of showing more clearly, that no difference in the essence of christian faith was intimated, between them, and us; but that our charge against them was that of addition and admixture, which, though not actually destroying the vitality of faith, yet, in our conscientious judgment, has deeply impeded its influence, and dimmed its brightness. On this point, I persuade myself you and I have the same view; and I think you will agree with me, that, especially in this season of growing infidelity, (I have just been reading, and have not yet finished, the article on this subject in the last Quarterly Review, which I doubt not is Southey's) it is as urgent a duty to recognize generical agreements, as it is, uncompromisingly to maintain specific differences. And I presume that just attention to the former duty, would, in some measure, smooth the way to that co-operation, in preserving 'good morals, good order, and public tranquillity,' which you have so happily recommended.

I certainly never was less sanguine in my hope, of seeing christian charity toward us, widely diffused among the R. C.'s, than I am at present. Yet, even now, individuals may be softened; persevering liberality, in the true christian sense, (Rom. xiv. 1. &c.) will be always gaining ground; while, as I already intimated, it may be a wise measure against infidels who triumph so much in our disunion, to show, by word and deed, that the church of England does not 'forsake and reject' the R. C. churches, 'in all things which they hold and practise; but have departed from them, in those particular points only, wherein they were fallen, both from themselves, in their ancient integrity, and from the apostolical churches, which were their first founders.'

I beg your pardon for making a quotation, which you know as well, and I am sure relish as much, as I do. But I confess I always feel pleasure, in adverting to that same 30th canon; which, by the way, may be thought, with some reason, to have

more authority than any other canon, from its being recognized, as it is, in the rubrick after the baptismal office.

To all I have said, I must add, that what you said on the last topic (p. 50. &c.) gave me, even above every thing else, inexpressible pleasure. I assure you it was a cordial to my heart; and I trust the explicitness and strength with which you have thus, in limine, declared your principles, and taken your stand, will bring down upon you the special blessing of God. I need not use many words, to express to you my deep satisfaction in this unworldly avowal. You know all my views and feelings on the point; and I hope and believe you will also so well know my solicitude for your best interests, and your truest respectability and usefulness, that you can, as it were, look into my heart, and see with your mind's eye, the extent and depth of my gratification. I need only say further, that I like your manner, as really as your matter. In my judgment, you managed the subject excellently. The quotation of the canon, was as prudent, as it was apposite; nothing could be better than the next paragraph; and I greatly approve of your concluding observations.

Mrs. L—— read your charge, before it reached me. She went with Mr. L—— to Dublin last Wednesday; and brought it to me the next day. I asked her, had she read it, she answered 'every line of it, but if any one will read it out this evening, I am ready to have it again. It is Mr. Jebb himself, in every part of it.'

She is pretty well, except a slight cold. Mr. L. is as well, as, in the course of nature, could possibly be looked for. I assure you your affectionate remembrances were as cordially received, as they were kindly given.

I ought to have said, that Mrs. L—— was quite glad to receive your charge, by your order. Doubtless her feelings toward you, led her to look for it; and truly I consider her approbation as no little testimonial. For myself, I scarcely know any one, whose approbation of any thing of mine, I should be more desirous to obtain.

This house, I must tell you, is, at present, not a little denaturalized. K—— is at Cheltenham. It became clearly expedient she should go; and Providence favored her going, by particular friends being there to take charge of her. On her way, that is, after arriving at Bristol, (in the steam packet), she went, on the day of her landing, which happened to be Saturday, to Barleywood; where she spent Sunday, and, after all she had been hearing from her aunt and me, was not disappointed. The accounts received from her, since she arrived at Cheltenham, are most encouraging and comfortable.

I need not assure you that Mr. and Mrs. L—— desire to be most affectionately remembered to you, or that I am

Your ever faithful and cordial Friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXc.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Saint Patrick's Day, March 17. 1824.
41 Curzon Street, London.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT let your birth-day pass, without putting in a remembrance of one, who trusts that he will never cease, here or hereafter, to feel cause of gratitude to Divine providence for that day. Since my arrival here, I have met many anxiously kind inquiries for you, and the circle at B——. Sir R. I——, Sir T. A——, Lady O. S——, Lady B——, R. G——, Mr. B——, &c. Our friends the B——s, and also our Clifton friends, the W——s, were particular in their questions: I should not omit Mr. Z. M——.

As you have seen from the papers, our legislative, in the House of Lords, have been almost a dead letter; but one division yet. In the Commons, more to do, but little debating. In fact, the improved state of the country, in finances, and demand for our manufactures, &c., have put all parties into such excellent good humor, that there is scarce a jarring note; and ministry and opposition have come to such an understanding, that, by private communications, many an angry debate is prevented.

Many matters press on me just now, which prevent a longer letter. If your eyes, as I trust they will, admit of your writing me ever so few lines, I shall be rejoiced again to see your handwriting. Can I execute any commission, literary or otherwise, for you or Mrs. L——? If so, I pray command me freely. With most affectionate regards to all at B——.

I am, my dear friend,

Most truly and entirely yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 168.

To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson Street, March, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY eye is at present in a weaker condition than usual ; I suppose from the sharp winds now prevailing. But as I can write, though with no great symmetry, I cannot longer delay cordially to acknowledge your kind letter of the 17th. Your remembrance of that day, was as grateful to me, as the depth of my regard for you could make it ; and I do not hesitate to say, that no one on this earth wishes your happiness, here and hereafter, more sincerely than I do : your own brother not excepted.

I had come to Dublin on the 13th, to spend some time with Miss Fergusson : and I mean to stay until after Easter Day. Just when I was leaving B——, Mr. La Touche was complaining, but my accounts since are comfortable ; and, though in his 91st year from the 23d of last November, he is in wonderful good health.

Our evenings at B——, for some time before I came off, were particularly pleasant. It had struck me to recommend for Mr. L.'s amusement, as he always expects reading in the evening, that Clarendon's History of the Rebellion should be read en suite. I was not disappointed ; Mr. L. became interested to my fullest expectation ; and no old lady could ever have longed more for her evening cards, than Mr. L. for his evening regale from Clarendon. Mrs. L. was generally our reader. I could not assist ; but it so engaged me, that I thought of going with double regret, until it struck me that I could get Michael to read the same to me, from the point at which the last reading at B—— ended. He has done so, and this day (March 26), we have passed poor Charles's last scene.

Having gone so far through it, I deliberately say, every thinking inhabitant of this United Kingdom ought to read Clarendon. It is the most interesting, and most instructive human history, I ever knew ; and I am certain there is none like it. It has made me a more intelligent Church-of-England man, than I ever was before. It could not make a more cordial one : but I see, more clearly than I had ever yet seen, that the perfect entablature of christian faith and practice, without daubing or defilement on the one hand, and without defect or mutilation on the other, is to be found only in the church of England.

The hand of Providence seems, in this history, as really

manifested, as that of miraculous power was manifested, in the hand writing on the wall, at Belshazzar's banquet. Our reformed episcopacy had been severely taught the difference, between itself and the unreformed church, by the cruelties under Queen Mary. It would seem that it was as necessary to impress the distinction, between our episcopal church, and unepiscopal protestantism. And never was end more completely provided for, than in that train of events, which Clarendon has recorded.

Every advancing stage of that unexampled progress, more and more demonstrates, the irreconcilable contrariety of the whole anti-hierarchical genus, with the church of England ; and that the innate instinct of the former, is to bear down and extinguish the latter. And most impressively are we taught, what kind of religious and moral institute, such reformers would substitute in its room. The religious principles of a Brooke, a Hampden, or a Pym, might doubtless have kept them inwardly upright, and outwardly blameless, in common times ; but we see that, in a season of uncommon temptation, instead of preserving them, they disposed those men, and others of like mind, not only to engage in a ruthless party war, but to become its chief promoters and leaders. Perhaps, because there was still some good in those heresiarchs, they were taken from the scene, before the evolving of its full-grown horrors. These, however, we see acted by men, not less ardent formerly in puritanic zeal, and still retaining, in show and exercise, the self-same character. There is no atrocious act of blood, to which they do not coolly and deliberately proceed ; and with which they do not associate and blend, the semblance of severe and energetic devotion. Cromwell embodies, in himself, all the qualities of his fellow actors in that revolting tragedy ; and going on with him, from that letter of his, in the sketch of his history in the Quarterly review, until the colloquy at the last, between him and Dr. Goodwin, we have altogether such an exemplification of fallacious religion, as I suppose never was equally afforded, in this world's history.

How lamentable, then, would it be, if there were no security for passing through the voyage of a religious life, without exposure to those 'winds of doctrine,' and 'sleights of men.' But do not those very men help us, to discover, and to estimate, that very security, in the ecclesiastical institution which they were anxious to annihilate ? Antipathies are seldom wholly fanciful ; they were against the church of England, because the church of England was opposite, in its very nature, to all those propensities, which they wished to indulge. It laid an axe to the root of those passions and habits, which *their* system gained over, and took into its service. Or, by a juster figure, it was the medium of transfusing such a dew of heaven, into the depths of the men-

tal soil, as to make it fruitful in every gentle and lovely virtue, and uncongenial to every thing ferocious or austere. A true Church-of-England man, therefore, could not have been the ally of those factious demagogues. It was an impossibility in nature. And, accordingly, when, after Cromwell's settlement in the protectorship, all other forms were tolerated, the episcopal church received no indulgence.

In all this, therefore, I conceive, we of the church of England have a fund of valuable, and momentous instruction. We are taught what is, or ought to be, our distinctive character as individuals; and we are warned not to admit any neutralizing principles, however fashionable, or popular, they may once more become.

The exact parallel of those unhappy times, can hardly again recur: but principles too near akin to those, out of which those commotions originated, are undoubtedly once more in operation; and from their wide diffusion, and obvious influence on public counsels, may, in the issue, lead to consequences very different, from what such men as Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Goulburn, would wish to facilitate. There was, in the commencement and progress of those former troubles, a concurrence of sectarians and infidels, in making war on the church. I wish there were nothing of the same kind, at this day. The Roman Catholics in Ireland had their great share, in embroiling the fray then: the part they are now permitted, and by their parliamentary abettors encouraged to act, allowing for circumstantial difference, is, in spirit, strangely similar. In listening to Clarendon, I wondered at the sameness of disposition and temper; while there can be no doubt that their present power of doing mischief, bears no shadow of comparison with that of their predecessors; and I think would at this day be nothing, if Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh had not been thwarted, in their plan of political amalgamation. Providence ordered things otherwise; for what ulterior purposes, time will show. As things are, they would of themselves be able to do little other mischief, than what we have experienced already within the last years; but that, in their present factious form and spirit, they should have access to Parliament, and be permitted to vent their malice and obloquy through the medium of a petition, and, above all, have in that assembly advocates of their extravagant claims, implies such a portentous state of things, as to add sensibly to my satisfaction, in being now in my sixty-seventh year, and in having no peculiar objects of anxiety, to leave behind me in this world.

I am sure all things will, eventually, serve the sublime purposes of divine philanthropy: but it is awful to think of the providential measures, which, arguing from the past to the future, we may

imagine likely to intervene. I therefore almost tremble, to mark the complying spirit of our statesmen ; as I fear, however sincerely they may wish to fix a *ne plus ultra*, they will, at every fresh conciliatory, or rather compromising step, find it less practicable, and even less rationally maintainable. In short, I am not without fear, that the church of Ireland will eventually be sacrificed, to the preservation of what will be considered central integrity. But sure I am, that, if the one church goes, the other will soon follow ; and what the political constitution will then become, I only wish they might now have the prudence, and the sagacity, to make a matter of grave consideration.

I have given you enough of such thoughts. You kindly offer to do any thing for me. I am so thrown out of all literary concerns, by my weak eye, that I do not now think of any purchase of books. But there is one matter about which I am still solicitous, namely, Dr. Townson's manuscript sermons. If all thought of publishing them is given up, the manuscripts will of course not be much valued. Perhaps, therefore, an offer to purchase them might not be rejected. I could wish you to find out from Rivington, with the caution which I know I need not bid you use, whether such an overture would be listened to. Archdeacon Churton, if still living, might prefer receiving a sum of money, which he might give to any public purpose, to letting those papers become food for the worms.

I am much obliged to my several friends, for their kind remembrance of me ; and I request that, when you next see Mr. Haviland Burke, you will convey to him my grateful acknowledgments for the print of his never-to-be-forgotten uncle, which he was so good as to send.

I am very glad to have contributed something to the success of Mr. D——'s efforts to be ordained in England. Amongst all the Methodist preachers, I never knew, except one, so sincere a church-of-England-man as his father : and when the young man was introduced to me by Mr. K——, I thought that, with very fair intellect, he had a settledness and solidity, not very usual amongst his Hibernian contemporaries.

Major W—— was with me this day, and spoke in the highest and strongest terms of your advocacy for his brother. As to the thing itself, as it appeared in the papers, he thought you could not have made a better beginning. For my own part, I cordially wish you to do your part well, in every possible conjuncture ; I wish you could do good ; but that does not depend on your acting, however competent it may be. I felt sincere pleasure, however, in hearing Major W.'s opinion ; who, of course, read the report of what you said, with closer attention, than was likely to be felt by any other person ; for —— himself

could not bring his mind to the point like the Major. Believe me, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXCI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Friday, June 11. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS is the first breathing-time I have had for a long time, and I seize it to say one word. It was neither any coldness of regard, nor any want of value for the most interesting matter of your letter, which prevented my writing. The simple truth is, I have been so busied, as not to have had an hour's comfortable leisure, to write as I could wish to write to you. Now I am little at leisure: this is Friday 1h. 35m. A. M. On Sunday, I am to preach a charity sermon for Sir T. A——, at Mitcham; and of that sermon, only the exordium is yet composed. To work, then, I must immediately address myself; but I wish first to communicate with you ever so shortly. Last night I spoke upwards of three hours on the Tithe Bill; rather, in general defence of our Irish church establishment. How I have succeeded, I truly do not know; but I have had from Lord H—— a ministerial call, to publish the speech as a pamphlet. This I mean to do. Your commission I have not neglected; as to procuring the sermons by purchase, it is, I apprehend, out of the question. I have had conversation on the subject with a particular friend of Archdeacon Churton, and have hopes of being made acquainted with the Archdeacon himself. Now I must have done: not without requesting my kindest remembrances and regards to all my good friends at B. Ever, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 169.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, June 14. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT delay to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter. My eye is still in bad working order ; and that, if nothing else, will secure you from an over-occupying reply. I assure you I am very glad you have had an opportunity of pleading, the strangely forlorn cause of the Irish reformed church ; and it greatly adds to my pleasure, that you are called upon to give a permanent and correct form, to what cannot have been adequately reported ; and, even in that imperfect shape, would draw but the attention of a day.

Judge Jebb, who, you know, is in this neighborhood, was so kind as to send me a note this morning, telling me of your having spoken, and inclosing the Morning Chronicle. I had already had your speech in the Courier, which I ordered a month ago, for the sake of the most correct parliamentary intelligence. The part which contained your speech, was read at the breakfast table by Mrs. L., and finished by K. ; and you may believe that there was no want, either of attention, or interest. I fear, however, you have found little more justice done you in the Courier, than in the Chronicle. K.'s report to me is, that the latter is as full as the former. On a supposition it might be otherwise, I sent my Courier to Judge Jebb, in return for his Morning Chronicle. But I found, as I said, that nothing would be added, to what he had already. I am much obliged to you, for your inquiry respecting Townson's remains. Should you meet Archdeacon Churton, I could wish you, as far as propriety may admit, to find out, whether those sermons which he published in the second volume of Townson's works, required much from their editor, to fit them for publication. I am aware how delicate such ground is ; and I should be far from wishing you to utter a word, in which you should not feel yourself perfectly at your ease. But if you find an opening for properly learning, whether those sermons are given simply as they were left, or whether the Archdeacon felt it right to give them those finishings, which he might honestly suppose the author himself would have done, if living, . . . information on this head (obtained as I alone wish it to be obtained) would be to me a matter of interest and curiosity ; and were it to verify what I

have thought probable, it would as much remain (as a fact) in my own bosom, as if I had never heard a tittle on the subject.

I may assure you, without going down stairs for their authority, that Mr. and Mrs. L. take a pleasure in your kind remembrance of them ; and I may safely add, that you have not any where more sincere friends, than those under this roof. I am, my dear friend,

Ever yours, most faithfully and cordially,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXCH.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, July 21. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By an extraordinary coincidence it happened, that, on the very day I received your last letter (you doubtless remember the commission there given), I met at dinner, and saw for the first time, Archdeacon Churton. I did not fail to put your question ; and ascertained, that he published the three sermons of Dr. Townson, given in the second volume of his works, precisely from the original MSS. ; taking no liberty whatsoever, except the rare introduction of connective particles, 'ands' and 'buts', &c. Archdeacon Churton is a fine, ingenuous, and remarkably classical old man, full of heart, and quite devoted to the memory of his old benefactor. I put strongly to him, the desirableness of publishing some more of Dr. T.'s sermons. On this subject he had a scruple ; not that Dr. T. had positively forbidden the publication, but he had stated to Archdeacon C. his opinion, that they ought not to be printed. Our interview was altogether agreeable ; and, as to the main point, not unsatisfactory ; for he promised me to give the matter the best consideration in his power.

Some little time after this meeting, I had a very kind letter from the Archdeacon, inviting me to his parsonage, at Middleton, in Northamptonshire, and containing one passage, which, as I think it will interest you, I must transcribe :—

'On coming home from London last night, I turned to three or four sermons of the ever dear Dr. Townson, which I have near at hand ; and I have up-stairs two similar treasures of his sermons, perhaps fifty or sixty more. I shall take into serious consideration your Lordship's very kind and pressing solicitation to print some of these ; but I am not entirely satisfied, in point

of conscience, that I am at liberty to do so. Two or three dear friends, most esteemed by the deceased, are now, alas! (it is harmless to say so, for *this* world's sake,) with him in Paradise! The unaccountably cold reception of the author's published works, is another difficulty; whether Mr. Rivington, with other immense concerns, particularly that of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge (enough to occupy half a score), is not a very active publisher, or whether a rapid succession of two or three young divinity professors at Oxford, men since risen, and 'not knowing Joseph', or for some other reason, prejudiced against him; whether either, or both these causes, or others, may have retarded the circulation of the works in question, particularly among theological students, the fact is too certain; and most deeply to be lamented, for the sake of genuine criticism, and sound theology. Partial to the memory and fame of my most dear friend and benefactor, I may, and ought to be; but I am quite sure I risk nothing in saying, '*Ille se profecisse sciat cui Townson valde placebit.*' On reading what I have thus far written, . . . a young prattler, and two or three others in the room, and the stupor of my London cold not yet shaken off, . . . I see I have not mentioned what I was meaning to say, that I shall be truly glad to put a MS. (that is, some of the sermons, as specimens of the rest), of dear Dr. Townson's, into your hands for an hour; and to advise with your Lordship *de summa rerum*, to print or not to print, when it may consist with your movements, to favor me with a call.'

You may be sure I did not slight such an invitation; and accordingly, on Saturday evening last, I found myself welcomed at Middleton parsonage, by the good Archdeacon; and passed with him the entire of Sunday, and a part of Monday. The days went by most happily, for the host is unaffectedly good, and overflowing with kindness: his family, just what the family of a good and pious pastor ought to be: two of his sons, fellows of Oxford, are with him; one of whom has just carried off an university prize. Much time was given to the MSS. of Dr. Townson; and I went away with much regret. The good old man wept audibly, at our parting; and I own myself not able, at such times, to command my feelings.

Now, I have to say, that the Archdeacon has as good as promised to publish a volume of Dr. Townson's sermons; and has actually entrusted me with eighty-six of them, (some duplicates) that I may mark out such of them, as I should think it most desirable to have in print. They are, however (unless the leave of retention can be renewed), to be returned before I leave England. Several that I have read, are beautiful; some a little inferior; but touches, every now and then, in Townson's

best manner. I have no doubt a most valuable volume may be selected.

I am here at the house of a very amiable high-churchman, Mr. S——. To-morrow we depart, to reach Mr. Stock at Henbury, by a circuitous route, embracing Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, Worcester, Gloucester, &c. A letter would find or follow me, directed to me at Henbury, Bristol. We shall see the Harfords, Hannah More, and other of your friends. I am to visit the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and, before my return to Ireland, Lord and Lady D——, at K——. — you know did good service, in the late session, to our poor persecuted church. He intends to build, forthwith, on his grandfather's Irish estate; and to reside a considerable part of each year in Ireland.

Now I am summoned to see Mr. S.'s church. My most affectionate regards to all at B——.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.



LETTER 170.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, July 26. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HASTEN to avail myself of the opportunity of finding you, and to tell you how much interested I am, by your most acceptable communication. I am truly gratified by having served, vice cotis, to sharpen the interest, which you would at any rate have felt, in the excellent biographer and friend of Dr. Townson. As to my matter of inquiry, the assurance you have received would, at once, be conclusive. But, though I had some wish for another kind of answer, I was not unprepared for that which the Archdeacon has given: inasmuch as an inconsistency of the very same kind, between what flowed from feeling, and what proceeded from after-thought, is to be found in the sermon preached in Chester, at Bishop Porteus's visitation, which was published by himself.

I am very much delighted, with your account of what has followed from your meeting; and I can well conceive how cheering it was to the good old man, to receive so unexpected, and, as it would surely be to him, so gratifying a testimony, to worth, which he himself so deeply felt, and which no doubt he has long

been grieving, that others did not feel with him. I earnestly hope he will be induced to give up his scruple, to considerations, to which, his judgment must tell him, Townson himself would have yielded. He must feel that there is something not a little singular, in your application to him on the subject; and that, to resist such a call, would be almost to overlook a providential notification.

Whether the Archdeacon may have light enough to explain the cold reception, of which he so justly complains, I do not know; I should rather suppose he has not. But, in point of fact, nothing can be more clear, than that he had too much interiority for one party, and too little doctrine for the other. What has made him, in this day of exterior bustle and contest, be neglected, is in truth that, which makes it desirable he should live for better times; that he should have escaped the infection of what you justly term traditional dogma, was not to be expected. But he astonishingly, for his day, discovered and imbibed that high principle, in which true christianity, as well as true moral philosophy centers, and is perfected: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' He manifests his discernment, in this happy respect, on many occasions; but never more beautifully or solidly, than in what he remarks concerning the peculiar character of St. John. Though you cannot but recollect, . . . having it at hand, I am induced to transcribe it, as it so admirably bespeaks the mind and heart of the writer.

'St. John entered into the family of Christ, while his youth was unspotted from the world; and being led on to still higher degrees of purity and holiness, under the blessed influence of his Lord, who loved and honored him with his intimacy, he was of a mind aptly qualified to apprehend, the higher mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. For, if the pure in heart have a promise, as of a congenial reward, that they shall hereafter see God, we may believe, that, in such measure as their hearts are pure, they will have a capacity, for some anticipation of this blessed vision here on earth.'

I must now thank you for sending me your speech; and I must in justice do the same thing for Mrs. L——, who entered into the spirit, and felt the importance of it, little less than myself. Little less I say, not because she felt its force less; but because she could not have been previously impressed, as I was, with the extreme necessity for such a manifesto. The subject was continually before me; and I saw not how the multifarious falsehoods, which were gaining more and more the blind acquiescence of even well-meaning persons, were to be competently met and refuted. It was lamentably obvious, that too many did not care, and none thoroughly knew, any thing about

the matter. This desideratum, your speech has supplied; and if the clergy and friends of our Irish branch of the Anglican church, do not feel themselves more obliged to you, than to any other individual for the last hundred years, I can only say, they see the business with eyes differing from mine.

The Judge has paid us two morning visits; he said he could not till after circuit do more. He came a second time, that Miss J—— might see the place. The first time, was just after I had received and heard read, for I could not myself read, your speech; (by the way, he had visited us once before, which I had forgotten.) You may be sure there was, just then, no lack of matter for conversation; and though I was accustomed to his interested manner of speaking about you, I had a pleasurable feeling of no common kind, in listening to, and most sincerely sanctioning (as far as in me lay) his expression of deep-toned satisfaction. ‘*Notus in fratrem animi paterni*’ as he long had been, his reaping such a harvest of pleasure, was only less pleasing to me than it was to himself; for to witness it, as I was prepared for doing, was next to feeling it.

I hope this letter will find you at Mr. Stocks’s; and if so, you will gratify me by assuring him, that he is, this day, as present to my mind, as if only one year, not fifteen, had passed, since I was experiencing his and Mrs. Stocks’s kindness; and I can truly add, that, when I happen to ask myself, shall I ever see England again? if there be desire, the thought of seeing and being with *them* is a chief (if not the chief) ingredient in it. I should most certainly have high pleasure in again seeing Mrs. More, if only one could hope to see her tolerably free from suffering; which, I fear, has latterly not often been the case. I have long wished to write to her, and to thank her for a most kind and interesting letter, written to me after K. B—— had been with her, about this time (or a little earlier) last year. But while, for some time, my eye was a hindrance, now that I can use it in writing, I have feared that even a letter, such as I might write (something requiring thought, almost always carrying me away) might too much tax her strength. I hope she will be able to see you; and I beg you to assure her of my unalterable attachment, and most grateful affection. When you see her, your report of her will be a gratifying kindness to myself, and to all her friends here, than whom she has none more cordial. I shall be determined, as to writing or not writing, by what you tell me. I will not now say more; for fear of not dispatching my letter by this day’s post. I wish and pray, that both the providence and the grace of God may preserve and guide you, and make every circumstance of your life contribute to your real and imperishable good; that ‘in all time of your

tribulation, and in all time of your wealth', he may deliver and bless you, so as that you may be useful and happy here, and, in God's good time, pass joyfully to a better world.

Ever, with deep and constant interest, your faithful and affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Wells, Aug. 6. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE seen Mrs. H. More. On Wednesday last, I sat at least four hours with her; and rejoice to say, that her health is far better than I could have expected; and that her spirits were excellent. Her eye is brilliant and expressive as ever; and the vigor and vivacity of her mind are in full exercise. She would be delighted to hear from you; and you need not be under the least apprehension that a letter would tax her strength. Her affection for you, and for those at B——, is unabated; and she spoke with much pleasure of K. B.——'s visit here, last year.

We passed eight or nine days with the excellent ——s: of whom, the more I see, the more deeply I regard them. They are full of unpretending goodness. Mrs. —— is a pattern of true female gentleness, and Mr. ——, I need not tell you, is one of the strongest-minded men we have. They both have, in perfection, a gentility and urbanity of spirit, which too frequently are but mimicked in higher life, and miserably travestied and caricatured by pretenders. And while the spirit is there, the absence of some of the form, especially after five or six months of London life, has to me a most agreeable freshness. We dined three days with the ——s, still making Mr. ——'s our headquarters. They are kind and amiable, and were full of earnest inquiry after you, and the family of B——. They, too, were highly gratified by K——'s visit.

The tour from Northamptonshire to Henbury was delightful; including Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, Worcester, the Malvern hills, Ross; the navigation of the Wye from Ross to Chepstow, including Tintern Abbey, and so across the new passage. It is needless to say, that, in such a tour, much was to be seen; and it was seen to the best advantage. The weather delightful throughout, and the tide so favorable,

that the Wye was brimful as we rowed along ; an unspeakable advantage. On the way from Mrs. More's to this place, we diverged somewhat, in order to take in the Cheddar cliffs, and a curious cavern some miles hence. Yesterday, under the guidance of the Bishop, we visited the ruins of Glastonbury, and ascended the high tower, on which the last abbot was hanged, by that cruel and rapacious tyrant, our eighth Henry. By the by, it is strange that such a man should hold so favorable a place as he does, in popular recollection. I suppose his bluntness is to the taste of John Bull.

—— is a truly amiable man. He has none of the roughness, and not very much perhaps of the strength of his brother, whom you knew. But he is respectably informed, has fair talents, and a most conscientious wish to do his duty. In —— he has been active and energetic, and here he will do much good, succeeding to a field, which, under his predecessor, and under those who preceded him, was much neglected.

The cathedral of Wells, and the episcopal residence, altogether present the most desirable retreat I have seen in England ; and the kind and courteous hospitality of the present owner, makes me regret that I must depart on Monday. To-morrow I am to preach ; and indeed, on every Sunday since leaving London, I have been on the same duty. I hope, at Shrewsbury, to have a glimpse of the good old Mr. Stedman ; at K——, to pass two or three days, with Lord and Lady D—— ; and, if time allow, to see Southey, the Lakes, and Carlisle, where I believe the Bishop is to receive us. I am gratified more than I can express, at your approval of my speech : but you may be unconsciously partial. All I can say is, it was an honest effort, at a time of danger : and my honest heterodox cousin used to say, that ' no effort is lost.' I believe in the truth of the aphorism ; but my reliance is in the goodness and wisdom of divine Providence.

It gratifies me to say, that the best and most thinking churchmen whom I meet, think I have been useful, not only to the Irish, but the English bishops and clergy. There is, however, a narrow party, who think otherwise, and this cannot be helped.

Many, many thanks for your good wishes, and your prayers ; I pray you continue them on my behalf : you possess mine (unworthy as I am) in return. With kindest remembrances to all at B——,

Ever, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 171.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Aug. 19. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD much gratification from yours of the 6th, and I would speedily endeavor to write to Mrs. H. M., were it not that I could not just now speak comfortably of Mr. L.'s situation; but I have hope that, in a few days, he may get over his present indisposition. I have had little opportunity of hearing opinions respecting your speech; but I can quote to you one very respectable opinion, that of Mr. Peter L., jun., whose mind is plain, honest, and solidly sensible. He has read it with attention, and thinks it a highly valuable document. Mr. R., who was G.'s curate formerly, called here on Monday last (the day I began this letter), with Mr. D., our chaplain at the Orphan House, who is married to R.'s sister; and, knowing him to be a very sensible man, I asked his opinion of it, and found that he, too, was strongly impressed with its utility and importance. I mention R., because I think him a superior person, in point of talent, to all the other Dublin clergy, the Archbishop alone excepted; who, by the way, thinks rather highly of him. It was he who named R. as the most promising preacher, for our last charity sermon.

I hope Mr. Stedman will be at Shrewsbury when you are passing, and I shall direct this letter to his care. If you find our old friend, I will beg you to ask a favor of him for me; namely, the loan of his manuscript book of Doddridge's private memorials. There are most of these in Orton's Life of him; but some curious ones were kept back: one of these, particularly, I am desirous to reperuse; namely, his record of an intercourse with Count Zinzendorf. It is remarkable, that the good Doddridge was wonderfully fascinated, with that strange man's view of the childish simplicity of our Savior's character and conversation. He wished to show, that mean and grovelling sentiments and ideas were purposely adopted, in order to make the gospel the means of intellectual, rather than of moral humiliation. Poor Doddridge, at first, thought all this so very captivating, that it would seem he had almost determined to be one of the *Unitas Fratrum*. What stopped the progress of the delusion, I do not remember. But I think such a fact, so authenticated, well worth being recorded; as it shows, that the most upright, and best cultivated mind, when devoted to the right of private judgment, and resolved

to admit no rule of judging, but its own conception of the sacred text, is exposed to incalculable misapprehension and error. If my good old friend will trust me with this interesting document, I will engage to preserve and return it with the most exact care; and to make no use of it, which he would disapprove. You will bring it, if he gives it.

Farewell, my dear friend! I hope it will not now be long, before you are in this neighborhood; as I suppose the judge will have returned from circuit, before your arrival in Ireland; and that you will not proceed to Limerick without making a visit, however short, to him and his family; though perhaps you purpose to defer it, till after your visitation. Believe me

Your ever affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Knowsley, Lancashire, Aug. 21. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SNATCH a few moments to write a few lines.

You will be glad to know that, in passing through Shrewsbury, I saw our good old friend Mr. Stedman in good health and spirits, though manifestly sinking in the vale of years. His affections, however, are unimpaired; and he was particular in his inquiries for you and Miss Fergusson.

Here we have been, since this day week, and are to stay till the day after to-morrow (Monday). I was prepared to meet every thing kind, and very much agreeable, in this family; but so thoroughly rational, and so religious a life, I did not expect to find. Frankness, unaffectedness, and thorough good nature, are the characteristics of this whole connection; and some of them are very intellectual. In many respects Lord D. reminds me of Mr. P. L. T.; the same forgetfulness of self, and the same attention to the least want or wish of others. Lady D. is really a very superior person; considerable talents, we all knew she had. But, in the most important matters, she is right-minded. Religion is with her a matter of deep personal concern; and so it is with all the females of the family. Lord D. is the priest of his own house; he says grace, at and after dinner, in a full fine voice, more like the manner in which our good old king repeated the responses at Windsor, than any thing I have since heard; and every morning he reads prayers to his

household. Those which he uses are Bishop Wilson's; I suppose from the connection which subsisted, between that good man, and the D. family, as lords of Mann. Conversation here is cheerful, animated, and often serious; but quite free from the cant of modern evangelicism. Every evening we have music; almost exclusively sacred, and chiefly Handel. For three or four evenings, we have been delighted with Lady G.'s performance on the organ. She is almost, if not altogether, the best organist I ever heard. On the whole, looking at this connection as it stands, I no longer wonder, as I did in London, at the excellence of our young ecclesiastical champion —. He has received the best impressions in his youth, and the results are but beginning to appear. One of his aunts has indulged me with a sight of his manuscript poems; and some of them, written so early in life as at the age of nine or ten years, show a maturity of religious and moral principle that would delight you; while the whole, every now and then, abound with flashes of true genius. The family are quite satisfied with the part he has taken, in defending the Irish church; and are evidently desirous that, in his visits to Ireland, he may cultivate an intimacy with me. I think I told you that, on his return from America, he intends building on his grandfather's estate, in the county of Tipperary, and making Ireland his chief residence.

Last Sunday we passed here, as Sunday ought to be passed; and I look forward with pleasure, to such another Sunday tomorrow. We attended morning and afternoon prayers, in a beautiful parish church; and in the evening, the whole family joined in psalmody in the music gallery, before we went to prayers in the domestic chapel. It is really a good sign of the times, to find great aristocratic families living in this manner.

I forgot to tell you that my friend Mr. Cochran the bookseller (whose catalogue, by the bye, I hope you have seen: it is one of the best published) is desirous to reprint (with your permission) 'Burnet's Lives', with your 'Preface.' Should leave be given, he will have it printed in a handsome 8vo. volume, on superior paper, with a good type, and with the utmost accuracy he can. He would also be particularly obliged, by permission to insert your name in the title-page.

Monday we leave this, for Mr. Southey, and the Lakes; but our stay there must be short; and we must hasten homeward with all convenient speed. My visitation stands for September 30. Ever, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 172.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Sept. 26. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE judge himself put your note into my hand, on the day of your going to Dublin. I confess to you my anxiety had been very great, to have your decided opinion respecting my little tract*; and I say the simplest truth, when I tell you, that the estimate which you make of it, affords me inexpressible pleasure. It was certainly my earnest wish to do, as far as possible, what you, to my great comfort, tell me you think I have accomplished. But till you told me so, my mind was by no means at rest, as to the judgment which I had a right to look for. I must add that, had I imagined the terms best fitted to satisfy my wishes, I could not have gone beyond, or beside, the very terms you have used.

I do not, for the present, intend to add any thing; except another paragraph to the note, respecting the Divine omnipresence, adverting to Solomon's prayer (1 Kings, viii.), as the present paragraph does to the 139th Psalm. It seemed to me, as if I had completed my argument; and had nothing further to offer in the way of evidence. Had your suggestion of enlarging a former note, happened to come at a different stage of the business, I dare say something would have been added to the present short quotation from the revisers. But that was then impracticable; and I satisfy myself for the want of prudential guards, in that and other instances, by the consideration, that I must appear to be only making an experiment, within a private circle. If it should be judged expedient to come really before the public, there may be a fitness, if not necessity, that something should be said, both to introduce, and follow up, what is already written.

If I do not deceive myself, there is nothing better fitted to introduce more just views, of the christian religion generally, and of our own form of it in particular, than a correct, and well-defined notion of the eucharist; and from a strange combination of causes, this, hitherto, seems not to have been sufficiently given. Our divines have often said good and useful things; but have hardly ever so spoken, as to prepare communicants for approaching the sacrament, 'with the spirit, and with the understanding also.' They talked piously about it, rather than clearly

* On the Eucharist. . . ED.

explained it; so that it seems to me, that there has been a nearer resemblance, in even the devout receiving of the eucharist amongst us, to a devout hearing of mass in the R. C. church, than a Protestant would be willing to suspect. Perhaps the providential time, for more accurate apprehensions, was not yet come. I have little doubt, however, that, if such apprehensions can be given, they were never more needed than at present.

Frigidity on one hand, and dogmatic faith on the other, are the conspicuous features of the present day. What kind of result is likely to grow, eventually, out of their collision, and (strange to say,) in some sort, combination, it would be hard to ascertain, and it is awful to conjecture. To combat either, in detail, seems hopeless. To reason closely and consecutively, is not, at this day, a prevalent habit. But if an undermining principle could be found, which, from its obvious truth and consistency, would, as it were, force admission; and which, when admitted, would imply a necessary rejection, both of the one misconception and the other; a theological and moral corrective might be hoped for, which would open a brighter dawn on the christian world.

Such a principle, I think I see, in a just view of the sacrament of the eucharist. This sacred ordinance, contemplated in the light of our blessed Lord's institution, and St. Paul's interpretation, implies an interiority, so divine, so simple, and so independent of, and superior to, all doctrinal dogma, as to evince an experimental depth in christianity, as much beyond the semi-socinian conceptions of the one party, as it is uncongenial with the low forensic theories of the other. And if, as you appear to have reason for thinking, there is a class arising, which discovers a growing relish for a purer and more solid piety, to what point could such a class be more hopefully directed, than to an adequate estimation and use of the holy sacrament, as that divine provision, through which, without the disturbing, or diluting inter-mediation of frail man, they may obtain from God himself, purity and peace here, and the fullest preparation for happiness hereafter?

* * * * *

I am ever, my dear Friend,
most faithfully and affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Dec. 29. 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You probably are aware of a passage in the 'Concio ad Clerum' of Joseph Mede, 'De sanctuario Dei, seu de sanctitate relativa.' Lest, however, you should not have adverted to it, I wish to transcribe it for you; because, if I do not greatly mistake, it is much to the purpose.

'Ubi sunt duo aut tres (ait servator) congregati in nomine meo, ibi ego sum in medio illorum. Et verò, quod longè maximum est, ineffabili modo *adest*, in mystico panis et vini sacramento. Haud enim verebor dicere, in sacro-sanctâ eucharistiâ non minùs peculiariter et visibiliter nobis adesse Deum, quàm Mosi in ardenti rubo; nec templum aut tabernaculum Judaicum magis Christi corpus profigurâsse, quàm hunc panem nobis exhibere.' Works, vol. i. p. 509.

In writing at this time, I cannot but express for you, and the friends with whom you are, every good wish suggested by this blessed season. Since I left town, I have not been at any time in robust health; but neither have I been obliged for a single day to keep my bed. My books, too, are beginning to get about me; and I hope to pass a tolerably studious winter. I have the fullest house I ever had (excuse the barbarism of the last clause), my brother and all his family, with the eldest of my M.C. nieces; all in good health, and good spirit. They are gone out to a little concert, or my brother would desire his kind remembrances. — is in the room with me, and begs of me to give his. Farewell, my dear Friend,

ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER 173.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., Jan. 5. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I HAD not myself met that remarkable passage in Mede; but

a few weeks ago, J. D. L—— pointed it out to me. Certainly, stronger expressions than those you quote, could not be employed with truth or fitness. But a subsequent expression appears obscure to me, 'de sanctitate enim relativâ, semper loquor'; for it seems to me, that, though it be most true, that the outward sign, whether the ark, or the eucharistic bread and wine, can have, in themselves abstractedly, nothing else but relative sanctity, more than relative sanctity must be ascribed, in both cases, to the concrete; and I should have no doubt of Mede's thinking so, were it not for the word 'semper', which perhaps, or rather probably, he uses, with reference to the main body of his discourse; and not with respect to the great sustaining fact, which itself confers the relative sanctity contended for, on what he calls the eucharisteria (which is at least the chancel, if not the whole church). On looking still more closely, I conclude this to have been his meaning.

Have you ever compared the three forms of giving notice of the sacrament, as they stand in the first prayer-book, the second, and what we now have? It is very remarkable, how the second reduces, what it uncouthly calls, the 'sacraments of his blessed body and blood,' into a mere declaratory sign. But now I remember that I called your attention to this, in our last conversations. It is worth observing, however, that the pluralizing of the sacrament, appears also in Cranmer's language, when disputing. He supposes our Savior thus to explain his own institution. 'The bread and wine which be set before your eyes, are only declarations of me; but I myself am the eternal food. Wherefore, whensoever, at this table, you shall behold the sacraments, have not regard so much to them, as consider ye what I promise to you by them, which is, myself to be meat for you of eternal life.' This verbal modification, therefore, little in itself as it might have appeared, was wittingly made, to serve the new doctrine; and the plural term seems to have remained, until the time of Archbishop Laud. In two prayer-books which I have, one of 1612, the other of 1619, I find *sacraments* in that same exhortation; in another of 1636, though the exhortation is the same in other respects, the plural term is discarded; as it is, similarly, in the Scottish prayer-book of 1637.

I dare say you have read the article in the last Quarterly Review, on the lives of Newton and Scott. It is evidently from the same hand, as that in a former number, on the late publication of Cowper's Letters. The spirit of both compositions, is very like that of ——'s tract on Baptismal Regeneration; and I conceive is little less semi-deistical, than the theology of Göttingen, in the last century. A more profane expression, short

of gross blasphemy, than that in the former article, 'the orgasms of theopathy,' could scarcely have been uttered; and though the terms are less audacious in this latter article, the doctrine is equally revolting. 'Man cannot', we are told, 'distinguish, between that love of God, of virtue, and of man, which proceeds from human principles and motives, and that which flows from the influence of the divine spirit.' That he cannot do so in every instance, much less draw a line of demarcation, between that which is natural, and that which is divine, must indeed be allowed; but if christian virtue contained no evidence, in its feelings, or in its fruits, of a more than human source and sustenance, the claim of christianity itself to our esteem or attention, could hardly be supported: since, in that case, what would it do for us, to engage our regard? or to account for its own lofty professions, and ponderous arrangements? In no conceivable case, could it be more fairly asked

'Quid tanto foret promissor dignum hiatu?'

A belief in Providence, beyond that general system, by which virtue is made 'its own reward, and vice its own punishment', seems the second object of this writer's contumely. That there should be rash and fanciful conclusions, respecting divine agency, in matters of providence, as well as in matters of grace, is a necessary consequence of human weakness; and it is the part of religious wisdom, to afford to intelligent minds, such rules and principles, as may guard equally, against excess, and defect. But thus to confine providence to mere pre-adjustment, and to exclude all present operation (for to this, I conceive, the reviewer's doctrine amounts) is to undermine natural, not less than revealed religion. There is a machinery which works well, but we have no more to do with the mechanist, than the possessor of an excellent clock, which never goes out of order, has to do with the artist from whom he purchased it!

There is a deplorable consistency, in these two views, of grace, and providence; and the spirit which conceived and propounds them, appears portentously to resemble that of the 'scoffers', who should come in the last day, and say, 'where is the promise of his coming? for, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue, as they were from the beginning of the creation.'

It strikes me that this reviewer is the same, who wrote the article on Southey's *Life of Wesley*; which life, by the way, I hope your friend will one day be inclined to revise. His liberal, and not seldom profound remarks, are so strangely blended with ridicule and levity, as to expose himself to the charge of very

great inconsistency. He, again and again, intimates, that the history, both of Wesley, and Whitefield, is marked with a mysterious designation; and yet he so jumbles together their extravagances and their better principles, as to give no aid to his reader, in making an estimate of the eventual advantage to the interests of religion; though he himself is continually admitting, that some degree of advantage must be allowed to their labors.

Do you happen to have the 'Liturgie' of Neufchatel, which was adopted about 90 years ago? I have been surprised lately, in looking into it, at the great use which was made of the Church of England liturgy: they did not dare to avow the imitation, or rather, in many instances, the transcription; and where we have responses, they put *all* into the mouth of the minister; as, for instance, 'O Seigneur, fais luire sur nous ta miséricorde, et nous accorde ton salut. O Seigneur, conserve le roi, et nous exauce par ta grace, lorsque nous t'invoquons.' But then, they strongly intimate, in the preface, that this monologous form was not their own choice, as they expressly praise the ancient antiphonal method. In a late *Christian Observer*, the personal interest taken in our Prayer-book, in Germany, was particularly mentioned. I cannot doubt, that, in the fulness of time, it will be accounted the richest treasure, next to the canonical Scriptures, in the christian church. But to be duly valued abroad, it must first be understood at home.

Will you convey my sincerest thanks to C. F——, for both his communications; and assure him that, by a continued critique on my little book, he will at all events greatly oblige me; and may materially serve my purpose, should I see reason to publish it.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 174.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Feb. 11. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

BEING not a little puzzled, with the extract which Bishop Heber gives, in his *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, from a tract called 'Christian Consolations'; and which he employs as a set-off, against Taylor's high views of spiritual attainment, I determined to ex-

amine the tract itself; and am perfectly surprised how Bishop Heber could have hesitated, for one hour, in rejecting it as a work of Taylor. The style is of another species; never flowing into exuberance of thought, but uniformly cast in trim sentences, not unlike those of Bishop Hall; but bearing no resemblance to that free and glowing diction, which is very well characterized, in the last paragraphs of the life. But the still more resistless evidence (if that be possible) is found, in the difference of theology. In the first paragraph are these words, 'Believe that you are Christ's, and Christ is yours; and then you are sure that none can perish, whom the Father hath given to him.' Would Taylor thus ground christian comfort, on the hypothesis of predestination? But the question is decided, by what occurs at the 126th page; which is altogether so extraordinary in itself, as well as so opposite to Taylor's doctrine, that I cannot help transcribing the passage.

'We are conceived in sin; and it is so intimate unto us, that we have no promise to be so spiritualized in this life, that we shall not often trespass. God hath concluded all in sin, all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all. But it is one thing to fall into sin, another to run into it; one thing to be carried away by the passions of it, another to covet and desire it; one thing to be overtaken in a fault, another thing to abide in it without repentance. And great odds, between those that are given over to please themselves in filthiness, and between them that labor and desire to please God; though many times they attain not to perfect that willingness. The scope of the 7th chap. to the Romans, as I apprehend the mind of the Apostle, is to refresh our guilty consciences, . . . that a regenerate man is not obnoxious to condemnation, though his flesh, upon some temptations, make him the servant of sin; because still, in his mind, he serves the law of God. And I am confirmed in that sense, because, without all contradiction, he teacheth the like doctrine. The flesh and the spirit are contrary one to another, so that we cannot do the thing that we would.'

I have written this, to save you the trouble of turning to it; but you will, I am sure, remember, not only the indignant energy, but the poignant ridicule, with which Taylor assails and exposes this very mode of explaining St. Paul, in his sermon preached in Christ's Church, on Rom. vii. 19.: the first three paragraphs of which, are as powerful a contradiction of the above passage, as if they had been written for the purpose. Bishop Heber's strange notion, of Taylor's having altered his opinions, is also confuted by internal evidence that the 'consolations' were

written in the time of the interregnum, whereas this sermon has a date, not to be disputed, of a later time.

Adieu, believe me ever

Most affectionately yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXCVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 12. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been for about ten days confined to bed, by one of my usual attacks ; which, though not severe, is stubborn, and does not permit me to write at length. It pains me that I cannot comply with Mr. ——'s wish. The fact of the case is simply this : on a sober view of the mischief occasioned to the church and christianity, by a system of jobbing and traffic in ecclesiastical matters, which had unhappily become inveterate in this country, I felt myself obliged to cast about for the most effectual mode, of keeping myself, and the very small portion of patronage entrusted to me, *pure* : and, after the maturest consideration, I saw no other way than one, namely, a rule, which should admit no exception, that no living in my gift, should ever, on my account, be placed at the disposal of any lay patron, any bishop, or of the government itself. With this rule, you will at once perceive, that any permission of an exchange into this diocese, would be inconsistent ; I have indeed, on the same principle, refused to allow the resignation of a father, within my diocese, in favor of his son. In all this, I have counted cost. I know the regulation will diminish, not increase, my patronage : but this is quite a secondary consideration. I know that there must, occasionally, grow out of it, individual hardships ; and that perhaps, in some instances, arrangements beneficial to the diocese must be foregone. But looking at the matter, on the great scale, I am sure the benefits must greatly preponderate. I thus, at all events, attain the moral certainty, that, in the disposal of no benefice in my gift, can there be the least jobbing ; and I cannot convey by words, the peace and tranquillity which I feel, in having a fixed principle to guide me, instead of being obliged to weigh each particular case. Indeed, had I not this general and immutable rule to put forward, I should already have been

involved in sore perplexities : were I, for example, to admit an exchange, 'in itself' reasonable and beneficial, how should I be able to resist an exchange, that might imply a job ? The thing could not be done, without giving mortal offence. The whole of this you cannot tell to Mr. — : but I make my principle generally known ; and have no objection to your stating as much of the substance of this reply, as you think it prudent to do.

* * * * *

I rejoice in the good accounts from B——. I pray remember me most affectionately to all.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. Writing from bed, this is a sad scrawl ; but you will excuse it.

—oo—

LETTER 175.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Feb. 26. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

If Mr. Marriott's letter be not conclusive, it at least gives interesting information. I do not happen to know any thing about Bishop Hacket. But I suppose there are other remains of his ; and that his theological principles are on record. If so, his probable claim may be brought to certainty.

At all events, I am satisfied, that the tract was not written by Taylor ; and I wonder at the inconsiderateness, with which Bishop Heber has ascribed it to him. In support of this charge, I refer you, in the first place, to the xciii. page of the Life. In order to avert the suspicion of Taylor's being a perfectionist, which a sublime passage, in a letter just inserted, with the interest expressed towards certain explicit maintainers of perfection, in two former letters of the same year (pages lxxv. and lxxxviii.), might appear to countenance, Bishop Heber wishes 'it to be remembered, that his subsequent, no less than his preceding writings, bear testimony to his freedom from any error of the kind.'

That the ' subsequent writings', are those same ' consolations', is very plain ; because he could mean no other. But you may

observe, that he repeatedly intimates the *lateness* of that tract. He mentions it *after* what were known to be the latest works (p. cxxiv.) . He proceeds on the same assumption, in his immediate remarks on it (p. clvii.). He quotes one passage, as, in all essential respects, differing from the language which he would have held, when he wrote the 'Doctrine of Repentance'; and at the bottom of the same page, he introduces another extract, with these words : . . 'The notions which he at this time entertained, as to original sin, are also worth extracting. He is speaking of the difficulties which oppose us, in our way to heaven; and what he now says, sufficiently exculpates him, from having imbibed the error of the perfectionists.' Now, whatever may have been the error of the perfectionists, I must venture to assert, that this defence was not made with due consideration. The three letters, which were thought to expose Taylor to that charge, were written in 1659; the last (which describes his own exalted feelings) bearing date November 3. To what time then, we may ask, did Bishop Heber mean to assign the supposed recantation? He should have thought of this, before he hazarded his remarks. Was it *after* the 3d of November, 1659, that a tract could be written, in which it is complained, that 'our late reformers have excluded the solemn melody of the organ, and the raptures of warbling and sweet voices, out of cathedral quires. They (it is added) that miss that harmony, can best tell, how it was wont to raise up their spirits; and, as it were, to carry it out of them to the quire in heaven?' (page 124.) . . Or would it have been asked, more than a year after the death of Cromwell, 'O! when will these profane days come to an end, that we may again so orderly, so delightfully appear, before the living God?' (p. 146.) These expressions best accord, with the darkest time of the interregnum; but it was morally impossible they should have been uttered, in the interval between November 3d, 1659, and May 29th, 1660; while it is still more inadmissible, that, in this short space, Taylor's mind should have been so changed, and the change so recorded. These were *prima facie* evidences against the 'subsequent' writing of that tract, which, had they been adverted to, must have precluded the supposition. How Bishop Heber could have read the tract attentively (to say nothing of the uniform strain of Taylor's sermons, when a bishop), and overlooked the force of those passages, is extraordinary.

That the tract itself is, in its way, respectable, and certainly very pious, I readily allow; and it is clear, that its author was devoted to the Church of England. But, like most others of his day, he had learned his theology in the school of Geneva. I think we may infer this, from the first eight lines of the first chap-

ter ; and every thing that follows, whether in sentiment or phraseology, strengthens the persuasion. His mode of applying passages of Scripture, is perfectly calvinistic ; as if it were a settled point, that *such* was the meaning ; and that the mental uneasiness in question might be safely quieted, by the simple text. But the want of moral tact, which belongs to that system, is no less apparent. I am sure there was nothing immoral at heart. Every thing, *as to intention*, was pure and upright. But had the moral delicacy of the christian religion been apprehended as correctly, as in itself, according to the author's view, it was embraced sincerely, he would not have replied to the charge made by Zozimus, against Constantine, and the religion he embraced, by asking, . . . ' Is not this to commend the emperor and his religion, under the form of a dispraise ' ? (p. 107.) This passage is quoted by Bp. Heber (p. clvii.), as interesting, not only from its own merit, but (what I mentioned before) as differing from the language he would have held, when he wrote the Doctrine of Repentance ! He adds (you can now I think judge on what grounds !) . . . ' The Christian Consolations, it may be observed, was one of Taylor's last compositions.' I think I have said enough on this last point ; but why such a passage should have been selected for its ' merit,' I cannot conceive. It strikes me, that, if the real nature of christianity could be shown to justify such a view of it, its most malignant enemies would account it a triumph. Of the same character is what follows (I am sure nothing unfriendly to moral principle was meant, but, if I do not greatly err, it is virtually antinomian). ' Be thankful, and admire the mercies of our Father to both, for nailing our great sins to the cross of Christ, and for acquitting us from the innumerable fry of minim sins, those of daily incursion ; because, when one of the least is remitted, all are remitted together. Do you hope comfortably, that some faults of omission, some idle words, some garish and customary fashion of pride, are remitted to you ? With the same affiance, leaning on Christ, you may hope, that you are discharged from your greatest enormities. For all unrighteousness is covered, at once, to them with whom God is well pleased. No sin is forgiven, to him that is not in Christ ; and against him that is in Christ, there is no condemnation.' (p. 108.) To this, indeed to the entire prevalent theology of that tract, nothing can be more unlike, I might say more opposite, than the sermon preached in Christ Church, intitled ' Fides Formata.' And if Bishop Heber read them both, how he could suppose them to come from the same pen, and, above all, how he could dream of the life of Taylor having thus closed, in the strangest theological, and in some sort moral contradiction, I can ill reconcile with the talents and judgment,

manifested so variously in Bishop Heber's work. But the mind is too generally warped by its wishes; and it would seem to have been a desired object, to make Taylor, at the close of his life, the detector of his own excessive aspirations.

I request you to assure C. F—— that I am most grateful to him for what he sent me; and I have no doubt of its great utility, if I should have a cause to avail myself of it.

We are reading in the evenings, Prior's Life of Burke; and are interested by it. Tell if you can, when you next write, who Mr. William Bourke was? Whether he was a relation, as well as friend, we are not told. Believe me, most cordially,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER CXCVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Limerick, April 27. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I last heard from you, I have been in health rather ailing; more frequent successions than usual of indisposition, but lighter; and which, though they often and long confined me to bed, have not left me at all weaker in body, however I may be less vigorous in mind. Even as to the latter, however, I am not at all indisposed to be apprehensive: but happen what may, all is in the best hands. Yesterday I emerged from one of my confinements of nine days' standing—lying, I ought to say.

Archdeacon Churton thinks it better, and I agree with him, to publish a volume of Dr. Townson's sermons, than a new and enlarged edition of his works. The edition published by him is not out of print, is not yet scarce*; many, who possess it, would purchase the volume of sermons; some, to complete their set; some, it is to be hoped, from a higher motive.

* * * * *

Now comes a matter in which I wish first for your opinion; then, if your opinion be affirmative, for your aid. Archdeacon Churton wishes me to furnish a prefatory Introduction: if able, I should like to prepare one. Do you think I ought to do so? If you do, would you aid me with some thoughts? I should not like, in such a sketch, to confine myself merely to the sermons

* Dr. Townson's Works are now rare: the remaining copies having been eagerly bought up, in consequence of the publication, by Bishop Jebb, of a selection from the admirable sermons here alluded to. . . Ed.

in the proposed volume, but to advert to Dr. Townson's former publications ; and if Archdeacon Churton does not dissent from my plan, the four sermons already published should be reprinted in this volume. Therefore, from what is now before you, you would have ample materials for observation, both as to the character and the writings of good Dr. Townson. I am much mistaken, if this might not be a good vehicle for valuable thoughts ; and thoughts particularly wanting, in this day of pretention, of superficiality, of dry dogma, and of licentious criticism. It is my wish to complete my selection as soon as I can. The preparation for the press should lie with Archdeacon Churton. He is in full vigor of mind ; has a pure and simple taste, chastised very much like that of his friend and patron ; is familiar with his manner, and, from that familiarity, is fitted, better than any other person could be, to supply the minute verbal corrections, which are always indispensable, in preparing a posthumous volume for the press, which its author has not so prepared. But I fancy the Archdeacon will not be likely to object to the selection made ; and I hope, before transmitting the manuscripts to him, that I may have an opportunity of submitting them to your judgment. Oxford will probably be the place of printing ; probably, too, from the Clarendon Press. I hope and trust you will not refuse my earnest request ; but that, at leisure, you will send me some thoughts, some remarks fit for the Introduction. I wish I could recall some of the observations on Dr. Townson's writings, that I heard from you years ago. Once, in particular, I recollect that, at your fire-side in Dawson Street, you poured forth some most beautiful and just observations, on the passage quoted from Dr. Townson's visitation sermon in Knox's ' Christian Philosophy,' sect. xvi., as contradistinguished from a quotation in the same work (sect. xv.), out of the book entitled ' Inward Testimony.' You made it clear as day, that the former quotation had a genuine and internal proof of real and experimental feeling, which the latter altogether wanted. You will see I use 'latter' and 'former' as they stand in this letter ; by 'former', meaning sect. xvi., by 'latter', sect. xv. of Vic. Knox's book.

I am not without hopes of a visit from Mr. Southey. If he consent to come over, I mean to go, at least, to Dublin, possibly to Lancashire, to convoy him. Give, I pray you, my most affectionate regards to the friends with whom you are, and believe me, my dear friend,

Ever and unalterably yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S.—I cannot just now turn to your last letter : but I recollect you asked about Bishop Hacket. With his writings I am

unacquainted, but I know that he wrote in folio a *Life of Archbishop Williams*; no great favorite of mine, nor, I presume, of yours. There was published also of Hackett's, a volume of *Sermons*, with the *Author's Life*, by Thomas Plume, D. D. London, 1675. fol.

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LETTER 176.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, May 11. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been so engaged with various little matters of thought, that I could not, sooner, sit down with comfort, to acknowledge your letter of the 27th ult. I am sorry you could not give a better account of yourself, yet glad that you had nothing worse to tell. I am so inured to invalidishness, as to make me consider it not the worst state of health, on the whole, in this precarious world.

I agree with all you say, respecting Dr. Townson's sermons. If it were ever so practicable to divest them of what you and I consider crudities, I do not think it would be right. It is only by having things in their genuine state, and being thus able to compare and argue from facts, that one generation can truly and solidly advance beyond that which went before; and that those who come latest, can gain wisdom, from what was said and done, by those who preceded them.

Besides, I am persuaded that, as the great general scheme was divided into dispensations, Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian; so the christian dispensation has also successive plans of providential management, adjusted, on an analogous principle, to the advancing capabilities and exigencies of human and christian society. From an imperfect apprehension of revealed truths, misconceptions are necessarily formed; and they are providentially allowed to keep possession, probably because the truths themselves could not otherwise be kept in view; and if suffered once to sink into oblivion, might with great difficulty again recover their place in the public mind.

I confess it is very much on this ground, that I look with tranquillity, on the present jarring elements of what is called the religious world. The zealous missionaries of the day, however different in name, agree in urging doctrines, which appear to be as unfounded, as those of purgatory or expiatory penance; and yet I greatly doubt, whether any thing much more solid would

suit the capacity of the present time ; and I comfort myself with thinking, that, when the Christian world becomes susceptible of purer influences, due means of communicating them will not be wanting.

Townson, regarded on his brighter side, affords, in some degree, a prelibation of this desideratum ; and I particularly like the idea of your furnishing a prefatory Introduction. I shall be happy to afford any contribution in my power ; feeling, as I do, that there is no writer, then or since, on whom it would be possible to remark, with more unalloyed esteem and veneration. Greater strength, penetration, and comprehensiveness of mind, might be wished for ; but there is a correctness of thought, an amenity of temper, a benevolence of nature, and a sublime piety of heart, which it is delightful to dwell upon, and impossible not to admire and love. No one, in fact, more exemplifies that beautiful sketch of true virtue :

*Compositum jus, fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

Most clearly you do right, in leaving the technical part to Archdeacon Churton. His advantages are obvious ; and his ability is evinced, by that which he has already done, and for which he deserves the gratitude of all true Church-of-England men. I think his biographical sketch need not fear comparison, with any thing of the kind in the English language.

I cannot, any more than you, recall those former thoughts ; but, on recurring to the quotation from the ' Inward Testimony ', I conjecture what I was likely to remark, on comparing it with the passage from Townson. The quotation from the ' Inward Testimony ' seems to suppose a divine operation, directly, on the thinking and apprehending faculty, by which it is inclined to assent to a proposition, or acquiesce in a supposed fact, which it had hitherto rejected. But the misfortune of this notion is, that we so little understand our thinking faculty, as to make supposed operations on it, from whatever quarter they might come, undistinguishable from self-illusion or insanity, except they were supported by some concomitant miracle ; to which miracle, the term testimony could alone be justly applied. And this observation, in my judgment, extends to all impressions or illapses, except so far as they are strictly moral ; for here only it is that we cannot be deceived. We know little of ourselves, or of others, or of God, physically, or metaphysically ; but, if it is not our own fault, our moral knowledge will be certain and satisfactory ; for, as ' love never faileth ', so, in love, the love of God and man, there can be no deception ; and the consequent satisfaction is

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suit the capacity of the present time ; and I comfort myself with thinking, that, when the Christian world becomes susceptible of purer influences, due means of communicating them will not be wanting.

Townson, regarded on his brighter side, affords, in some degree, a prelibation of this desideratum ; and I particularly like the idea of your furnishing a prefatory Introduction. I shall be happy to afford any contribution in my power ; feeling, as I do, that there is no writer, then or since, on whom it would be possible to remark, with more unalloyed esteem and veneration. Greater strength, penetration, and comprehensiveness of mind, might be wished for ; but there is a correctness of thought, an amenity of temper, a benevolence of nature, and a sublime piety of heart, which it is delightful to dwell upon, and impossible not to admire and love. No one, in fact, more exemplifies that beautiful sketch of true virtue :

*Compositum jus, fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

Most clearly you do right, in leaving the technical part to Archdeacon Churton. His advantages are obvious ; and his ability is evinced, by that which he has already done, and for which he deserves the gratitude of all true Church-of-England men. I think his biographical sketch need not fear comparison, with any thing of the kind in the English language.

I cannot, any more than you, recall those former thoughts ; but, on recurring to the quotation from the 'Inward Testimony', I conjecture what I was likely to remark, on comparing it with the passage from Townson. The quotation from the 'Inward Testimony' seems to suppose a divine operation, directly, on the thinking and apprehending faculty, by which it is inclined to assent to a proposition, or acquiesce in a supposed fact, which it had hitherto rejected. But the misfortune of this notion is, that we so little understand our thinking faculty, as to make supposed operations on it, from whatever quarter they might come, undistinguishable from self-illusion or insanity, except they were supported by some concomitant miracle ; to which miracle, the term testimony could alone be justly applied. And this observation, in my judgment, extends to all impressions or illapses, except so far as they are strictly moral ; for here only it is that we cannot be deceived. We know little of ourselves, or of others, or of God, physically, or metaphysically ; but, if it is not our own fault, our moral knowledge will be certain and satisfactory ; for, as 'love never faileth', so, in love, the love of God and man, there can be no deception ; and the consequent satisfaction is

unacquainted, but I know that he wrote in folio a *Life of Archbishop Williams*; no great favorite of mine, nor, I presume, of yours. There was published also of Hacket's, a volume of *Sermons*, with the *Author's Life*, by Thomas Plume, D. D. London, 1675. fol.

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LETTER 176.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, May 11. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been so engaged with various little matters of thought, that I could not, sooner, sit down with comfort, to acknowledge your letter of the 27th ult. I am sorry you could not give a better account of yourself, yet glad that you had nothing worse to tell. I am so inured to invalidishness, as to make me consider it not the worst state of health, on the whole, in this precarious world.

I agree with all you say, respecting Dr. Townson's sermons. If it were ever so practicable to divest them of what you and I consider crudities, I do not think it would be right. It is only by having things in their genuine state, and being thus able to compare and argue from facts, that one generation can truly and solidly advance beyond that which went before; and that those who come latest, can gain wisdom, from what was said and done, by those who preceded them.

Besides, I am persuaded that, as the great general scheme was divided into dispensations, Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian; so the christian dispensation has also successive plans of providential management, adjusted, on an analogous principle, to the advancing capabilities and exigencies of human and christian society. From an imperfect apprehension of revealed truths, misconceptions are necessarily formed; and they are providentially allowed to keep possession, probably because the truths themselves could not otherwise be kept in view; and if suffered once to sink into oblivion, might with great difficulty again recover their place in the public mind.

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LETTER 176.

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infallible ; for ' he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him ; for God is love.'

This, then, I conceive, is the excellence of Townson's view. He fixes upon this divine substance, and solidity of truth ; he penetrates its depth, he embraces its fulness, but he admits no visionary mixture ; he hazards nothing which does not speak for itself ; which does not bear the stamp of its own reality and divinity. He, indeed asserts a continued miracle ; but a miracle which defies the scoff of the infidel ; and which, instead of disgusting, would have delighted, any true and consistent ancient philosopher. ' Origen' says Addison (sect. ix. of the Christian Religion), ' represents this power in the christian religion as no less wonderful, than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. This, therefore, was a great means, not only of recommending christianity to honest and learned heathens, but in confirming them in the belief of our Savior's history ; when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that Spirit, which he had promised to send among his disciples.'

This light, Townson has exhibited with uncommon clearness : taught, by his own rectitude of mind and heart, to pursue a path, as distant from frigidity, on the one hand, as from fanaticism, on the other, . . he safely and soundly shows, that he ' who rightly believeth in the Son of God, hath the witness in himself' ; and that the gospel is demonstrably ' the power of God unto salvation' ; as alone producing that virtue, which verifies Cicero's encomium : . . ' In eâ, est convenientia rerum ; in eâ, stabilitas ; in eâ, constantia.'

When I first read that passage from Townson, in Knor's ' Christian Philosophy', it delighted me ; and I remember how gratified I was, at meeting Archdeacon Churton's first edition of the work on the Gospels, that Visitation Sermon, and the Life, in a gentleman's library in Shropshire, to whom I was on a visit. Since then, I have been anxious to have as much of his as possible ; and I rejoice in the coincidences, which have so far led to the accomplishment of my wish. When any thought occurs to me, I hope to communicate it.

I very much desire that you may succeed in your design, respecting Mr. Southey. There is no person in the present day, not yet known to me, with whom I would more wish to be acquainted.

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever,

Most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 177.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Dec. 21. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE account of the failure of — has made me fear lest — should be involved in that calamity ; as their name is the second in the firm. As you probably know how matters stand in that respect, I mean, whether they are really involved, or if so, to what extent they are liable to suffer, I cannot help begging of you to tell me what you can respecting their situation ; should they be really concerned in the misfortune.

What an awful business this epidemic crash is ! It is a new evidence of the melancholy instability of all earthly things ; for it seems to me to show, that, in the very essence of the banking business, there is a liability to such fearful casualties, at the mere impulse of the aura popularis. It is a consolation, that no symptom of the strange tremor has been felt in Ireland.

Give my kind regards to C. F——, and write me a line as soon as you can. Believe me, my dear friend,

Ever most truly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 178.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Jan. 9. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this morning received your most acceptable letter, with its interesting and gratifying inclosure. In truth, the latter exhibits a most extraordinary mind and heart ; and what altogether, at this day, is an actual prodigy. The only thing I should fear is, that the delicacy and sensibility of Mr. H.'s mental character are such, as to prevent his full enjoyment of his talents, and to lead him to an undue depreciation of himself. I think, also, that until he met you, he must have been in a strange sort of puzzle, why *he* should see so many of the most important things, differently from his contemporaries ; and I should suppose it was no small satisfaction to him, at length to find himself less singular than he had imagined. But I regret to say,

that I have not contributed any thing, of my own act and deed, to assure him of my sense of his kindness, and value for his regard. Almost immediately after my last letter to you, my eye retrograded ; and since that time, I have been afraid to use it, further than I am doing at this moment, and until the last week or two, I was afraid to do so much. So that I was absolutely unable to write to Mr. H. with comfort to myself ; or even with entire sense of safety ; for I felt that, if I entered on a letter to him, I should certainly forget myself, and use my eye more than I ought ; thereby, perhaps, doing, in a few minutes, what several days might not repair. I can truly say, however, that I am most desirous to commence a correspondence with Mr. H. ; and I may promise to you, that I will not willingly procrastinate the performance of my wish for (I believe I may say) a single day.

Mr. H. mistakes, if he thinks that I could wish to withhold from him any manuscript, that I considered in a state worthy of his perusal. But every thing I have written, except what he is already acquainted with, remains in so unfinished a condition, as to make me doubt whether they deserve preservation ; but I think you would agree with me, that, as they are, they do not deserve to be communicated, even as records of private thought. This is my sole ground of demur ; and when you and I shall meet next in Dublin, I can easily put it in your power to judge, whether the case be not as I have regarded it.

There are many thoughts in my mind, of which no producible record has been made, which I should feel pleasure in offering to Mr. Hornby's consideration. But none so much as those which have arisen, respecting the doctrines discussed in St. Paul's epistles, and in that to the Hebrews. I believe I had gone a very little way in those inquiries, when I wrote any thing Mr. H. has seen (excepting my tract on the Eucharist), and yet, to myself, the views I speak of appear more important, than any others which have passed through my mind. My anxiety, I trust, has been, not to make out support for favorite notions of my own, but to extract the import of the text itself, independently of party interpretation. All this, I say, I should rejoice to bring before the mind of Mr. H. ; for, until my notions have been examined strictly by some competent judge, I have no right to esteem them more than probable conceptions.

But I must restrain myself for the present, as I have a severe cold, which I increased by returning from Dublin yesterday ; and which therefore caused me a not quite comfortable night. I must remark on the reference in the Nov. C. O. (which most probably you yourself have observed), to the Appendix to your Sermons. It occurs in a note on the review of

the Geneva disputes ; and bespeaks an altered view from what was held, when it was passed over, as if not fit for the C. O. to meddle with.

Mr. La Touche has felt this winter a good deal, and I cannot boast of the health of my other two friends, though I hope nothing material ails them. They never forget you, and would commission me to say every thing kind. Do you express the same for me to C. F., and expect me now to write soon to Mr. H., as you know how much better I can do it.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 179.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Feb. 20. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THOUGHT it useless to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th ; which I read with sincere satisfaction. I cannot doubt that your letter to Dr. Elrington is composed as it ought to be ; and I shall be very glad to see it in print, as glad at least, as I was sorry to see my letter to Mr. W—— in a kind of circulation. Mr. W—— quite mistook my wish, though I know he acted from an honest and kind feeling ; but I rather wonder that he did not perceive that letter to be so hastily, and indeed, so incorrectly written, as to be fitted for nothing but the furnishing of matter, for him to state in conversation. I am now, too tardily, answering a letter from Dr. Elrington, which I received while I was in haste correcting the minutes of my evidence ; and therefore could not say what I thought necessary in reply, until the other business was despatched. Had I known what you had done, before I began to write, it might have led me to some pause with respect to arguing the question ; but though I should add no strength (which I am sure is most likely), yet it may be some satisfaction to Dr. Elrington to see, as I hope he will, the fact of our coincidence. I am not sure but I may imitate Dean G——, in having my letter to Dr. Elrington lithographed, that I may in some degree set myself right, with those to whom my letter to Mr. W—— may have given the same impression, that Dean G——'s evidence gave of me to the commissioners, and which he thought it right, himself, distinctly, to corroborate, that I was a person whose judgment upon that point, and 'upon other things', was to be disregarded.

I should therefore thank you to obtain for me some information as to the mode of getting a writing lithographed, and also the expense.

I must stop, as the dinner hour presses. I am happy to tell you that Mrs. L——'s present state, goes near to prove all our fears about her health groundless. She is, in short, so much better, as to show the illness to have been not organic ; but accidental. I trust we shall be more and more confirmed in this comfortable opinion.

Mrs. L. hopes, and I also, and I am sure K. joins in the hope, that we shall catch more than a glimpse of you. I pray you make your arrangements accordingly ; and believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever most truly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.



LETTER 180.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Feb. 28. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST not longer delay to thank you for what I received yesterday morning. I have read your letter with great pleasure, and I think it a very necessary publication. You have brought together a powerful mass of facts and opinions ; you have, in no instance, given them more than their reasonable weight ; and you have pursued the question so fairly, so coolly, and so luminously, as to leave, I conceive, no shadow of room for cavil, nor, I should think, for contradiction. Mrs. L. says, that, as I am writing, she deposes me to thank you for the copy sent to her ; she admires the interest you have given to what she should have thought beforehand, a dry subject ; and she added, that she could not but read with much pleasure, what appeared 'to come with so much freshness from your mind.'

I finished my letter to Dr. E. on Friday ; but wishing to keep a copy of it, I gave it to the parish schoolmaster to transcribe, and he has brought it to me only within this hour. I hope to find some opportunity of sending it to-morrow, it being rather weighty to go by the mail. I will say nothing particular about it, till you see it, except, that in every view of yours, you will find me concurring (not, however, in your range of reading) ; and that I have adduced one or two arguments, which your letter does not advert to, whether you have omitted them accidentally, or

with intention. You being a Bishop, and I a layman, a responsibility might be felt to attach to you, in which I should have no share. I shall be desirous, at all events, to know what you think of it ; and I shall request Dr. E. to communicate it to you, as soon as will suit his convenience. I now think of printing it, for limited distribution.

My dear Friend, believe me

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I have written to Sir R. H. Inglis to offer my tribute to his speech in answer to Sir J. Newport.

—oo—

LETTER CXCVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Gresham's Hotel, Sackville St., March 2. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It gives me sincere pleasure, that my little publication has not, either in matter or manner, disapproved itself to your judgment. Your letter to Dr. Elrington, I have read with much interest and satisfaction. I go along with you in all your arguments : some of them had been familiar to me ; others, . . especially that drawn from the homiletic inculcation or passive obedience, had not occurred to me. That from the quotation of apocryphal books as the word of God, I purposely omitted ; not at all from episcopal caution, but because you had particularly urged it at the Tract Committee ; and because I felt morally certain, that you would feel yourself called upon (and the event shows I was not wrong in my reckoning), to develope that argument in some shape or other.

The coincidences between us are curious, and to me very gratifying ; on both sides, they are completely undisguised ; for, on the topics in which they occur, I know not that we ever conversed. When you print, it might perhaps not be amiss to advert to these coincidences, in a short note, as perfectly casual ; and as strengthening the views of both critics, by their undisguisedness.

I have now almost overwritten myself. I shall only add, with sincerest regards to all at B——, that

I am, my dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 181.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, March 5. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, and for every thing which you say in it. I mean, to-morrow, to set about availing myself of the valuable remarks which you make on my letter; and if I be able to adopt your improvements as really, in my revise, as they are clearly given by you, I shall not care into whose hands my letter may fall.

The conjecture respecting the early existence of the first Book of Homilies, rested on the circumstance of its being as far announced as it was, at the end of the first book; and, also, on the improbability of the inspiration of the apocryphal books being so unreservedly attested, after the settling of the canon in the 6th article; while it is quite conceivable, that such an incongruity, already existing, might have escaped attention. I am ready to think, however, on more close examination, that probably some entire homilies, and certainly parts of homilies, were of as late a date as you suppose. Of this there is, at least, internal evidence. But be it as it may, I need say nothing about it, as that passing remark has no connection with the question.

Mrs. L—— desires me to say that she expects you, according to your promise, on Tuesday; and as I confide in your not disappointing her, I will reserve every thing I might have to say, until we can exchange our thoughts with greater ease and comfort.

I am, my dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CXCIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Dublin, 20th March, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
Miss Fergusson, I conclude, has already told you of my sudden

flight to London. I sail, please God, early to-morrow morning. The thought of going was induced principally, by the wish of some kind friends to see me there: then I think it will probably be useful to mind, health, and spirits; and while questions are pending, in which the church is so much concerned, it will, at least, be interesting to me to be on the spot. I had a letter yesterday from I——, full of kind wishes for you, and for Mr. and Mrs. L——; indeed I may say all at B——. I have just had a note from P. E. S——. It is a pretty one; and I think a copy of it will not displease you: . . . 'Permit me to thank your lordship for the copy of your letter to Dr. Elrington, on the Homilies, which I have read with equal pleasure and conviction, agreeing in every point with your Lordship's opinion on a subject, which, since I have perused the document, has to my mind assumed an interest and importance which it had not before.'

If I can do any thing in London for you, Mrs. L——, or K——, I pray command me; I shall have much spare time; where I shall pitch my tent I know not; but a letter will find me, directed to me at my banker's, Messrs. Hammersley's, Pall Mall.

I beg my kindest regards to all at B——.

Ever your faithful and affectionate Friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. I have just received 'Ex. don. Auth.' 'Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America,' by Dr. White, Bishop of Pennsylvania; also, -by, and from the same author, 'Comparative Views of the Controversies between the Calvinists and Arminians.'

—oo—

LETTER 192.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, May 22. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEFORE this note reaches you, I hope you will have received twenty copies of my pamphlet: some of which I will trouble you to give to our common friends; and the rest you will use as you think proper.

I hope you will find that your criticisms, on the first draught of my letter, have not been wholly lost on me. I can only say I endeavored to avail myself of them: how far I succeeded, you

are most competent to judge. Could I have followed them perfectly, I need not fear the censure of any class of readers.

You will perhaps be surprised, at finding the political doctrine of the homilies wholly omitted. But I happened to find something in the 3rd vol. of Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, which made me think that it would be questionable ground. I dare say you have observed that the title of the last homily, in all editions you have seen, differs from the title in the 35th article. In this latter, it is simply 'against rebellion'; but all copies of later times, and perhaps all from the revolution, have it 'against wilful rebellion.' It would be fruitless now to question the authenticity of this existing title; but you will perceive, if I mistake not, that it greatly turns the point of my argument. For here there is an admission in limine, that all, and every kind of rebellion, is not necessarily sinful; but that rebellion only, which is gratuitous. This admission, therefore, I think, might at least, plausibly, if not fairly be opposed, to my charge of non-resistance.

But farther, Burnet, a decided whig, adopts without reserve, the doctrine of that Homily. After gratuitously asserting, that 'against wilful rebellion' is its true title; and stating, what cannot be altogether fact, (as the language about the prophet Baruch, in the first part, shows) that it was of much later composition than the rest (which may be true of its latter parts) he adds, 'This I do not write, as disagreeing in any part from the doctrine delivered in that Homily; but only as a historian, in order to setting matters of fact in a true light.' It seemed therefore clear to me, that it would be neither prudent, nor candid, to bring a charge against the homilies, which had been so far invalidated.

And besides, I would hope the question is fully settled, on the ground alone which you left in my hands. I assure you I feel your doing so, much more than I will attempt to express: for you see, as matters really were, I had no other topic to discuss in my whole letter, besides the single matter of the Apocrypha, being only a somewhat different wording of what you had already said.

You may be sure I shall be glad to hear from you. I do not know what questions to ask you; but you will know what will be interesting to me. I can only mention particularly, that I shall wish to hear what impression your letter made on Mr. Willmot Horton.

* * * * *

Remember me to the friends of yours and mine, whom you

are in the way of meeting ; and I would particularly name Mr. Haviland Burke*, lest you should not be sure he was in my view.

Adieu, my dear Friend.

Believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CC.

To A. Knox, Esq.

80. Pall Mall, London, May 30. 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE long been anxious to write to you, but in truth I have been so occupied and hurried, that I could not write as I would ; and now I snatch a moment to write, not as I would, but as I can.

The same post brought me your kind and most acceptable letter, and ten copies of your letter to Dr. Elrington : the next post brought the remaining ten. Some I have disposed of as you wish, the rest I will distribute speedily. From beginning to end of your production, I do not see a position, to which I have the least objection ; the matter, throughout, is very good ; and the manner clear, and more than convincing, it is persuasive.

The last two paragraphs I particularly like : the former of them has touches quite your own, such as I do not find, in any writer beside of our time. I am glad of the omissions : it was well that you made those discoveries in Burnet ; but even if the exception could be justly taken on the score of non-resistance, I should be sorry that any considerations, merely or chiefly political, were mingled up with matter of so different, and superior a cast. I must not omit to express my gratification, at your kind mention of me, which is but too partial. When, whom, and what I have seen, and what my present manner of being is, would, within the limit of any one letter, be difficult to say, and in this hasty billet, must be altogether out of the question. It is enough to say, that I have found England 'qualem ab incepto' . . . kind, hospitable, and affectionate, . . . that old friends are unchanged, and new friendships formed, to be, I trust, equally solid and lasting ; that very many agreeable acquaintances have poured in, bringing along with them, often consider-

* Thomas Haviland Burke, Esq. grandnephew to the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. . . Ed.

able powers of mind, and always much amiability of manner. Each week we have commonly two large breakfasts ; one at Sir T—— A——'s, on Thursday, one at my lodgings on Saturday, the guests from twelve to twenty, . . most of them distinguished persons, and all blending admirably together. The conversation, of course, more brilliant, or more amusing, than profound ; but still conveying information, and intellectual play, to the mind, and certainly great amusement. On the whole, I have been idle in one sense, while ever employed in another ; but kindly feeling has been elicited and cherished, which is no trifling gain ; and I would hope that higher purposes, too, have been served. At all events, if it please God that I reach home in tolerable health, (and for the last two months, I have enjoyed better, and more uninterruptedly, than for years past) I look forward to improved exertion, both diocesan and literary, in consequence of this grateful recreation.

One intimacy we have formed, which I trust will be valuable, . . with M. H——, Lord D——'s nephew, and Mr. S——'s uncle, . . Rector of W. He is one of the wisest and best men I have known : . . of a peculiarly staid, sober judgment ; and yet, when you touch the proper chord, of a rich imagination. It is remarkable, that, while a most orthodox trinitarian, &c. &c., he was, years ago, revolted and dissatisfied, with the prevailing dogmatic theology ; and had worked out for himself a way of thinking, which he did not care to mention commonly ; and which, in the main, very much accords with your views : we have borrowed for him, from J. H. Butterworth, a quarto volume of your letters. He has absolutely devoured them ; and he takes in with more distinctness and intelligence, than I have often, . . indeed than I have almost ever seen, your leading sentiments. He is very much struck with your book on the Sacrament ; not that he at present entirely coincides ; . . his views seem to have been founded on those, chiefly, of Dr. Waterland ; but then, he is not merely a candid, but solicitous inquirer ; desirous truly to coincide with you, if he can ; being sure that yours would be the more comfortable and elevating doctrine. We have had two or three set discussions on the subject ; reading you, paragraph by paragraph, as the text ; and making our own conversation the commentary. I know not when I have been more interested . . we shall not again meet in London ; but Mr. F—— and I are to visit him in Lancashire. He thirsts after more of your writings ; and I really think it would be most desirable to have copies made of your whole collection, to lend to such capable perusers as Mr. H. It is thus, perhaps, that preparation may be best made, for the future extended reception of better and juster theological opin-

ions, than now prevail. I hope Mr. H. will visit Ireland. He is very desirous to know and converse with you. I should mention that Southey was at one of our breakfasts. He spoke of you with kindness and interest. He seems almost decided to visit me next year : and, if he does, I will bring him, please God, to you also.

You will be pleased to know that the Bishop of Bristol, in his book on Tertullian (which you will do well to get,) speaks very respectfully of the appendix to my sermons : in conversation he tells me, that he thinks the views there given of tradition, are the just ones. Dr. M. has, I see, printed a tract on that subject, which I have not yet had time to read. I suspect we could neither of us go near subscribing to it. A moderate spirit is growing up, both in high churchmen, and the better kind of evangelicals. To this, the Bishop of Chester on the one hand, and my friend D. on the other, have mainly contributed. The violence on the part of some in the Bible Society, respecting the Apocrypha, has done, in my judgment, great service. There is a wish that there should be a coalition, between the sane and safe part of the Bible Society, and that for promoting Christian Knowledge. I hope and think it will take place ; and as to distributing the Bible, . . gymno-biblist is less in fashion than it was ; D. once wrote against both W. and N. ; . . he tells me now, that his views on the subject, nearly, if not quite, accord with my own. We paid a visit, on the way, to good old Archdeacon Churton. I hope the publication of Dr. Townson's sermons will take place. The sons of this venerable man are a blessing to him. The eldest is the most promising fellow of Brazen Nose, Oxford. The second is one of the Masters of the Charter House, much respected, and looked up to, as its future head. The third, a very young man, Fellow of Oriel, has established such a character, that he had been just chosen, as domestic chaplain, by the Bishop of London, who says that he was decided, over and above, by the excellence of the father.

In the midst of enjoyments, there have been drawbacks of a serious kind. Our first London friend . . good Mr. Pearson, who, you doubtless recollect, was our introducer to the Thorntons, Grants, &c. is no more ! I drove to call on him, in hopes to have a little conversation ; on reaching the door, I was alarmed at seeing a muffled knocker : the servant but too soon confirmed my fears, the deep sorrow of his countenance, showing, that he was the faithful domestic of a good master. He said that Mr. Babington would see me (Mr. Pearson's son-in-law) : from Mr. B. I learned, that the case was hopeless, though an illness of but four days ; and that very night, he breathed his last ; calmly and peacefully, as became such a man as he was. I went

from the door with feelings that I cannot describe, thinking how many sources of friendship and enjoyment were opened to me in that house : you cannot forget, that before we had returned from the walk, in the course of which we left our introductory letter, and our cards, at Golden Square, Mr. Pearson had returned our call, and left an invitation to meet at dinner Dr. Buchanan from India. A few days after, we learned, suddenly, the death of excellent old Mr. Bean ; on Sunday he preached, (though previously very unwell) with more than usual energy of voice, and great impressiveness. Monday he was at the rehearsal of the ancient music, this being his favorite recreation. A few days before, he had told me, with a calm delight on his face, and with tears in his eyes, that Handel's music particularly elevated his mind to heavenly things. On Thursday, he fell asleep so serenely, that he scarcely seemed to have passed from this life to a better. We were at Cambridge at the time ; Mr. F—— had promised to preach for him the next Sunday ; and came back to town from Sir R. I——'s, to prepare for his doing so, on Saturday night. I remained behind, . . and learned Mr. Bean's death, but few minutes after Mr. F—— set off for town. It was well I did so, otherwise he would have learned it suddenly at the vestry room, and the shock might have produced sad effects. As it was, I broke the matter by letter, and he was able tolerably to get through. From Mr. Bean's family I have heard, since his death, what indeed was manifest while he lived, that he had a warm affection both for Mr. F—— and myself. It is consolatory and delightful to us, that we saw and conversed with him near the close ; and that the interviews cheered the good man in sickness.

A third death has since taken place. Mrs. P——, sister of the G——. I scarcely knew her ; but from others I am assured that she was an invaluable person, admirable as mother of a family, and in talents and brilliancy superior to both her brothers. They and the rest of the family, though bearing the dispensation as Christians, are deeply afflicted and cast down. The brothers (C—— and R——) have feelings of the most acute kind. They are now shut up ; and I know not when they may muster strength and resolution to come abroad. There are five young children. Doubtless there is some great providential purpose to be answered, for the good of this connection.

* * * * *

You will be glad to hear that young B. is now quite well : Mrs. B. and the children seem all that one could wish. Mr. Stock is now with them ; and is to partake of my next Saturday's breakfast.

Hannah More is particularly well and cheerful ; she has even written a spirited ballad, on the Lancashire riots.

The Harfords are in town. He and Mr. Gray breakfasted with us, the former two or three times. They, in common with many others, spoke, as I am sure they felt, with great interest of you, and B., and its inmates.

You ask of Wilmot Horton's thoughts on my letter, which I wrote at B. Truly, I know not what they may be, for in my short interview with him, not a syllable passed on the subject. I called on him by desire, to give evidence at the Emigration Committee ; to which we went together, and I was placed next to him, he being chairman. The evidence I gave was not long ; but I hope it was tolerably clear ; it has been printed. W. Horton has made two efforts to have me at dinner, but other engagements have interfered.

I ought to have told you that Sir T. A——'s son has gained Mr. Peel's medal, for latin prose composition at Harrow ; the recitations are to be on Thursday, and we go down to hear them. To-morrow we breakfast at Mitcham, with Sir T., to meet Southey.

My nephew J—— has been with us ; a capital accession to our party. He takes well with our best friends ; and I hope this taste of London society will not only have proved agreeable, but useful to him. When I see H—— B—— (who is my constant Saturday guest) I will not fail to make known to him your special remembrance. It will fill him with delight. He is an excellent, and most amiable and unselfish creature. By the bye, Mr. Prior has published an enlarged, and much improved edition, of his life of Edmund Burke, in 2 vols. There are several most interesting letters of his, not before published.

I am urged strongly to visit the Bishop of Bath, at Wells, in which case I should see our friends near Bristol, Hannah More, and probably the A——s, in Devon. But there will not I fear be time. Our Lancashire engagements will stand in all probability. Mr. H——, Lord D——, &c. and then Lord G—— at Eaton ; nothing could be kinder than the cordial invitation of the latter. Much of our breakfast intercourse has been with very young men. Lords H——, S——, L——, &c. and certainly, in this class of life, the rising generation gives wonderful promise . . not only great amiability, but, so far as I can judge, moral mindedness, bottomed, at the least, on a sincere respect for religion ; . . but, in many cases, I would say with Cowper . . 'more', much more, 'than mere respect.' Their very willingness to frequent my breakfast-table (all things considered) is, in itself, no bad symptom . . mere young men of fashion would be apter to run away from it.

I remark a curious change as to the Irish branch of the church ; it is certainly less calumniated now, than it was, by the liberals, and by laymen in general. Some churchmen we do meet, who are candid, and who seemingly feel for their Irish brethren : from such, I have had several gratifying intimations, that my speech opened the eyes of the public, respecting Irish church affairs ; and that, in fighting our own battles, I was fighting theirs.

It is time that I should bring this lengthy letter to a close. Its incoherence is lamentable ; but I hope not inexcusable. There have been so many interruptions, that I have passed from one subject to another, without apparent, perhaps without real connection. . . After all, it may be the more like talking with a friend : and however it may be, you will not be displeased, even to wade through a little incoherency, for my sake.

C—— F—— begs his love to you ; and my nephew his kindest remembrances. You know what, and how I feel, towards all at B——, and I know you will not fail to say every thing for me, that my heart can wish.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

I should have said that we passed a very agreeable day at Lord S——'s, whose daughters are at least as amiable as himself, . . and that is saying much. We had two quiet days with Mr. Southey at Sir R. Inglis's ; on the former of them, the Bishop of L——, C. G——, Mr. Sotheby, the poet, and a few others.

Scarcely a day without an engagement, but always at home at a reasonable hour.

—oo—

LETTER CCI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rosstrevor, Aug. 6. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE four or five days, and no more, disposable, between my reaching Dublin and Limerick ; and if it should perfectly suit the convenience of my friends at B——, I would gladly divide those days between them and my brother. My present plan is, to go to you on Tuesday, and remain till Thursday. If this arrangement should, as —— says, 'not suit', a line would find me at Odienne's Hotel, Sackville Street ; and if, at 12 o'clock Tuesday, I find no such countermand, I will proceed to B—— ;

reserving to myself, however, the right of going on to Spring-farm, if there should be inconvenience in my staying, . . . on which point I rely upon your sincerity. With kindest regards to all my kind friends with you,

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER CCH.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oct. 2. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND you, having detained it much too long, Mr. H——'s excellent letter. To be sure I am signally blessed, in the friends whom Providence has raised to me; and it is doubtless a wholesome compensation, that I have some enemies. Yesterday evening I was reading a review, in what is called the *Christian Examiner*, of this month, of the Homiletic controversy. The writer is courteous to you, to Dr. Elrington, to Dean G—— and his son, in short to every one but poor me. He says, truly enough perhaps, that I am unfit for controversy: certainly, it is not my element; and endeavoring to be always civil, and never unkind, to others, in my manner of writing, I am not quite prepared for unprovoked incivility in return. This, I know, is a weakness; but I have read formerly, and shall read again, Plutarch's excellent treatise, on the mode of deriving benefit from the attacks of enemies. A letter from you to C. F—— has just arrived; he shall have it, when he comes from breakfasting with his father and mother. We set out for Limerick this day. I beg my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. L——, and to your fair secretary and amanuensis: by the bye, I am glad to see a letter directed in your best hand, or nearly so: it bespeaks amendment in your eyes, but don't make too free with them.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 183.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been guilty of an omission, which I hope it may not be too late to remedy. Mr. A. C——, the brother of Lord C., was here for two or three days ; and I promised to write to you, to tell you he meant to call on you. He has met you, but had no particular conversation with you ; at least, I think this was what he stated. He is a very interesting young man, and, in spite of his deafness, a pleasant companion. I am sure, too, he has a well formed mind, and perfectly capable of estimating, as well as enjoying, attentions. I have had a polite letter of acknowledgment from Mr. H——, telling me, that, though our views seemed to be on many points congenial, he could not agree with me respecting the Eucharist. I should transcribe his letter, but at this moment it is impossible, as Michael calls me to prepare for dinner.

* * * * *

I am sorry to tell you that I am laboring under unusually severe indisposition. In great haste,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CCIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Oct. 3. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I GRIEVE to hear of your indisposition, but am not without hope, that it may have already yielded. For my own part, I am a little ailing too ; not, however, so much, as to cut off cheerful hope of employing myself in my old way, after the meeting of the board of first-fruits. Winter has always been my best time of work : my thought is, if I can, to prepare a volume of sermons for the press ; I have been much solicited on the subject in England ; and have reason to think that what I may print will be read, while older, and much better things lie neglected : such

is the way of the world : but, perhaps, after all, it is not so bad a way ; for it serves as a stimulus to exertion.

I know A. C—— pretty well, and like him much ; at his brother's I have frequently met him, but have usually sat at a distant part of the table from him : and, indeed, at the best, great London dinners, are not the most friendly to particular conversation. He is a good, and as you say, notwithstanding his deafness, (an infirmity, I am sorry to say, growing on me too,) an agreeable man. I shall rejoice to receive him here, but you did not say when I might expect him. The kindness and hospitality of his brother to me, have been unremitting.

Mr. H——'s plain declaration of dissent on the subject of the Eucharist, neither surprises, nor disappoints me. I was aware of some of his difficulties, and knew him to be one of the honestest men in the world ; what he thinks, that he speaks : but I don't despair of his becoming a convert worth making and keeping. I still hope to entice him over to Ireland.

I am glad to hear so good an account of H. B. Your letter brought to me, fresh twinges of self-accusation. I had not written to the poor fellow : but yesterday I freed my conscience. My kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. L——, and K——.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—00—

LETTER 184.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Oct. 6. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kind letter, especially your report of yourself, in the last three lines, has given me sincere pleasure. I write by return of post, to tell you that, exactly as you say, my complaints have yielded.

I am happy to state that I had indeed nothing disagreeable to say of your friends here. But the truth was, that the want of another moment's time enforced entire silence.

I do not wonder that the Archbishop of D.'s talk should have seemed to give an importance to that pamphlet, to which itself had no claim. But I confess (after a minute's consideration) that circumstance appears to me not to alter the case. We know long since, how prompt that man is in his commendations, when any thing happens to predispose him. We remember his zeal

about Stack's comments, and his precipitate praise of Miss Smith's Job. I do not think he has ever had discernment, between the opinionum, commenta, and the naturæ judicia ; nor have I ever known a man of talent, who more uniformly exemplified the last line of Prior's stanza (his concern in the rest I do not meddle with)—

‘ Against experience we believe,
We argue against demonstration ;
Pleased when our reason we deceive,
And set our judgment by our passion.’

I dare say you heard of his regret, at your giving the sense you did of *ἐπευρυσσας τας γαργας*, in your sermon for your degree. Did he so feel, because he considered your construction unsustainable, on ground of grammar, or of sense ? I question if he troubled himself for one moment about either ; or that he knew you had Doddridge and Campbell, &c. on your side. His one point, I conceive, was, that the present popular impression respecting the Holy Scriptures should not be disturbed ; and that critical truth, even in the Bible, was not to be pressed, beyond the bound of temporising expediency. You may be sure I do not mean bare, selfish, expediency, but the mere prevalent liking for compromise and quackery.

In this view of your old friend, I think you will agree with me : but if so, why should his applause be more than a feather in the scale ? If the answer to — were ever so masterly, what would that be to him, or to any one who thinks with him ? He would not acknowledge its force ; he might not even read it. His most likely conclusion, from its appearance, would be, that the other required to be answered, in their view against whom it was written ; and I believe this logic would have force in many a mind, which would be neither able, nor willing to weigh the arguments, which Dr. E. could with ease employ for Mr. —'s exposure.

Whereas it strikes me, that, even in the mind of the Archbishop, there would, in this case, be no mistaking the logic of perfect silence, whatever might be pretended to the contrary. He well knows, that you could answer, if you would ; and in his heart he could impute your not answering, to one cause only ; namely, that you did not deem it a dignus vindicæ nodus.

* * * * *

I am glad you contemplate productive employment. The strange combination of contraries, of which your postscript gives me the first notice, makes it peculiarly desirable, that similar reading, of a more unisonous and digested kind, should be afforded. But the number, or merit, of already published sermons, can never be a reason for not producing new ones. For com-

position of that important kind can no more be exhausted, than composition in music: and the degree of novelty, whether it be in manner, or matter, in a new volume of sermons, implies a stimulus, which makes such publications have their use, though of a texture far inferior to what is in your power to furnish.

Have you Johnson's Unbloody Sacrifice? If you have not (which is not likely) you ought to have it. There is an important tract of Bishop Pond's, of which he has given an abridgment; which tract I would possess, if I knew how to come at it. Johnson has notions of his own; but he also adopts our idea. He has quoted largely from the Fathers; and gives the passages, on which the advocates for transubstantiation have grounded themselves; but the comfort is, that what the Fathers seem to say in one place, they make inadmissible by what they say in another.

But I have written to the extent of my strength; and I must only add, that, while I rejoice in your good account of yourself, I sincerely desire to hear soon an equally good one of C. F——, to whom I request you to convey my cordial response, to the love which I am sure he always feels towards me.

I cannot too strongly express to you the regard and love, of your friends here toward you. I may say there is nothing, in which they more cordially agree with

Your ever faithful Friend,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Dec. 7. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have literally nothing else to say, I cannot postpone expressing my delight, at your warm approbation of my friend Mr. H——'s sermon. The dissent, on one point, heightens the value: 'exceptio probat regulam.' When I have leisure and head to compare your criticism with the sermon, I shall do so. I hope you will write very soon: my advice is, that you should use no particular caution, but say fully what you think. You approve quite sufficiently, to secure, that, in the commencement, you will not at all hurt the sensitiveness of a nervous man; and when your dissent comes, you have to deal with one, who loves plain speaking, and who likes to have his opinions canvassed.

R—— has published a Cambridge commencement sermon, which I wish to see. He expresses his opinion very freely, on the undue preference given, in the present day, to physical and mechanical, above classical and moral pursuits; and he has a remarkable coincidence with the commencement, and the note upon it, of my viiith sermon. The words (as I find them in the Christian Remembrancer) are these:—‘Thus much, at least, can hardly be denied, that although there is, undoubtedly, a bustling external activity prevalent in the world, with respect to religious objects, there is not the same degree of spiritual and meditative religion, which other ages have possessed.’ I dare say there is more to the same purpose, but the writer of the article whence I extract this, has not been profuse in his quotations. Tell K——, with my best regards, that Mr. H—— has published only one single sermon (a charity sermon), besides this; but I hope his modesty will not prevent him from giving the world, at least a volume of sermons; perhaps some more continuous work. He has on the stocks a memoir of his bosom friend, the late Lord L——; but I know not whether it is to be published, or only circulated among friends; if the latter, you may be sure of a copy. I have a great kindness for the knight of K——: he is particularly gentlemanlike and amiable, and I think has been improving in higher respects. It gratifies me that he thinks not ill of me.

Ever yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. Kindest regards to all at B——.

—oo—

LETTER CCV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Limerick, Jan. 5. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TRUST you will not think me guilty of a double breach of confidence; but Mr. H—— had been so much disappointed, at the withdrawal of all prospect of being entrusted with any portion of your MSS., that I could not help transcribing, and sending him, a part of your last letter; and now I cannot help sending you the whole of his. The sentence to which he alludes, page 2, line 5 from the bottom, is, ‘it is an invaluable additional testimony to these principles, in which I have had, I might

almost say, no supporter, at once cordial and competent, except yourself.'

My object in this communication is, to put it to you, as a matter of conscience, whether you can properly withhold your paper, from such an instrument as Mr. H——. He is, next to yourself, the deepest, and the most continual thinker on religious subjects, I have ever known; and what is best, he feels, at least as much as he thinks, and his practice is correspondent with his feelings. I have not a doubt, that the perusal of your papers would set him at work, precisely in the way that you could most wish.

Give my kindest regards to all at B——. You and they have every wish of mine, suggested by this season. Farewell, my dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER CCVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Jan. 14. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THAT I may not delay your good purposes, I write one line to say, that Mr. H——'s address is ——. I sincerely hope you are now quite yourself; I have been a little ailing, but am now, thank God, pretty well recovered. This not being worth postage, I will give it the delay of one day, that it may cost you nothing.

Every good wish to you and all at B. Poor C. F. has been ill for a week; he is not yet come down stairs, but he was yesterday very glad to receive your kind little message. Here he is, and sends his love.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. I cannot omit saying, I quite differ from you on the subject of your papers. I think them, as I have ever done, a great treasure. Allow me to add, that a writer is not the best judge of his own performances. Remember Milton and Virgil.

LETTER 185.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Oct. 27. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN sending my tract, as you and C. F. have desired, I must write a line to express my heartfelt comfort, in your advancing so happily. I admire the ways of Providence respecting you*; and I cannot but feel the darker, and more mysterious portion of them, has served, so signally, for an occasion of consolation and blessing, not to be equally experienced otherwise, as to make your case, on the whole, even in the view that the most interested friend can take of it, a matter of satisfaction and thankfulness, rather than of condolence and resignation.

It was no small addition to its brighter aspect, that the friendship of such a man as Sir H. Halford, should be so drawn forth toward you. It is striking how often that best solace of social life, even where in, at least, germinal existence, lies comparatively dormant, until it be awakened by some pressing exigence.

I must tell you that I have had an invaluable letter from Mr. H——, and with all submission to Divine providence, which knows, and I trust will do, what is best for me, I do deeply wish to give to his most interesting communication, the best answer in my power. It brings much before me, of which I could wish to think with closeness, and to speak with consideration; but such are the points in his letter, as to involve me in no difficulty in replying to them; for they call for no sort of defence, but merely explanation, which I hope I shall be able to afford, so soon as my eye will permit me. If that should imply delay, I will call forth the kindness of my dear young friend, who has already taken trouble in the same service.

Convey my cordial thanks to C. F., for all his kindnesses. He could not have done more than he has done, for my comfort and gratification. I hope he will still continue his kind and friendly offices, though I trust, at no very distant time, I shall receive more from yourself than your signature, comfortable as it was to me, to have even that mark of your convalescence.

It seems to me as if the more sober calvinists, both in and

* Referring to the Bishop's first attack of paralysis, which took place during the preceding month of April. No one will doubt the interest Mr. Knox took in his friend's illness; the interruption in the correspondence is owing to Mr. K.'s letters having been addressed to the editor.

out of the church of England, were not a little alarmed, by the prevalence of virtual, if not as yet practical, antinomianism. There has been a good deal to that purpose, I mean expressive of that alarm, in the *Christian Observer*. But the independent minister (at Bath) Jay, has lately published a volume of lectures, called, 'the Christian contemplated'; in the preface to which, there are some pertinent, I might say, happy remarks. It will be worth your while to get the book, were it only for the sake of the preface; but the book itself is worth looking over, for though it has defects and failings, it abounds in matter, which tends to edify the reader, and do real honor to the writer.

Adieu, my dear Friend; you have my poor prayers continually, for your best possible happiness, here, and hereafter.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.



LETTER 186.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellvue, Delganny, Dec. 21. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As C. F. must have received a letter from me, about the same time when his last kind letter reached me, I make my acknowledgments to him through you, rather than immediately to himself.

I need not say how delighted I am, with his report of your advancing health. I trust you have every ground for hoping, that, through God's mercy, you may enjoy more equable, and perhaps more confirmed health, than you have hitherto experienced. It is a most comfortable circumstance, to have, so perfectly, the advice and superintendence of Sir Henry Hallford; whose friendship, according to all that C. F. states concerning him, must be little less valuable than his prescriptions.

Jay's lectures, to the last, afforded me, in many instances, more satisfaction, than I generally receive from modern sermon writers. But it was, on the whole, a mixed satisfaction; for though he is a truly practical calvinist, of the old school, his phraseology is often too familiar, and his manner not always suitable to the pulpit; his frequent introduction, for instance, of middling poetry. But still, when the second edition comes out, his book may be worth your looking over.

I forget whether I mentioned to C. F., that I had been attacked with a slight sore throat. More than three weeks ago, I felt

my throat affected in a way, which I thought merely implied a cold, and which would require only a few days' care; but I am sorry to say, that I find myself mistaken. It seems to be a symptomatic form of my usual indisposition, and shows, this day, as little tendency to go off, as a fortnight since. I confess I am more saddened with this new malady, than I have been with my weak eye; for one need not use the eye, however real the privation; but one must use the throat, and of course the malady can never be forgotten. Nothing, I understand, can be more slight than its appearance, and the sensible inconvenience is also very trifling. But still it is a kind of thing which tends to depress, except so far as the mind can stay itself on the wisdom and goodness of Him, who has been pleased, (I trust in parental kindness) to inflict it.

I have heard Dr. E——'s tract against I. K. L. I think its manner might have been more engaging, but the matter is powerful, and bespeaks much research. I was of course pleased with his repeated quotations from the appendix; but could have wished, that, when he refers to the difference between Vincenius's tradition, and that of the church of Rome, he had given half a page from that part. I consider that difference to furnish the very strongest ground, on which the church of Rome can be assailed, by a consistent church-of-England man.

I am glad to know that you have corrected your Sacred Literature for a second edition. I dare say you have substituted woman, for married woman, in your metrical translation of the Sermon on the Mount. It is, I dare say, too late to mention it for the present, but I could like to see that beautiful stanza, in the 16th of St. Luke, noticed in your book,

'He that is faithful in little, is faithful also in much.

And he that is unfaithful in little, is unfaithful also in much.

And if ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will give you το αληθινον;

And if ye have not been faithful in το αλλοτριον, who will give you το υμμετερον;'

I think it would be hard to decide, whether the matter of these couplets is more weighty, or the manner of them more beautiful.

But I must have done. I received last week, from Mr. H——, a most delightful letter, of the receipt of which, I was happy to be able to make, with my own hand, some kind of acknowledgment. His agreement in what I have so long regarded as truth, is to me wonderful, and he himself indeed a wonder.

I may speak for all here. They join me most cordially, I am sure not less warmly than myself, in wishing you happiness

at all times, and especially at this gracious season. Tell C. F. that I most sincerely return his kind wishes, and believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever beyond expression yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 187.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Christmas Day, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my letter to you, written a few days since, I strangely forgot to mention a thing, which I had particularly intended. Mr. H—— wishes my permission, to obtain copies of Henry Butterworth's copies of my manuscripts. I told Mr. H——, that he was inexpressibly welcome to possess any thing of mine; and added that, though I was sure his own application, through C. F., as he proposed, would be quite sufficient, yet, as I meant speedily to write to you, I would mention it; but, as I said, I strangely forgot to do so; and therefore, not because I think it necessary, but because I said I would mention it, I now trouble you with another letter.

* * * * *

There is a very sensible young gentleman at present in this house. He is a Mr. J——, an A. B. of Lincoln. In one of his first conversations with me, he asked me, if I knew the Appendix to your sermons; pronouncing upon it, at the same time, as intelligent a eulogium, as I had perhaps heard from any one. I have got my friend K—— to lend him your Sacred Literature, which he had heard of, and desired to read. He is now reading it, and speaks of it in very high terms. I mention all this, to submit to you a thought of his, namely, that it were desirable the Appendix should be published in a small volume, by itself, in order to give it the widest possible circulation; which he conceives the present time, especially, renders expedient; the truth which he thinks therein irrefragably established, being the specific antidote to the loose opinions and tendencies, of so many soi-disant churchmen of the present day.

Through the same young gentleman, I have become acquainted with a volume of sermons, published at Oxford, where they were preached, by a Dr. Shuttleworth. Mr. J—— has read three of them to me; and as far as I can judge from this, they

are probably the most able discourses, which we have had from any English divine, during the present century. He certainly has not been able to clarify his mental atmosphere from all the vapors, as I take them to be, of modern theology; but still, he does maintain the supreme moral objects and purposes of christianity, in a manner, which I really think does equal honor, to the understanding, and the heart of the author. Though I could wish some parts of them to be otherwise than they are, I seem to myself not to have met, for a long time, so much sound and solid theology.

Adieu, my dear friend; give my love to C. F. To you, and to him also, I wish, with all my heart, every blessing, present and eternal, which the crowning blessing of this holy festival emboldens us to hope for, from the philanthropy and grace of the triune Jehovah.

I am, more than words can utter, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

— 00 —

LETTER CCVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

5 York Terrace, Regent's Park, June 30. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I KNOW you will be pleased again to receive a few lines, written by my own hand, though that hand be the left one, and though, as I find, the lines are crooked.

I hope you received the sheets of Dr. Townson; the sermons were dispatched long since; the title, preface, &c. I sent just a week ago, by my nephew Richard. In a day or two, I hope to send two copies by T. A——, for you and Mrs. L——. How you may like them, I cannot predict; for my own part, the more closely I have read them, the more deliberately have I approved. I trust you will excuse the mention of your name; without it, I could not have told my little story.

By the way, I hope Mr. J—— received a copy of Sac. Lit. immediately after the receipt of your letter. I sent it, properly inscribed and directed, to the care of Mr. Milliken. I rejoice in the kindness which you have shown my nephew John. He is, I believe, not unworthy of it; and my hope is, that he will profit by your lessons.

Mr. F. has been very delicate, and unable to write; now he is, thank God, clearly mending.

We intend in a fortnight going to Leamington. I hope, ere

then, to hear from you ; and to have a comfortable account of your health and spirits. Say every thing kind and affectionate for me at B——.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Yours unchangeably,
JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER 188.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dublin, Dawson St., July 2. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just received your most kind and acceptable letter, and I cannot delay to express my pleasure at, even thus, hearing from yourself. You have attained a capitally good use of your left hand ; and from your not mentioning your state of health, I trust I am to infer, that you, at least, feel no inconvenience from the present warmth of the weather.

I had wished, before this time, to thank you for your kind attention to my request, respecting the copy of your Sacred Literature for Mr. J——. He, I assure you, was gratified in a high degree, as well as surprised ; for I did not tell him that I had asked a copy for him, before he actually received it. He is certainly both well disposed, and uncommonly qualified (as far as I can judge), to value your kindness.

I certainly have no wish to meet my own name in a conspicuous situation ; but there was a kindness in your mention of it, which I could not but feel ; nor could I question the good reasons you had, for introducing it. I cannot yet venture to give an opinion of the comparative worth of Dr. Townson's sermons, as compositions ; but sure I am, that there is a language of the heart in them, which is very uncommon, and I should think must draw every reader, of right moral feeling, to venerate and love the author.

Your nephew, Mr. J. J., interests me sincerely, both in his disposition and capacity. I trust he will be a great comfort, both to his father and to you.

* * * * *

I am very glad that Mr. F. is somewhat better. Adieu : with cordial remembrance to him, and Mr. J. J., if with you, and with deepest love to yourself,

I am, my dear Friend, ever yours,
ALEX. KXOX.

LETTER CCVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Dec. 19. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN, at this moment, write but a line (the post just going out), to say, that I most deeply sympathize with you. I am, and have been from the first, anxious to know what you can tell about dear Mrs. L——, and K——. To speak what I feel, I now find impossible. In a very few days, I hope to write, as much as my left hand will allow; meanwhile, I will just say, that I think the character of our beloved friend is exactly as it should have been, and what none but yourself could have done.

God Almighty bless and keep you!

Ever yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.



LETTER 189.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., Dec. 24. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I do not seem to myself to have ever told you, at least strongly enough, what a good thing I deem you to have done, in printing, and thus preserving, those sermons of Dr. Townson. My own state of mind may have its share, in my not feeling them energetic. But, be that as it may, their moral excellence is far above all common estimation. Would it be quite convenient for you to give a copy, to my friend, Mr. Dickenson?*

Adieu, my dear friend; believe me, with every heartfelt wish for your happiness, here and hereafter,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

* The Rev. Charles Dickenson, now Rector of St. Ann's parish, Dublin.

LETTER CCIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

York Terrace, Regent's Park, Dec. 29. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST write but a line. I shall send for you, through Longman, Milliken's correspondent, twelve copies of Dr. Townson, and hope they will be with you soon. The Greek professor at Cambridge has, at the instigation of young H. V., most correctly and cheaply edited Leighton's *Prelectiones*; he speaks, according to its merits, of the wretched London reprint; and says, *Meditationes istas in Psalmos, nescio an inter totius libri delicias habendas, Editor, pro singulari suo judicio, omisit.*

Of both Mrs. L—— and Miss Fergusson I have much in my heart, but I must now stop.

Ever yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER CCX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Aug. 4. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is a long time since I have heard from you; and I am most anxious to have some account of Miss Fergusson; writing may be difficult, or irksome to you, therefore I ask but a short dispatch.

Friends here think I look better than last year; and I am really hopeful, that, notwithstanding all drawbacks, which are of an obvious nature, there is substantial progress; one thing is certain, that the whole frame is at work. Sunday, I had the comfort of receiving the Sacrament in Warwick church. I am an early riser; this morning I was somewhat later than usual, yet still was dressed, and at my desk, at half past seven o'clock.

My summer employment is to be the *publication* of Dr. Townson. Messrs. Duncan and Cochran freely encounter the risk. Mr. F. is pretty well: the medical man here thinks he has gained ground since last September; even to have been stationary, during the late unprecedented season, would have been no slight

matter. He is now out, or I should be charged with his most affectionate remembrances.

Ever yours unspeakably,
JOHN LIMERICK.

—00—

LETTER 190.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., Aug. 10. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE not willingly delayed to thank you, for your kind and acceptable note. I attempted to do so on Saturday, but I am at present more than usually out of order. This statement of my case will account to you and Mr. F——, for my not acknowledging his last kind letter; and it will also explain to him, how little qualified I have been to follow his suggestion, respecting my writing to Mr. H——.

I am sincerely gratified by your being able to give so tolerable an account of your own present condition; and I earnestly hope that your prospect of improved health, may become more and more cheering. In the mean time, I rejoice, and you have cause to be thankful, that you have so little to depress you, either in mind or body.

I am glad that the publication of Dr. Townson's sermons is called for; though it is no more than was to have been expected. The review of them in the *British Critic*, gave me very great pleasure; not for the praise it gives to them, but for the view it takes, and the estimate it forms, of the Doctor himself. I cannot help considering the few commencing sentences as containing, not merely a most beautiful, and strictly just sketch of the excellent man himself, but, by so describing him, as a specimen of an exalted class, it may be felt by many, to cast, as it were, a new ray of light on the christian life, and may call attention to a far more confirmed, and more elevated piety, than the more active missionaries of the present day, have either encouraged, or professed any hope of attaining. I cannot but greatly wish to know who was the reviewer.

I trust it will one day be understood, that the piety exemplified in our public devotional formulas, however lowly in its commencements, and even humble and sober, tends directly and steadily, and is represented as more and more advancing, to that very anticipation of heaven, which Dr. Townson is represented as having habitually enjoyed. It is a pity that this important

fact should not be discovered, by the mind which could so well conceive its realization, in individual instances. For it strikes me, that this peculiar character of our liturgy, remains yet to be developed; and that the topic, altogether, would afford matter for as interesting an investigation, as could occupy present attention: I say, present attention, because, were it well managed, it might be made so intelligible, from the abundant and most conclusive evidence, which is in readiness to be adduced. I can, even at this moment, indifferent as I am, hardly refrain from saying more upon the subject; but I must content myself with observing, that it is only by such a demonstration of the supereminence of Church-of-England piety, that her claims can be supported, against the growing aggressiveness of sectarian rivals.

There are two writers at the present time, of whom I should desire to know what is generally thought; namely, W——, and A—— of R——. I of course do not ask what is thought of the latter's political principles, as, in this matter, every one will think as he feels. But his volume of sermons is what I advert to: and it is curious that, in his preface, he remarks on Dr. W—— and himself seeing many things, respecting St. Paul's doctrine, in the same light, without any communication with each other.

A—— seems a well-meaning, conscientious man, of some strong talent, and with little dread of innovation. His most dangerous tenet seems to me to be, the persuasion, that the national profession of christianity, has been its deepest injury. His theology, too, with a pious spirit, much practical justice of remark, and zealous ardor, appears ill-systematized, and, I should think, in few instances competently digested. Still, I presume he means well; though I sometimes doubt whether he quite knows his own meaning; not the meaning of his words, however, but of his principles.

He is bold enough; and Dr. W—— is probably still bolder. The latter seems inclined to be a doctrinal reformer; and to give a mixed system, rejecting some features of what is called evangelicism, and adopting others, in a way of his own. I confess I read neither without some alarm; and I wish my kind friend C—— F——, when able to do so without inconvenience, would tell me something about those two writers, and also who is the reviewer of Dr. Townson.

* * * *

Adieu; give my love to C. F., receive it yourself, and be assured that I ever feel it with a solicitude to know how you go

on, which will make me grateful, were it but for three lines.

Ever inexpressibly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CCXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

11th Dec. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A HASTY line to say that I am just printing the preface to the published Townson; and hope that you will not object, to your name's retaining its place in it. I am desirous that such a memorial of our friendship, should have its chance of going down. The proof sheet will probably be with me, before your answer: but it shall not go forward, till I hear from you.

I hope to have a cheering account of your health; C. F—— and I, have both suffered severely, from fevers; both were bled copiously; he is now gradually regaining strength; so am I, and I am thankful to say, my grand ailment is clearly, though very gradually yielding.

C. F. joins heartily in every cordial wish, with,

My dear Friend,

Yours ever,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER 191.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dec. 14. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your most kind note yesterday, and I hasten to write a line in answer, be it ever so short, for my infirmities are still heavy upon me.

I need not tell you, that, for some years particularly, I have shrunk back from coming, nominally, before the public. When, however, you introduced my name into your preface to Townson's Sermons, I could not misconstrue your kindness; nor, under the peculiar circumstances, did I feel any serious annoyance: because, in fact, you did not bring my name before the public,

but notified it, merely, to the private circle of your own friends ; which, when you kindly wished to do so, it would have been unreasonable, as well as unkind, in me to oppose, had I previously known your intention.

But I think you will yourself feel, that the mention of my name in an actually published edition, is a perfectly-different case. In the former instance, when you thought proper to name your friend, no one had a shadow of right to question the fitness of your doing so, however even unknown that friend might be, to those to whom your volume was communicated. Those who were gratified by your present, could never admit a thought of questioning your judgment, in mentioning the name of a person, whom you describe, as your intimate and long-trying friend. But I submit to you, my dear friend, whether the state of the case is not now widely altered. Be my feelings what they may, (and I believe I need not state them to you,) I more than doubt the propriety, on your part, of personally introducing to the reading world, an individual, about whom (a comparative few excepted) that world knows nothing, and, were that possible, cares less. I honestly say, that, in my view, there would be an impropriety in naming me, which I should be sorry, for your own sake, that you should commit ; and therefore, my dear friend, not less really on your own account, than on mine, I must request you still to keep my name within the circle of your friends, and suffer it to go no farther. Your own privately printed volume will live long, and of course preserve that memorial, which you so kindly desire should survive us both ; and it will be in that modest way, which suits my situation, and brings no discredit on your judgment. I would merely submit to you, whether this omission, however, may not imply the propriety of some verbal alteration in the text, such, I mean, as follows : . . . ' One very intimate friend in particular, also well acquainted with Dr. Townson's published works, and holding his sermons in high estimation, increased this interest, by his frequent references to Dr. Townson, and the wish so often expressed by him, that the remainder of his sermons, mentioned by Archdeacon Churton, should not be finally lost to the christian public.'

In fact, the omission of the name appears to me to require a more explanatory introduction of the subject ; which, however, I of course leave to your own discretion, merely observing that the epithet ' dear,' kind as it was in you to use that term, is not just such a one as should be used, in an address to the public. It is too kind for common minds and hearts.

I am truly glad that you can make even such a report, of yourself and C. F——, as you do in your note ; and rejoice particularly, that you proceed, however slowly, towards convales-

cence, with respect to your 'grand ailment.' I cannot however give you any account of my own amendment. My symptoms are as severe, as at any time this last year. But I feel that I am bound, on every consideration, to leave that matter to the great Disposer; nor can I doubt that the discipline with which he visits me, is inflicted in kindness.

Poor Miss Fergusson, I fear, is very much shook, if not actually breaking down. Whether she will hold her ground this winter, is questionable. Remember me most kindly to C. F., and believe me your ever affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.



LETTER 192.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dec. 31. 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I have stated some particulars, I believe that you will yourself see, that it is not possible for me, in my present circumstances, to avail myself of your kind proposal.

In the first place, my little tract* is not in a condition to be unreservedly committed to public censure. A persuasion of this unfitness, at least a strong apprehension of it, led me to prefer the method I pursued; and though I have received very gratifying approbation, from several most respectable quarters, yet, not a few have expressed a different opinion; and though, in most instances, this has been nothing more than I looked for, yet, in others, I could not but feel, that there was room for greater caution than I had exercised; and that certain expressions, at least, if not entire passages, might be more effectually fenced, against all possible charge of rashness, or of ambiguity.

I am well aware that, after all which could be done, the objections of very many readers would be still substantially the same. But this makes it only the more necessary, that all shadow of ground for such objections, should, as far as possible, be taken away. You no doubt remember that — most kindly sent me a large sheet of criticisms, of which I have always meant to avail myself, previously to committing my tract to the public. The impression made upon my mind, at the time, was, that all the remarks demanded attention, and that some were of weighty importance. I have accordingly kept that paper with

* On the Church-of-England doctrine of the Eucharist. . . Ed.

care ; and I am sure that you will not wonder at my determination to remain on my present ground, until I shall be able to consider, and as far as possible make use of strictures, of the value of which I am so thoroughly assured.

But this is not all : I have always been persuaded, that it was indispensable to prefix to the tract, an historical introduction ; were it only to preclude the possibility of charging it, with any leaning toward transubstantiation. To have attempted such a thing, in the tract itself, except by such hints as I believe had had that effect with candid readers, would have given my discourse a controversial aspect, which it was my object, as much as possible, to avoid. But I was convinced that it was possible to take an historical view of the subject, by which the mind of an intelligent reader would be prepared, for the practical view that was to follow ; and which, in a narrow compass, might do more than a volume of argumentation, to refute the doctrine of transubstantiation, by irresistible evidence of its *novelty*.

The matter of such an introduction, I have had lying by me for some years, in the copy of a letter to Mr. Harford. But this, also, would require consideration, and at least some remodification ; and most certainly, in my present state of health, I am far from being equal, either to the one revision, or to the other. I am sure, were I to attempt it, I could not succeed ; and the very attempt might seriously injure me.

I believe, therefore, I need say no more to prove to you, that my acceding to your most friendly desire, is, in my present circumstances, out of the question ; but I am not the less sensible of the kind feeling, by which the wish was suggested.

I was sincerely grieved for the calamity to which you refer, feeling how much you must all, and especially the Judge's family, be afflicted. My sincere love, and every kind wish of the season await you, and my friend C. F.

Believe me, beyond words,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 193.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

March 17. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have had reason to think that I have quite forgotten you, but believe me, nothing could be more opposite to the truth of

the case. I can assure you, you have been daily in my thoughts, with unabated interest, and sincere regret that I was restrained, by a concurrence of painful circumstances, from telling you so, in the manner I wished ; but, if I do not greatly mistake, I am, and have been for many months, gradually losing ground ; and the more I consider the matter, the more I am inclined to apprehend, the unlikelihood of my growing much better. My medical friends, after all, may be of a different opinion, but I have seen none of them to-day.

My regret for the loss of friends, has also contributed to my silence. I have been deeply grieved by the death of Mr. Peter La Touche*, whom I considered as one of my most valuable friends ; and scarcely had an hour passed, when my dear Miss Fergusson was removed from me. I had not apprehended the nearness of this event, until about four days before it took place ; and even then, I was scarcely prepared for so immediate a termination ; at any rate, my loss of her, presses deeply on my heart. She was still so much herself, and went on so steadily, while confined to her bed, in attending to all domestic duties, and above all, in such unremitting care that I should suffer no inconvenience ; and was, besides, so lively in conversation, when she had intervals of ease, that I miss her inexpressibly, notwithstanding the long preparation. Her death was a *subitanea*. One of her last acts, was to engage her brother and sister to come to this house, and to take care of me. They are well disposed to supply Miss Fergusson's place, in kindness and fidelity ; but, in other respects, I may say, she was literally one of a thousand.

She carefully kept your English Itinerary ; produced it one evening, a very few weeks before she died ; and I now have it in safest keeping, for her sake, for yours, and for its own.

I must conclude, or lose the early mail. Give my love to C. F. and believe me,

Your ever faithful Friend,

ALEX. KNOL.

P. S. This day I complete my 72d year. Mrs. L. T. has felt the death of Mr. Peter La Touche, as though it had been her own son, and he well merited her love.

* Nephew to the late Peter La Touche, Esq., of Bellevue.

LETTER CCXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, March 20. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD, but yesterday, been projecting to write a line to you, and should have written sooner, had I been aware of my poor friend Miss Fergusson's removal. Your account of it, was my first. She was, indeed, one of the excellent of the earth. It was like herself, to make, at the last, I trust effectual provision for your future comfort. There is something to me very touching, in her careful preservation of my little Itinerary. I know not of whom I could more fearlessly say, *sit mea anima cum suâ*.

Your report of health does not greatly discourage me, considering the severity of the winter, and the trials which it has pleased God to send, or to permit. I trust your medical friends have, ere this, removed your fears.

My own progress has been satisfactory; my freedom of motion, indeed, has of late been much impeded, but that is from increased sensibility; in fact, the *vis medicatrix* is powerfully at work. I have taken for four months, a villa at Wandsworth, to which we shall move in about a week.

I have finished printing two vols., each upwards of 400 pages, and expect to be out in a fortnight. Every proof and revise, I corrected with my own left hand.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER CCXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, April 1. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE sent you, by my nephew, a copy of my new book, which I entreat you to accept, as a memorial of my unalterable regard. Some things you will at once recognize as old friends; and, in very many pages, you will meet your own thoughts. I pray that the work may do some good: and I am grateful, that,

during three months occupied in bringing it through the press, I did not flag for a single day.

I am most comfortably domiciled in a house, once the occasional residence of Queen Anne, and painted in the style of Hampton Court, by Sir James Thornhill. I have lovely views of the river, particularly of Fulham Bridge. This is a great advance on the Regent's park; and as the season opens, there is room to hope it will conduce to health.

I expect you will be able to give an improved bill of health. C. F. begs his love.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 194.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

April 8. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you cordially for your kind present, and not less affectionate note. I am glad you have completed your design; I should like to find in those volumes, a sermon which you preached in the church of Delganny. I forgot the text, but I believe it was the last you preached there. I did not hear it, but you sent it for K. to read it to me.*

You inquire about my health, and you will be sorry that I cannot yet speak favorably of it. My nervous malady is certainly not worse, though it still substantially continues; but within these ten days, my eyes have become affected; and at this moment, I dare not read a paragraph. I am glad you are so agreeably situated; and I sincerely hope it may contribute to the yet greater improvement of your health.

I cannot digest that motion of R. G.'s, and I am glad C. G. declined engaging in it. How far he has done this, I cannot collect; it is merely said in a paper called the Record, (purporting to be a religious paper,) that Mr. C. G. declined taking it up. I did not feel any impropriety in admitting the remnant of our Roman Catholic fellow-christians, to share in those privileges, which, for so many centuries, had been wholly in their hands, and in that constitution, which they themselves had founded; I could not but regard them as fellow-christians, and felt

* Re-written by the Bishop, in June, 1833, for the 'Original Family Sermons', under the title of Prayer without Ceasing. See Family Serm. vol. ii., Sermon xxvii. . . . Ed.

accordingly ; but I really think that avowed enemies to christianity, and systematic blasphemers of our incarnate God, are, *ipso facto*, incapable, of being legislators in a christian state.

A propos, I observed with pleasure that — has so expressly distinguished, between the papal power, and the christian body which it holds in slavery ; the terms in which he speaks of the latter are fair, and I conceive quite correct.

I send you a Londonderry Journal, for the sake of things it contains respecting your brother, which, if you have not seen, you will read with pleasure. With love to my kind friend C. F., I remain,

Ever yours most affectionately,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER 195.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., June 18. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS grieved to hear you had been more than usually unwell ; but had soon the comfort of hearing that you were considerably better. I earnestly hope that this note may find you better still ; and to know this, either from yourself, or from my friend C. F., will be a cordial gratification.

I, too, have been more than usually indisposed ; and my feelings, altogether, were such as to make me fear that my constitution was beginning to yield, organically, to my nervous malady. But I thank God that apprehension is, in good measure, dispelled ; and, on the whole, though I am still ailing, I am considerably more at ease, than I was a month ago.

I have not yet thanked you, as I ought to have done, for the present you sent me. I expressed my sense of your kindness, in sincere, but not in sufficiently strong terms ; as I did not then imagine that I was about to receive from you, the two handsomest volumes of which I had ever been in possession. I need not assure you how deeply I feel, this significant expression of your unabated attachment. Mrs. L. T. and K. are now engaged in their northern tour. I wrote to Mr. H. to obtain reception for them at W——, but received from him (what was to K. especially) the sad intelligence, that he could not enjoy the very great pleasure designed for him, being just now, and indeed for some time to come, a banished man from his own house ; in

which he is making such considerable alterations, as to keep it long in the hands of workmen.

I succeeded better in an introduction of them to Mr. S. They were happy enough to find him at Keswick : on receiving my note, he went to them immediately ; and at the time of K. despatching her last letter (Monday 14th) they were receiving every mark of kind attention, and greatly enjoying his society and easy, yet lively, conversation. It seems, too, that Miss S. was contributing her share towards K.'s gratification, and doubtless Mrs. L. T.'s also, as she went out with them, to direct them to what was worth attention. How long they have staid at Keswick, or how they are spending the sequel of the week, I expect to learn from K.'s next letter.

I cannot venture to make any observation on the strange state of the political world, abroad, as well as at home ; it is at once so wide, and so dark a subject ! but the present state of the religious world is, unhappily, still stranger. The pretension to miraculous powers, and the gift of tongues, which has arisen in Scotland, has something portentous in it ; and the more so, when countenanced by the well-known Mr. E——. The discussion of such a matter, in the General Assembly, was itself deplorable ; and serves to show the unhappy liability of such a church government, to become the means of exposing religion to the scoffs of the profane, and the derision of infidels. In fact, can any thing be more incongruous, than that such a distressing affair should afford a subject for the harangues of advocates ? These matters, however, may possibly lead to a deeper consideration of the natural tendency of the presbyterian polity, and the calvinistic creed, which characterized the religion of that, in many respects, interesting country. My love to C. F., of whose improved health I shall be glad to hear. Ever, my dear Friend,

Most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. You probably will have heard, before this reaches you, that poor Phelan is dead. He has long been ailing, and seemed to be threatened with an affection of the heart ; but I did not apprehend that his dissolution was so near. I grieve to hear that he has left his family (a wife and two children) in poor circumstances.

LETTER CCXIV.

To. A. Knox, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, 23d June, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
I CAN write but a line, to say that I am much better; and the weather seems to promise that I may again get out. Your information about Bishop Sandford's sermons was quite new. I shall write to his son by this post.

I grieve for poor Phelan. I have written to the Provost, and begged him to confer with you.*

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Yours ever most affectionately,

JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER CCXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Sept. 26. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
I FEAR that both my companion and myself may have appeared forgetful, or at least unmindful of you. I can, however, say with truth, that we have never ceased to think of you; and to do so, in the way that you would most like: but I can write little without over-fatigue. We are both most desirous to hear from you, and in some degree to entitle us to it, after this short introduction, I shall beg of C. F. to enter at once, in medias res. I am now rich in the society of the Judge, his eldest, and his fourth son. J. will, I trust, be, in all respects, an exemplary clergyman; and the rest of his boys give the best promise. I now resign the pen.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

* By Bishop Jobb's influence and exertions, a sum little short of 2000*l.* was subsequently raised by subscription, for the widow and infant daughters of this able and excellent man. . . Ed.

LETTER CCXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Oct. 3. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND you, through our friend Mr. Mangin, half the sheets of my compilation.* The other half will follow to-morrow. In p. 23. you will find a slight omission. The passage crept in, by some strange oversight of the excellent author; to me, it was extremely offensive, and I think you will agree, that it is well got rid of.

My brother and his two sons leave me to-morrow, all the better for their trip. Mr. F. well, and unites with me in every good wish.

Yours unalterably,
JOHN LIMERICK.

—oo—

LETTER CCXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Nov. 26. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

C. F. was prevented, by great delicacy and debility, from answering your last most interesting letter.

Many thanks for your recommendation of Leland; with his sermons I am unacquainted, but hope not to be long so. His 'Advantage and necessity of Revelation', and his 'Deistical Writers', were among my earliest theological studies. By the bye, I have a curious, and not uninteresting anecdote, to tell about the former. Mr. T. H. H—— was the relater of it to me, in the year 1820. 'When very young', said he, 'I unhappily had access to a circulating library, stored with German novels, and other infidel publications. The consequence was, that I became a thorough-paced unbeliever: still, however, continuing diligent in business, and to the utmost of my power supporting, by my exertions as a scrivener, and laborious literary drudge, a family of young and helpless orphan brothers and sisters of mine. Forced, prematurely, to break off my school

* The Protestant Kempis. . . Ed.

studies at Christ's Hospital, that I might earn a livelihood for myself and them, I still snatched an hour when I could, for classical reading ; and one day I met, and took up, 'Leland on the Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Religion.' My object in doing so, was any thing but religious. I wished, in fact, merely to read the Latin and Greek quotations, scattered over the book. Some passages, however, from one of the Fathers, struck my eye. I read them, and suddenly asked myself, . . 'What, if christianity were, after all, to prove true ? aye, what would then become of *me* ?' I was thus led to examine the book, and by the blessing of God, as I had read myself into infidelity, so I was enabled to read myself out of it. I then, at intervals stolen from sleep and labor, went through a long course of biblical study.'

It has often struck me, that probably this good man was rewarded for his fraternal piety, by his providential conversion to christianity. But this has turned out a much longer episode than I dreamt of. I now return to Leland. His sermons on 'Providence', as you describe them, are precisely the things which I should wish to see re-published. Sadduceism, in all its branches, is the crying, and growing evil of the day ; and the worst branch of it, not the least, I mean a practical disbelief of *Providence*. I soberly think that Marcus Antoninus, Epictetus, and Seneca, are, on this great truth, sounder than many soi-disant christian divines of great name, in this pretending, and most unlearned age. If it please God to continue my health as it now is, I hope to edit Leland, as you suggest, next summer ; and with that view, will have the four volumes of sermons immediately sought for. A suitable -preface would, I conceive, be most desirable. Any hints towards this, any thoughts which have suggested themselves to your mind on reading Leland, would be acceptable, highly acceptable : a following up of your own idea about Bishops Butler and Secker, and Leland, as compared with them, I should particularly like ; and yet more should I prize your observations on the old-fashioned truths, connected with a special Providence. Shakspeare was a better divine on this point, I fear, than many a bishop. You recollect probably his fine passage,

'There is a Providence that shapes our ends ;
Rough—hew them how we may.'

But I have another object more immediately in view. My publisher, Mr. Duncan, at my suggestion, is ready to undertake a partial republication of 'Lucas on Happiness.' It has been often, and indeed lately, printed : but wretchedly ill, and incor-

rectly; and its whole appearance, not merely uninviting, but forbidding. I suspect that it has been chiefly, if not solely, of late years, for the use of the methodists; certainly it is comparatively unknown in the present day, either by general readers, or theologians. My notion is, to make one volume out of the two, probably omitting altogether the first volume, and parts also of the second. Lucas is a writer, to whom specially applies that saying of old Hesiod, *πλεον ἤμισιν παντός*. I would get rid of all that is scholastic, and theoretical; and would gently and quietly remove words, that are either antiquated, or otherwise objectionable. Clauses, indeed, may perhaps often undergo a similar process. Could any part of his Practical Christianity be usefully introduced, as an appendix? I got the book down from London yesterday, that I might judge; but I wish for your opinion. It would seem that this undertaking may introduce Lucas to many, who otherwise would not so much as know of his existence. It surprises me to find many churchmen and others, in complete ignorance of 'How's Meditations'; at least many that never saw them, till the appearance of 'The Protestant Kempis.' General satisfaction is expressed at that work. The Archbishop of Canterbury, after an eulogy, writes me word that he hopes to profit by the study of it. Give me, I pray you, your advice as to Lucas.

Townson is selling, for these times, uncommonly well. I have had frequent intelligence to that effect. Remember me to Dr. Cheyne when you see him. — is better even than he was this morning, when I began to write. I should have said, that I verily believe no more of Townson should be published. The thirty sermons were not printed without considerable care and thought; what remain are by no means equal to them, . . fine passages they have; but, on the whole, though uniformly testifying deep piety, they are not at all of the same calibre, with those in the published volume.

* * * * *

But I have tired myself, and I fear, tired you also.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIDDEKICK.

LETTER 196.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

December 21. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM grieved to think that your kind and interesting letter of November 26th, has remained so long unacknowledged : but you will be sorry to know that I have been, of late, more than usually indisposed ; and that I cannot perceive as yet any symptom of amendment. I even begin to fear that the reverse is the fact.

I read with pleasure your anecdote respecting Mr. H. H., and I fully concur in your opinion, that his fraternal virtue, may have been the means of bringing down upon him a blessing from heaven, far above his reckoning. When our Lord asks, 'If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will give to your trust the true riches' ? it seems equivalent to a promise, that, when the low and earthly talent is well employed, it will be remunerated, by a communication of heavenly grace and benediction.

But I find I must confine myself to the subject of Lucas ; and say on that, next to nothing. It is the more wonderful that he should be so forgotten, considering the record of him in the Guardian, No. 63. Your plan respecting the Inquiry after Happiness, appeared to me just what it should be ; but I doubt the expediency of giving an extract from his Practical Christianity. I conceive it was the first written ; and I should think is not equal to the other. It is most pious, and indeed raises christian virtue to the same elevation as the latter work ; but I imagine it is less carefully, and I may add, less philosophically written ; the composition being, if I mistake not, much more studied in the Inquiry.

Do you recollect Dr. Doddridge's character of Lucas, in what are called his preaching lectures ? Lest you should not have met it, I cannot help transcribing it.

'Lucas. His style is very peculiar, sometimes exceeding free, approaching to conversation ; sometimes grand and solemn, and generally very expressive ; his method is not clear, but his thoughts are excellent ; many of them taken from an attentive observation of human life. He wrote as being entirely devoted to God, and superior to the world. His most valuable works are his Practical Christianity, and the Inquiry after Happiness ; especially the second volume.'

Another reason why I question the utility of an appendix from the Practical Christianity, is, that I conceive the Inquiry is occupied with pretty much the same subjects; and that it might not be easy to select passages, which would not have something in them of the *crambe repetita*. But still I must wish you not to be determined by my opinion, but examine and judge for yourself.

I thank you for the print, for which I have been glad to find a suitable place, where it presents itself with fair advantage. It certainly has a likeness, which is somewhat striking, but perhaps might be more exact. The picture I am told is a complete likeness: but why did you not send a print to Mrs. L. T.? Probably there has been some mistake, for I am sure you could not mean to omit her.

I shall be glad to hear that C. F. is gaining ground. The only pain your letter gave me, was in your poor account of him, and I must add, from a fear, lest the length of your gratifying letter, should have exceeded your strength.

With love to C. F., ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

—oo—

LETTER CCXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Christmas Eve, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A LINE, to thank you for your kind letter, and to say, that on the same day, I gave, with special directions, copies of my print for you and for Mrs. L. T. to my brother; and took it for granted that she had been long in possession. It would be strange indeed, if she were not one of the very first thought of. I should be very glad if you could take an opportunity of letting Baron Pennefather, and his brother know, that I have prints to offer to their kind acceptance. I will send them over by the earliest opportunity.

C. F. is mending gradually, under Sir H. Halford's advice. I am doing wondrously well. But all must feel this trying season. I trust you have been but a temporary sufferer under its influence. C. F. sends his love.

With every good wish of this holy season, let me add, with a Bishop's blessing,

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CCXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, April 2. 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is long since I have heard from you, and I have often blamed myself for not making some more direct inquiry. To-day, however, I determined to get a frank for Monday, from our friend Sir T. A——, and he has added an antescrypt, which will indemnify you for the meagreness of this. Poor fellow, he is very miserable about these awful times; for my own part, I am comparatively at ease: all is in the hands of Divine providence, and if we are to suffer, it will not be more than is good for us, perhaps than we deserve.

I have procured the sermons of Dr. Leland: perhaps, in manner, they are somewhat antiquated, but I mean to speak on this, and on other points, to my publisher and Apollo, Mr. Duncan. My great wish is to edit about 4 vols. in 18mo. The Protestant Kempis, is to form one of the sets. The sale will soon authorize a new edition. Even in these times, which seem to prohibit every thing but revolutionary politics, the sale of my 'Practical Theology', and of Dr. Townson, is quite to the publisher's satisfaction. Townson's works, which had been sold for six shillings a copy, have, in consequence, reached more than their original price, and are nearly out of print.

Mr. F. has been more than usually an invalid, but begins to rally; he has gone to dine at Sir R. I——'s, to meet Sir James Mackintosh. By the bye, another lion dined with me lately and singularly interesting he is . . he spoke of you with great kindness: Wordsworth, the poet.

The strong eastern breeze is trying to me, but I am manifestly gaining ground. I have not lost blood by cupping, or in any other way, since the 7th of August, nearly eight months. This time last year, the average was once a fortnight, latterly, once a week. You will oblige me by sending the enclosed to our friend ——. I rejoice in that good man's elevation; it is the best sign I know of these bad times.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,

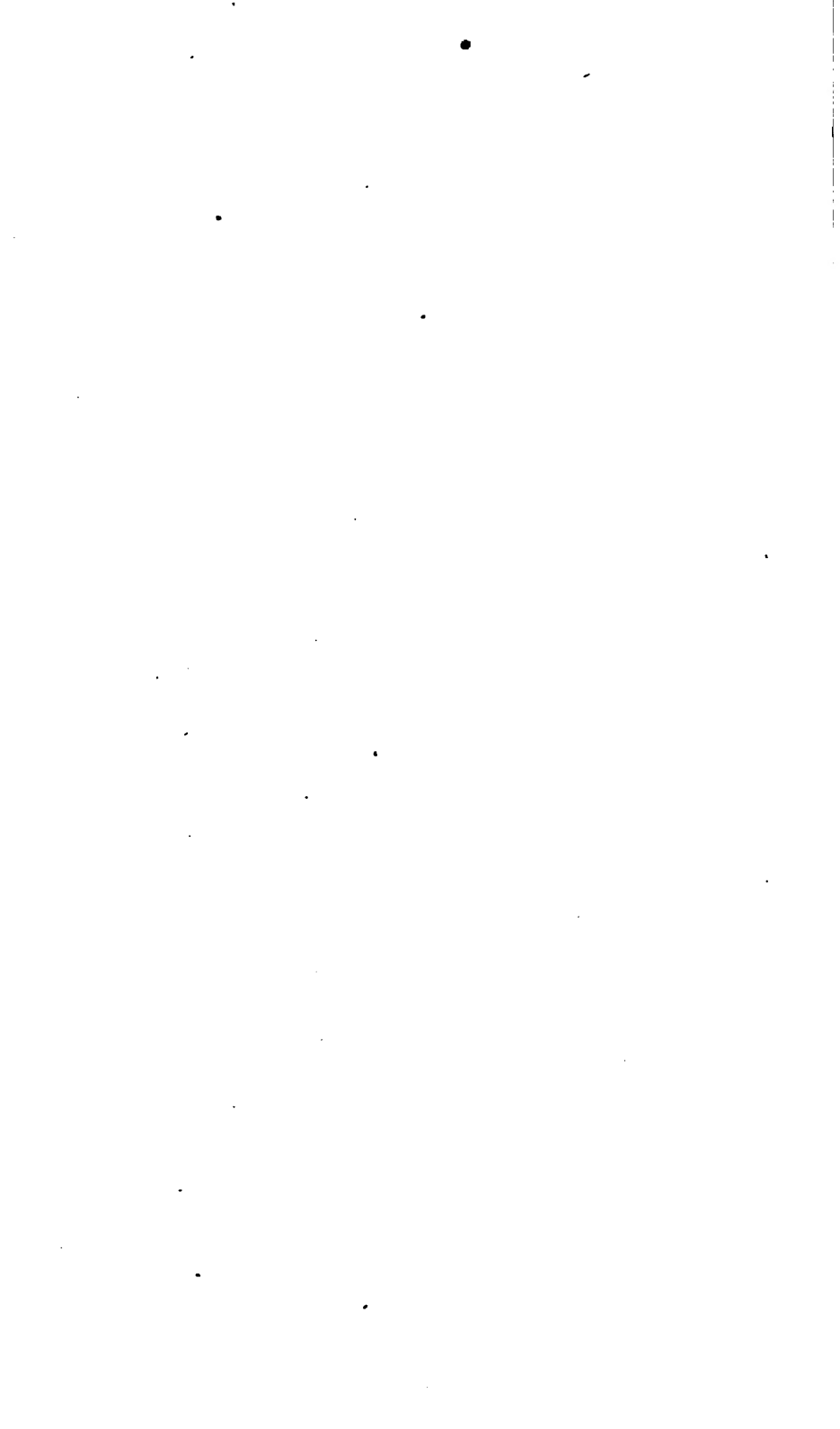
JOHN LIMERICK.

THE END.

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